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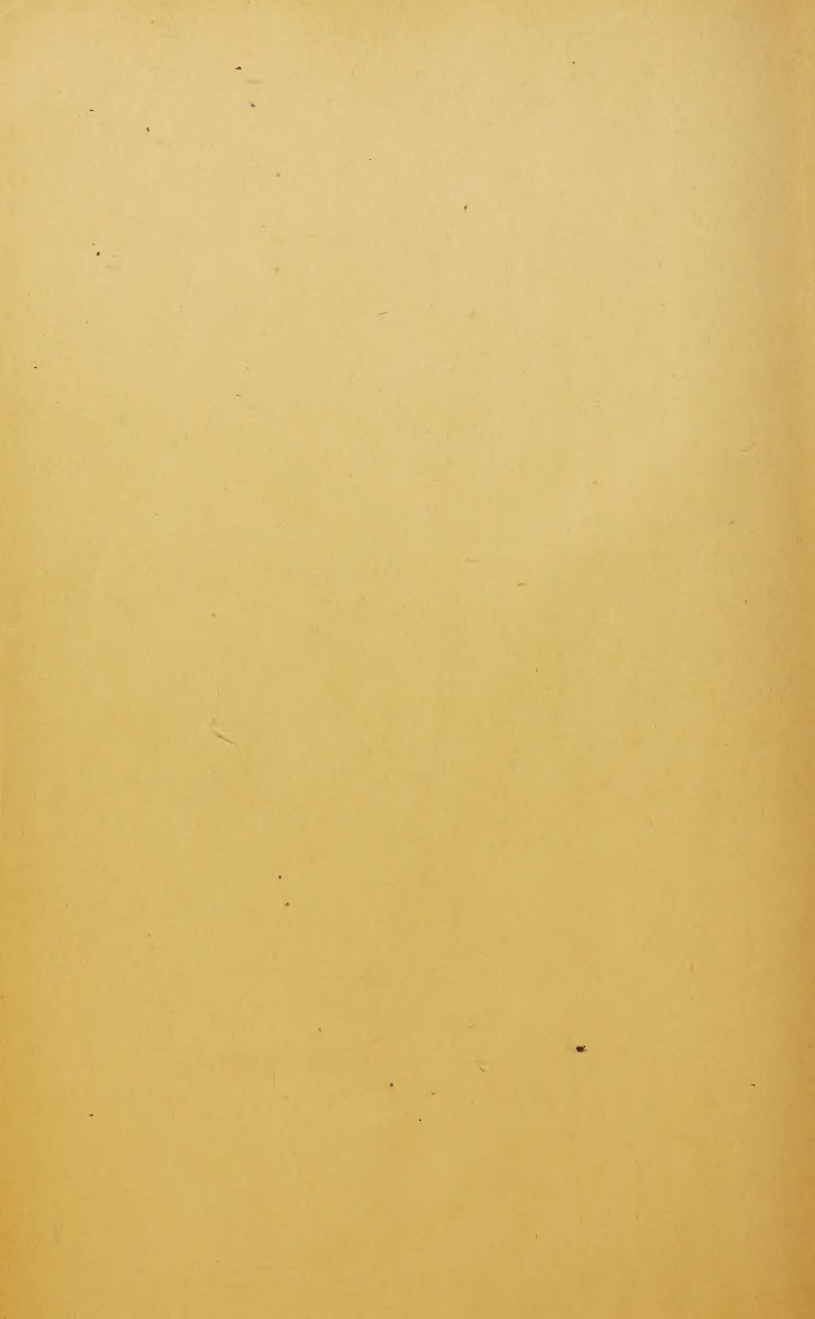
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THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK
OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK
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CAEDMON, *sing me something.*" Then he answered and said, "I cannot sing, and for that I went out from the banquet and came hither, because I could not sing."

Then said he who was speaking, "But you can sing for me." And he said, "What shall I sing?" And he said, "Sing me of creation," and he began to sing:

"Nu we sculon herigean heofonrices Weard,
Meotodes meahte, ond his modgethanc,
Weorc Wuldorfaeder swa he wundra gehwaes,
Ece Drihten, or onstealde."

Thus, according to tradition, our literature began more than a thousand years ago. The study of this literature is an inspiring subject, revealing the range and variety of thought during a period of ten centuries, picturing the inner life of those changing years, and employing the various forms of expression which our language has assumed from its early beginnings to the more perfect richness and complexity of to-day. This book has assembled a notable selection of representative poetry and prose, chosen with a view to its appeal to the reader and student of the greatest of modern literatures.

There is cultural value that can scarcely be exaggerated in presenting our literature in chronological order. Best in this way, we believe, can be presented the elements that have been woven into the wonderful fabric which has been handed down by those who have made this invaluable contribution to modern civilization. Here are represented the writers of English literature whose names have now become household words. Here we are able to read the story of the

hope and joy, the sorrow and despair, the fixed resolve and the unquenchable aspiration of those who have striven and labored and held on high the torch of clear thinking, of high ideals, and of worthy living.

Here we behold the dawn of a new literature, the gradual mastery of word and phrase through which artistic perfection of many kinds is attained. Among this distinguished company are the poets, essayists, and novelists who have expressed in lasting form the meaning which they found in the interesting world about them.

The most satisfactory method for any person who wishes to gain the greatest profit and pleasure from literature is to read it, unencumbered with so-called "helps" and annotations. Its highest function is not to inform but to delight. We have tried to supply a thread of simple, critical comment, as introductory to the respective sections, to which the reader may turn for assistance in acquiring a connected story of the development of English literature. But we believe this is secondary in importance to the literature itself which is its own best advocate. For the intimate association that attaches to the representation of the writers themselves, we have here reproduced the portraits of some of the best known of English poets, prose writers, and novelists.

We cherish the hope that this book, brought together after many years of pleasurable reading and choosing, may point the way to some of the greatest delights and happiest experiences that can come to those who will to live fully and nobly.

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THE MODERN STUDENT'S BOOK
OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE FIRST ENGLISH WRITERS

LITERATURE in English — as they called the language even in those days — does not appear before the people who had brought the language from their Continental homes had been upward of two centuries and a half in Britain. It appears first in Northumbria after that region had been Christianized by Irish missionaries from the monastery of Iona; and the first discernible figure is that of Cædmon (died about 680), whose story is told by his younger contemporary and neighbor, Bede. The dozen lines of a hymn which he sang in his sleep at the direction of a supernatural visitant happen to survive in Northumbrian form. The scriptural paraphrases, *Genesis*, *Exodus*, and *Daniel*, which were ascribed to Cædmon by his first editor, Junius, a friend of Milton's, are now recognized to be by various later hands.

In the next generation or so, in the North, scriptural verse was carried to a high degree of technical development by Cynewulf: whoever he was, a poet of imaginative lift and of intensity and power of expression. His name is known through the runic signatures worked into four of his poems: *Juliana* and *Elenc*, both saint's lives; *Christ*, a series of liturgical celebrations of the Advent, the Ascension, and Doomsday; and the *Fates of the Apostles*, an unassuming catalogue which follows in the manuscript the *Andreas*, a life of St. Andrew. Cynewulf had many imitators and a considerable body of verse of both the Cædmonian and Cynewulfian sort was later done over into the West Saxon dialect, in which form it survives.

The first English, too, delighted in tales of the old heroes, the memory of whose adventures were treasured throughout the Northern world. Only a small portion of what must have been current among them has happened to reach us.

The minstrel Widsith, the "far wanderer," of the tribe of the "Myrgings," tells of his journey in the train of Ealhild, daughter of the Lombard king, Audoin, and sister of Alboin, to the court of the great Gothic king, Eormanric, and of the treasure which he received for his singing. Alboin and Eormanric were not contemporaries, but such dislocations of chronology are characteristic of heroic story. Worked into this story are long lists, perhaps older, of famous figures in history and saga, and moral reflections of the somewhat obvious sort, for the sake of which the Old English poet is always ready to drop his narrative. The poem took its present form in England, but the materials are older.

The poem of *Beowulf* is the unique survival of Northern epic. It cannot be said to represent such poetry at its best, for it uses the great traditional heroic material — the tragic history of the Danish dynasty of the Scyldings, the war between the Swedes and the Geats, and the historical and fatal raid of the Geat king, Hygelac, against the Franks and Frisians — largely as background on which to project a romantic story, drawn from folk-lore, of a hero of great strength (Beowulf) who cleansed a haunted house and later lost his life in a contest with a fire-breathing dragon.

Such a combination could not fail to delight an audience of eighth-century Englishmen gathered in the great hall to hear the poem read. Still mindful of their Continental backgrounds, they would thrill to the poet's allusive summaries of its traditional stories. The shuddering approach of the monster Grendel, Beowulf's strength as he wrestles with him and tears off his arm, the hero's courage as he dives into the uncanny mere and all but loses his life in the encounter with the hardly less formidable mother of the monster, would have had for them a freshness of appeal which we can hardly appreciate.

Not less the audience would have relished the moral observations of the poet and the picture which he presents of large and gracious leisure at the king's court and the patterns of heroic conduct that adorn it. The composer of this poem as it stands expressly repudiates the old religion, but his interest in the new religion is in the characteristics common to the two rather than in doctrines specifically Christian.

The historical backgrounds of the poem are of the early sixth century and the field of action is the coasts of Denmark, Sweden, and the Netherlands. There is no mention of England. Yet the whole poem is composed in the characteristic English manner, with a sense for the tragic side of things that is reflective rather than dramatic and which yet says less than it means to imply. It was composed, presumably, in the north of England, not far from the beginning of the eighth century. The manuscript in which it is found is more than two centuries younger, during which time the poem was made over into West Saxon.

The mood of melancholy introspection, not without mild hope of consolation, which the *Wanderer* shares with pretty much all personal utterance in Old English verse, is a mood that is recurrent in later English literature. Charles Lamb's *Old Familiar Faces* perfectly expresses the temper of Old English "lyric." The Northern warrior owed unquestioning allegiance to his lord, who, in turn, was bound to give him generous entertainment; in the event of the lord's death, it was a retainer's duty to compass revenge or die in the attempt. A fine exemplification of the old spirit may be seen in the *Battle of Maldon* (p. 18). The *Wanderer* sets forth the melancholy situation of a man who, perhaps through no fault of his own, has outlived his lord and the band of retainers of which he was one.

Under Alfred (849-901) and his successors literature again revived and the older Northumbrian poems were redone in the dialect of the now dominant West Saxon region. Alfred's literary work was only part of his many-sided activity on behalf of his people; organizing resistance to the Danes on sea and on land, fostering industry in fabrics and enamel, arranging the laws and the *Old English Chronicle*, he found time also to interest himself effectively in both clerical and lay education. The original *Preface* to his translation of *Pastoral Care* of Pope Gregory (c. 540-604) (see p. 12), gives a vivid picture of the decay of learning in the island and his method of setting about the task of restoring it. The translation of the *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, by the Venerable Bede (672-735), here represented by the account of the poet Cædmon, is so literal as to suggest the possibility that it lacks the smoothing hand of the royal author. The translations of Boethius (480-524) and Orosius (c. 415) are made with the utmost freedom. Into the latter's *History of the World*, he introduced accounts of the voyages of two seamen, Ohthere and Wulfstan, just as they had related them to him.

Aelfric (c. 955-c. 1020) was the sort of man whom Alfred would have felt proud to have had a share in producing. Scholar, teacher, preacher, he devoted himself not only to the task of furthering a better regulated life in the religious establishments, but also to the business of making learning accessible to the people. *Homilies*, *Lives of Saints*, a *Grammar*, and a partial translation of the Old Testament, make up the bulk of his writings. He has been very plausibly identified with the Aelfric who was Abbot of Eynsham. The selection is from his life of Gregory, who, as pope, dispatched the first Christian mission to Kent in 595.

The Battle of Brunanburh (937) is the most considerable of the half dozen poetical entries in the *Old English Chronicle*. It is a swift and exulting account of the victory of Athelstan, grandson of Alfred, over a force of Danes from Ireland and of Scots. The site of the battle is not to be determined. Its rapid, summary manner stands in contrast with the ampler, epic style of the *Battle of Maldon*. The translation is by Lord Tennyson.

The MS. of the *Battle of Maldon*, recounting the defeat of the English by the Danes in 991, was destroyed by fire in 1731, but fortunately it had been copied and published not long before by the antiquary, Hearne. A few lines are missing at the beginning and end. The English conquest of Britain left no poetic record — that consolation was left to the defeated Celts, one of whose leaders in a lost cause became the great Arthur of medieval romance. It is not until the English power is itself waning that what in its way is a great poem emerges. The shout of the valiant old Byrhtwold,

Resolve must be sterner, hearts the stronger,
Courage must mount as our might lessens,

has found an echo in the present day. The cowardly sons of Odda serve as a foil for the heroism of the East Saxon alderman Byrhtnoth and his devoted followers. Here, as in the *Battle of Brunanburh*, may be noted occasional examples of rather grim understatement, which is characteristic of Old English poetry.

Old English literature is throughout learned in its origin rather than popular. There are to be sure charms, riddles, and wise saws which may in some form have been on tongues of plain people. Old English prose is strongly under the influence of Continental, that is, Latin culture, and becomes with Aelfric an instrument of range and power. Old English verse displays a highly elaborated technique. Based on the principle of alliteration (the initial sound of a rhetorically important word or words in the first half line being repeated in a similar word in the second half of the line), the thought does not proceed straight ahead as in prose. Instead, one aspect of the thought is partly disclosed, then another, then something more about the first, and so on. The whole thought oscillates and balances by means of synonyms and appositional clauses and is sometimes held in suspense through many lines. It offers a view of life which earnestly strives to harmonize with newly accepted Christianity such part of the pagan inheritance as it could not easily get rid of. In its tendency to take a serious view of things, to moralize the song, and eagerly to set about assimilating, as it best could, the best that the world elsewhere had to offer, English literature is of a piece throughout its history.

WIDSITH

THE FAR-WANDERER

WIDSITH spake, his word-hoard unlocked,
Who farthest had fared among folk of
earth

Through tribes of men, oft taking in hall
Rich meed of gold. Of the Myrging line
His ancestors woke. With Ealhild fair,
Weaver-of-concord, went he first,
Seeking the home of the Hrethan king, —
From the east, from Anglia, — Eormanric
fierce,

Marrer-of-covenants. — Much he sang.
“Many men have I heard of who held
dominion.

Let every leader live aright,
Earl after earl in honor rule,
Who thinks to thrive and his throne main-
tain!

Of these was Hwala a while the best,

And Alexander, of all, the greatest
In the race of men, and most he throve
Of any on earth that ever I heard.
Attila ruled Huns, and Eormanric Goths,
Becca the Banings, Burgundy Gifeca.
Cæsar ruled Greeks and Cælic Finns,
Hagena Holmrygas, Heoden the Glommas.
Witta ruled Sueses, and Wada the
Hælsings,
Meaca the Myrgings, Mearchealf the
Hundings.
Theodric ruled Franks, and Thyle the
Rondings,
Breoca the Brondings, Billing the Wernas.
Oswine ruled Eowas, Ytas Gefwulf,
Fin the Folcwalding Frisian clans.
Sigehere longest the Sea-Danes ruled,
Hnæf the Hocings, Helm the Wulfings,
Wald the Woings, Wod Thuringians,
Sæferth the Sycgan, the Swedes Ongen-
theow,
Sceafthere Ymbras, Sceafo Longbards.

Hun the Hætweras, Holen the Wrosmas.
Hringwald was hight the Herefars' king.
Offa ruled Angles: Alewih Danes, —
Of all mankind in mood the bravest.
Yet never with Offa his earlship availed:
For Offa won, of all men first,

When still a boy the broadest empire:
None of his age showed earlship more
In stress of battle with single brand:
Against the Myrgings marked he bounds
By Fifeidor: thenceforth 'twas held
By Sueve and Angle as Offa won it.
Hrothwulf and Hrothgar held the longest
Concord of kin as cousins together.
After they routed the race of Wicings,
Laid prone the pride of the power of
Ingeld.

Hewed down at Heorot the Heathobard
line.

So I fared through many a foreign realm
This wide earth o'er, as weal or ill
Came to my ken: of my kin bereft,
Far from my folk, I followed onward.
Wherefore I can sing and say my tales.
To men in the mead-hall make my lay.
How high-born heroes heaped me gifts.

* * * * *

Likewise with Eliwine in Italy was I:
Of all mankind I ken he had
The fairest hand his fame to heighten.
Heart most ungrudging in gift of rings,
Of shining circlets, son of Eadwine.

* * * * *

And I was with Eormanric all that while
The king of the Goths was gracious to me.
A ring he gave me, ruler of strongholds,
On which six-hundred of solid gold
Was scored for the treasure by shilling-
count:

I made then Eadgils owner of this.
My helmet-lord, when home I fared.
The loved one, in pay for the land he gave
me.

First of the Myrgings, my father's home.
Then Ealhild gave me another ring,
Queen of the doughty-band, daughter of
Eadwine.

My laud of her moved through many lands
Whenever in song I was urged to say
Where under heaven I'd heard of the best

Gold-decked queen her gifts dividing.
Then I and Scilling with sounding voice
Before our lord uplifted song:
Loud to the harp the lay rang out,
And many men of mood sublime
Spake with words, — who well could
judge, —

That they never had known a nobler song.
Thence I ranged o'er the realm of Goths,
Ever seeking the sturdiest clansmen. —

* * * * *

So I found ever, in faring thus,
That he is dearest to dwellers on earth
Whom God has raised to rule o'er men
As long as here he lives in the world."

So, faring aye, are fated to wander
Men of song through many lands.
To say their need and to speak their
thanks.

Or south or north, some one is found,
Wise of word and willing of hoard,
To lift his praise in his liegemen's presence,
To honor his earlship, — till all is fled,
Light and life together: he gets him laud,
Holds under heaven a haughty name.

Translated by FRANCIS B. GUMMIERE

BEOWULF

THE FIGHT BETWEEN BEOWULF AND GREDEL AT HEOROT

In the dark night came striding the
walker in shadow. Those set to watch,
that should guard the gabled hall, slept,
all save one. It was known to men the
fell spoiler might not, if the Lord willed
not, swing them under the shadow. But
that single one, watching in flush of wrath
with swelling anger, bided the award of
battle.

Then from the moor, from under the
misty fells, came Grendel striding: God's
wrath he bare. The fell spoiler planned to
trap one of the race of men in the high hall.
Under the clouds he went till he might
see without trouble the wine-hall, the
treasure-house of men, brave with gold.
It was not the first time he had sought
the home of Hrothgar; never, though,

before or since in the days of his life found he hall-thanes more doughty. Came then making his way to the hall the warring one severed from joy. The door, fastened with bands forged in the fire, soon gave way when he laid hold of it with his hands; bent on evil, puffed up with wrath as he was, he brake open the mouth of the hall. Quickly then the fiend trod in on the shining floor, strode on, fierce of mood. An unlovely light, likest to flame, stood in his eyes. He saw in the hall many warriors sleeping, a fellowship of one blood assembled together, the throng of kinsfolk. Then his heart laughed within him. He thought, the grisly monster, ere day came, to sunder life from body of each of them, for hope of a fill of feasting had come to him. But no longer was it fate's decree that he might, after that night, feed on more of the race of men.

The kinsman of Hygelac, strong in might, watched how the fell spoiler was of mind to set about his sudden onslaughts. The monster thought not to be long about it, but for a first start seized quickly on a sleeping thane, tore him taken unawares, bit into his bone-frame, drank the blood from the veins, and swallowed him down piece by piece. Soon he had bolted all the lifeless body, hand and foot. He stepped forward nearer, took next in his hands the hero, bold of heart, on his bed. The fiend reached for him with his claw, but he grasped it with set purpose, and threw his weight on Grendel's arm. Soon found that herder of evils that never in any other man, in any corner of the earth, had he met with mightier hand-grip. He was affrighted mind and heart, yet might he make off none the sooner. His one thought was to get him gone; he was minded to flee into the darkness, to seek the drove of devils. There was then for him no such doings as he before that, in earlier days, had fallen in with.

Remembered then the good kinsman of Hygelac his evening's vaunt; he stood upright and laid fast hold upon him. The fingers of the giant one snapped. He was getting free and the hero stepped forward. The mighty one meant, if so

he might, to get at large, and flee away to his fen-lairs. He knew his fingers' strength was in the foeman's close grip. That was an ill journey the doer of mischief had taken to Heorot.

The lordly hall was clamorous with the din. Panic fell on all the Danes that dwelt in the city, on every bold warrior and earl. Maddened were the raging strugglers; the building reëchoed. It was great wonder, then, that the wine-hall held firm against them in their battle-rage, that it did not fall, the fair dwelling of man's making, to the earth, save that shrewd care had bound it so fast with iron bands within and without. Then, as I have heard tell, when they strove in their fury, mead-benches many, decked with gold, fell over from the raised floor. The wise ones among the Scyldings had never thought that any man of men by his might should ever shatter that fabric, passing good and made brave with bones of beasts, or spoil it through cunning, save the fire's embrace might swallow it up in smoke.

An uproar strange enough rose on high. Quaking terror lay upon the North-Danes, upon those who heard the outcry, hearkened God's foe yelling out his stave of terror, his song of defeat, the thrall of hell bewailing his hurt. Much too tightly that one held him, who had of men the strongest might in this life's day.

The protector of earls would not in any wise let him that came with murder in his heart go from him alive; he counted not his life's day of price to any. Earls of his a plenty made play with their tried swords, handed down from their fathers, to save their lord's life, if in any wise they might; they knew not, those bold-hearted warriors, when they went into the fight and thought to hew Grendel on every side and find out his soul, that not any pick of blades on earth, none of battle-bills, could touch that fell spoiler, for he had laid his spell on weapons of victory, on every keen edge. Woeful was his last end to be in this life's day, and his outlawed ghost must fare far into the fiend's grip. Then found he, that before in mirth of mood had wrought mankind many evils

(he was under God's ban), that his body would avail him not; seeing that the brave kinsman of Hygelac had him by the hand; hateful to each was the other alive. The grisly monster suffered hurt of body. In his shoulder a fearful wound began to show; the sinews sprang apart, the bone-frame cracked asunder. Fame of the battle was given to Beowulf. Grendel must flee away beneath the fen-fells, sick unto death, go seek out his dwelling, reft of his comfort. He knew then the more surely that his life's end was come, his measure of days. The will of all the Danes was fulfilled by that deadly strife. He then, who had come from afar, the wise one and bold of heart, had cleansed Heorot, and saved it from peril. The prince of the Geatmen had made whole his boast to the East-Danes in that he had taken away all their trouble, the burden of spiteful hate they till then had suffered, and in stress of need must suffer, a sorrow by no means small. A manifest token of this it was, when the valorous one laid down the hand, the arm and shoulder — the whole claw of Grendel was there together — beneath the broad roof.

THE FEASTING IN HEOROT

THEN forthwith was Heorot bidden to be decked inwardly by the hand; many of them there were, of men and of women, that made ready the wine-hall, the guest-house. Gleaming with gold shone the hangings on the wall, wondrous things many to see for any one that looketh at such things. The bright house was much broken, all fastened though it was within with iron bands. The hinges were wrenched away; the roof alone was left all whole, when the monster, guilty of deeds of outrage, hopeless of life, had turned to flee. Not easy is it to flee away, let him do it that will, for each that hath a soul of the children of men dwelling on earth must needs strive toward the place made ready for him, forced on him by fate, where his body shall sleep, fast in its bed of rest, after life's feasting.

Then was it the time and hour that the

son of Healfdene should go to the hall; the king himself desired to eat of the feast. Never heard I of a people with a greater host bear themselves more becomingly about their treasure-giver. In the pride of their renown they bowed them to the benches, rejoiced in the plenty. In fair wise their kinsmen, the valorous-hearted Hrothgar and Hrothulf, drank in the high hall many a mead-cup. Heorot was filled within with friends; in no wise at this time had the Folk-Scyldings wrought wickedness.

Then, in reward for his victory, the son of Healfdene gave to Beowulf a golden standard, a brodered war-banner, a helmet and burnie; a mighty treasure-sword full many saw borne before the warrior. He needed not feel shame before the bowsmen for the gifts given him for his keeping; never heard I of many men that gave to others on the mead-bench four treasures in friendlier wise. About the helmet's crown, a raised ridge without, wound with small rods, maintained a guard for the head, that the file-furnished blades, hard of temper, might not harm it in their boldness, when the warrior with shield must go forth against his foes. Then the safeguard of earls bade eight steeds, their bridles heavy with gold, be led indoors on the floor of the hall; on one of them rested a saddle, fashioned with cunning art and well-dight with treasure, that had been the battle-seat of the high king when the son of Healfdene had will to wage the sword-play; never at the front failed the far-famed one's battle-might, when the slain were falling. And then the prince of the Ingwines gave Beowulf the right over both of these, the steeds and the weapons, bade him have good joy of them. In such wise, manfully, the mighty prince, treasure-warden of heroes, paid for shocks of battle with steeds and treasure, such as none might ever belie that hath will to speak the truth according to the right.

Further, then, the lord of earls gave treasure on the mead-bench, swords handed down from old, to each of the earls that had drawn over the sea-way with

Beowulf, and bade that payment be made with gold for the one that Grendel first wickedly slew, as he would have slain more of them had not the wise God and the hero's daring forestalled that fate for them. The Lord ruled all the children of men, as He now still doth; therefore is wise understanding and forethought of mind best everywhere. He who for long in these days of strife maketh use of the world must undergo much of good and evil.

Song and sound of playing were joined together there before the battle-leader of the Half-Danes. The play-wood was touched, the lay oft rehearsed, what time Hrothgar's gleeman must duly call forth the hall-joy along the mead-bench.

THE UNCANNY MERE

"I HAVE heard the dwellers in the land, my people, they that hold sway in their halls, say they have seen such twain as these, mighty prowlers along the borders of the homes of men, making the moors their own. One of these was, so far as they might most carefully judge, in form like a woman: the other misbegotten one trod in man's shape the path of exile, save that he was greater in size than any man. Him in days of old the earth-dwellers named Grendel: they knew not his father, or whether any lurking demons were ever born to him. They take as theirs a country hidden away, the wolf-fells and windy nesses, perilous fen-ways, where the flood of the mountain-stream goeth downward under the earth beneath the mists of the forelands. It is not far hence, measured in miles, where the mere standeth. Rime-covered thickets hang over it; a wood fast-rooted shadoweth the waters. There may a fearful marvel be seen each night, a fire in the flood. None liveth ever so wise of the children of men that knoweth the bottom. Though the rover of the heath, the stag, strong with his antlers, may seek, hunted from afar, that thick wood, he will yield up his spirit first, his life on its brink, ere he will hide away his head

within it. The place is not goodly. Thence riseth a coil of waters dark to the clouds, when the wind stirreth up foul weather till the air groweth thick and the heavens make outcry.

"Now, again, is help in thee alone. That country thou know'st not yet, the fearsome place, where thou mayest find the much-sinning one. Seek it if thou darest. I shall requite thee for the strife with gifts for the keeping, with old-time treasures and twisted gold, as I did before, shouldst thou come thence away."

Beowulf spake, the son of Ecgtheow: "Sorrow not, man of wise mind! It is better one should avenge his friend than mourn for him long. Each of us must abide life's end in this world. Let him that may, win fame ere death; that shall be best thereafter for a warrior, when life is no more.

"Arise, warden of the realm, let us go quickly to look upon the track of Grendel's fellow. I promise thee he shall not flee to shelter, not in earth's bosom, or mountain forest, or ocean's bed, go where he will. For this day have patience in thine every woe, as I ween thou wilt."

THE BURIED TREASURE

THERE were many such olden treasures in the earth-house, just as some man, taking heedful care of the mighty heritage of his high kindred, had hid them there, his dear treasures, in days gone by. Death had taken his kinsfolk all away at an earlier time, and the one that of the warrior-host of that people still then longest held on his way, went sorrowing for his friends, yet trusted for such length of years that he might enjoy for a little while that wealth long-treasured. A barrow stood fully ready nigh the sea-waves on the moor, newly made on the foreland, closed fast by sure devices. The guardian of the rings bare within it there the lordly treasure, the heap hard to carry of plate-gold, and spake in few words: "Hold thou now, O earth, now that warriors may not, this wealth of earls. Behold, in thee at the first did good men find it. Death

in battle, dread evil, hath taken off every man of my people that hath left this life; they had looked on the joys of the mead-hall. None have I that may wield sword, or burnish the gold-decked vessel or the drinking-cup of price; the warrior host is gone elsewhither. The hard helmet, bedight with its gold, must be spoiled of its platings; they sleep that burnished it, whose part it was to make ready the masks of war. And the battle-gear likewise, that withstood in strife, midst the crash of shields, the bite of the steel, shall crumble with the warrior. The ring-meshed burnie no longer may fare far with the war-prince at the warrior's side. Joy of the harp is not, or delight of the glee-wood; the good hawk swingeth not through the hall, nor doth the swift steed paw the court of the stronghold. Death that despoileth hath sent forth many a one of living kind." Thus, sorrowful of heart, he made lament with grieving, he, left solitary, for them all—wept, reft of gladness, till the flood of death laid hold on his heart.

The old twilight-spoiler, the evil naked dragon, that flaming seeketh out the barrows and flieth by night enfolded in fire, found the joy-giving hoard standing open. Him the earth-dwellers dread exceedingly. He must needs seek out a hoard in the earth, where, old in years, he watcheth the heathen gold; no whit is he the better for it.

Thus three hundred years the spoiler of the people held in the earth a treasure-house, mighty in strength, till that a certain man made him wrathful of heart, bare away a cup of gold to his prince, prayed his lord for a bond of peace. Thus was the hoard despoiled, some part of the ring-treasure carried away, and his boon granted to the man in his need. His lord looked for the first time on that work of men of far-off days.

When the dragon awoke, strife was newly kindled. He snuffed along the rock and, stout of heart, came on the foot-tracks of his foe; in his furtive craft the man had gone too far, too near the dragon's head. So may one not marked for death,

whom the grace of the Wielder stayeth, come forth full readily from his woes and the path of exile. The treasure-warden sought eagerly along the ground, and would fain find the man that had brought this harm on him in his sleep. Hot and savage of heart, he went often all about the mound without, but no man was there in that waste place. Yet had he joy in the coming of battle and the toils of war. Whiles, he went into the mound and sought the treasure-cup; soon knew he for sure some man had found out his gold and his noble treasure. Scarce waited the treasure-keeper till evening came; angered was he then, the barrow-warden; the loathly one was of mind to take payment with fire for his precious cup. Then was the day gone, as the dragon desired. No longer would he bide within wall, but fared forth with flaming, girt with fire. A fearful thing was the feud's beginning for the people of the land, even as it was ended speedily in the hurt that befell their treasure-giver.

THE FUNERAL OF BEOWULF

THEN the Geat-folk made ready for him a pile, as he had prayed them, firmly based on the earth and hung with helmets and shields and bright burnies; with grief the warriors laid in the midst of it their great prince, their lord beloved. Then began the warriors to quicken on the cliff the greatest of death-fires; the wood-smoke rose dark above the pitchy flame, while the fire roared, blent with the sound of weeping as the turmoil of the wind ebbed, till, hot in the hero's breast, it had crumbled the bone-frame. With thoughts left void of gladness and with sorrow of heart, they made their lament for their liege-lord's death. His wife, likewise, in deepest grief, her hair close bound, made her song of mourning again and yet again for Beowulf—that she foresaw with grievous dread days of evil for herself, many a death-fall, terror of battle, shame and captivity.

Heaven swallowed up the smoke. Then the Weder-folk built a burial-mound on

the cliff that was high and broad, seen afar by the seafarer, and they made it, the beacon of the one who was mighty in battle, in ten days. They carried a wall about the remains of the fire, the goodliest they who were most wise might contrive. In the barrow they placed the rings and jewels, all the trappings likewise which the men of bold heart had taken before from the hoard. They let the earth keep the treasures of earls and the gold lie in the ground where it still now abideth, as useless to men as it was aforetime.

Then about the mound rode the sons of athelings brave in battle, twelve in all. They were minded to speak their sorrow, lament their king, frame sorrow in words and tell of the hero. They praised his earlship and did honor to his prowess as best they knew. It is meet that a man thus praise his liege-lord in words, hold him dear in his heart, when he must forth from the body to become as a thing that is naught.

So the Geat-folk, his hearth-comrades, grieved for their lord, said that he was a king like to none other in the world, of men the mildest and most gracious to men, the most friendly to his people and most eager to win praise.

Translated by C. G. CHILD

BEDE

THE CONVERSION OF KING EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA

From ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY

THE king, hearing these words, answered that he was both willing and bound to receive the faith which he taught, but that he would confer about it with his principal friends and counselors, to the end that if they also were of his opinion, they might all together be hallowed in Christ, the Fountain of life. Paulinus consenting, the king did as he said; for, holding a council with the wise men, he asked of every one in particular what he thought of the new doctrine and worship

of the Deity that was preached. To whom the chief of his own priests, Coifi, immediately answered: "O king, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for verily I declare to you what I have learned for certain, that the religion which we have hitherto held has no virtue or utility in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favors from you, and obtain greater dignities than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now if our gods were good for anything, they would rather assist me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination, you find those new doctrines, which are now preached to us, better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them without delay."

Another of the king's chief men, assenting to his prudent words and exhortations, straightway added: "O king, the present life of man on earth seems to me, in comparison with the time of which we are ignorant, as if you were sitting at a feast with your chief men and thanes in the winter time, and a fire were kindled in the midst and the hall warmed, while everywhere outside there were raging whirlwinds of wintry rain and snow; and as if then there came a stray sparrow, and swiftly flew through the house, entering at one door and passing out through another. As long as he is inside, he is not buffeted by the winter's storm; but in the twinkling of an eye the lull for him is over, and he speeds from winter back to winter again, and is gone from your sight. So this life of man appeareth for a little time; but what cometh after, or what went before, we know not. If therefore this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The other elders and king's counselors spoke, by divine inspiration, to the same effect.

But Coifi added that he wished more attentively to hear Paulinus discourse concerning the God whom he preached; which he having by the king's command

performed, Coifi, hearing his words, cried out: "I have long since been sensible that there was nothing in that which we worshiped, because the more diligently I sought after truth in that worship, the less I found it. But now I freely confess that such truth evidently appears in this preaching as can confer on us the gifts of life, of salvation, and of eternal happiness. For which reason I advise, O king, that we instantly abjure and set fire to those temples and altars which we have consecrated without reaping any benefit from them." In short, the king publicly gave his license to the blessed Paulinus to preach the Gospel, and, renouncing idolatry, declared that he received the faith of Christ; and when he inquired of the above-mentioned high priest who should first profane the altars and temples of their idols, with the enclosures that were about them, he answered, "I. Who is fitter to destroy as an example to all others those things which I worshiped in my folly and ignorance, than I, acting upon the wisdom which has been given me by the true God?" Then immediately, casting away his vain superstition, he desired the king to furnish him with arms and a stallion, and, mounting the same, set out to destroy the idols — for it had not been lawful for the high priest to carry arms, or to ride except on a mare. Having, therefore, girt a sword about him, he took a spear in his hand, mounted the king's stallion, and proceeded to the idols. The multitude, beholding it, concluded he was insane; but he lost no time, for as soon as he drew near the temple he profaned it, casting into it the spear which he held; and, rejoicing in the knowledge of the worship of the true God, he commanded his companions to destroy the temple, with all its enclosures, and burn them with fire. The place where the idols were is still shown, not far from York to the eastward, beyond the river Derwent, and is now called Godmundingham, where the high priest, by the inspiration of the true God, polluted and destroyed the altars which he had himself consecrated.

THE POET CÆDMON

THERE WAS in the monastery of this abbess a certain brother especially distinguished by the grace of God, since he was wont to make poems breathing of piety and religion. Whatever he learned of sacred Scripture by the mouth of interpreters, he in a little time gave forth in poetical language composed with the greatest sweetness and depth of feeling, in English, his native tongue; and the effect of his poems was ever and anon to incite the souls of many to despise the world and long for the heavenly life. Not but that there were others after him among the people of the Angles who sought to compose religious poetry; but none there was who could equal him, for he did not learn the art of song from men, nor through the means of any man; rather did he receive it as a free gift from God. Hence it came to pass that he never was able to compose poetry of a frivolous or idle sort; none but such as pertain to religion suited a tongue so religious as his. Living always the life of a laymen until well advanced in years, he had never learned the least thing about poetry. In fact, so little did he understand of it that when at a feast it would be ruled that every one present should, for the entertainment of the others, sing in turn, he would, as soon as he saw the harp coming anywhere near him, jump up from the table in the midst of the banqueting, leave the place, and make the best of his way home.

This he had done at a certain time, and leaving the house where the feast was in progress, had gone out to the stable where the care of the cattle had been assigned to him for that night. There, when it was time to go to sleep, he had lain down for that purpose. But while he slept some one stood by him in a dream, greeted him, called him by name, and said, "Cædmon, sing me something." To this he replied, "I know not how to sing, and that is the very reason why I left the feast and came here, because I could not sing." But the one who was talking with him answered, "No matter, you are to sing

for me." "Well, then," said he, "what is it that I must sing?" "Sing," said the other, "the beginning of created things." At this reply he immediately began to sing verses in praise of God the Creator, verses that he had never heard, and whose meaning is as follows: "Now should we praise the Keeper of the heavenly kingdom, the might of the Creator and His counsel, the works of the Father of glory; how He, though God eternal, became the Author of all marvels. He, the almighty Guardian of mankind, first created for the sons of men heaven as a roof, and afterwards the earth." This is the meaning, but not the precise order, of the words which he sang in his sleep; for no songs, however well they may be composed, can be rendered from one language to another without loss of grade and dignity. When he rose from sleep, he remembered all that he had sung while in that state, and shortly after added, in the same strain, many more words of a hymn befitting the majesty of God.

In the morning he went to the steward who was set over him, and showed him what gift he had acquired. Being led to the abbess, he was bidden to make known his dream and repeat his poem to the many learned men who were present, that they all might give their judgment concerning the thing which he related, and whence it was; and they were unanimously of the opinion that heavenly grace had been bestowed upon him by the Lord. They then set about expounding to him a piece of sacred history or teaching, bidding him, if he could, to turn it into the rhythm of poetry. This he undertook to do, and departed. In the morning he returned and delivered the passage assigned to him, converted into an excellent poem. The abbess, honoring the grace of God as displayed in the man, shortly afterward instructed him to forsake the condition of a layman and take upon himself the vows of a monk. She thereupon received him into the monastery with his whole family, and made him one of the company of the brethren, commanding that he should be taught the whole course and

succession of Biblical history. He, in turn, calling to mind what he was able to learn by the hearing of the ear, and, as it were, like a clean animal, chewing upon it as a cud, transformed it all into most agreeable poetry; and, by echoing it back in a more harmonious form, made his teachers in turn listen to him. Thus he rehearsed the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the story of Genesis; the departure of Israel from Egypt and their entry into the promised land, together with many other histories from Holy Writ; the incarnation of our Lord, His passion, resurrection, and ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost and the teaching of the apostles; moreover he made many poems about the terror of the future judgment, the awfulness of the pains of hell, and the joy of the heavenly kingdom, besides a great number about the mercies and judgments of God. In all these he exerted himself to allure men from the love of wickedness and to impel them to the love and practice of righteous living; for he was a very devout man, humbly submissive to the monastic rule, but full of consuming zeal against those who were disposed to act otherwise.

Hence it came to pass that he ended his life with a fair death. For when the hour of his departure drew nigh, he was afflicted for the space of a fortnight with a bodily weakness which seemed to prepare the way; yet it was so far from severe that he was able during the whole of that time to walk about and converse. Near at hand there was a cottage, to which those who were sick and appeared nigh unto death were usually taken. At the approach of evening on the same night when he was to leave the world, he desired his attendant to make ready a place there for him to take his rest. The attendant did so, though he could not help wondering at the request, since he did not seem in the least like a person about to die. When he was placed in the infirmary, he was somehow full of good humor, and kept talking and joking with those who had already been brought there. Some time after midnight he asked whether they

had the eucharist at hand. "What do you need of the eucharist?" they answered, "you aren't going to die yet, for you are just as full of fun in talking with us as if nothing were the matter with you." "Never mind," said he, "bring me the eucharist." Taking it in his hand, he asked, "Are you all at peace with me, and free from any grudge or ill-will?" "Yes," they all responded, "we are perfectly at peace with you, and cherish no grievance whatever." "But are you," said they, "entirely at peace with us?" "Yes, my dear children," he answered without hesitation, "I am at peace with all the servants of God." And thus saying, he made ready for his entrance into the other life by partaking of the heavenly journey-bread. Not long after he inquired, "How near is it to the hour when the brethren are awakened for lauds?" "But a little while," was the reply. "Well then," said he, "let us wait for that hour," and, making over himself the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slight slumber, ended his life in silence. And so it came to pass that, as he had served the Lord in simplicity and purity of mind, and with serene attachment and loyalty, so by a serene death he left the world, and went to look upon His face. And meet in truth it was that the tongue which had indited so many helpful words in praise of the Creator, should frame its very last words in His praise, while in the act of signing himself with the cross, and of commending his spirit into His hands. And that he foresaw his death is apparent from what has here been related.

ALFRED

PREFACE TO GREGORY'S *PASTORAL CARE*

KING ALFRED bids greet Bishop Werfrith with his words lovingly and with friendship; and I let it be known to thee that it has very often come into my mind what wise men there formerly were throughout England, both of sacred and secular orders; and what happy times there were

then throughout England; how the kings who had power over the nation in those days obeyed God and His ministers; how they preserved peace, morality, and order at home, and at the same time enlarged their territory abroad; and how they prospered both with war and with wisdom; and also how zealous the sacred orders were both in teaching and learning, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were to have them. So general was its decay in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. Thanks be to Almighty God that we have any teachers among us now. And therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayest apply the wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst. Consider what punishments would come upon us on account of this world, if we neither loved it (wisdom) ourselves nor suffered other men to obtain it: we should love the name only of Christian, and very few the virtues. When I considered all this, I remembered also, that I saw, before it had been all ravaged and burned, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books; and there was also a great multitude of God's servants, but they had very little knowledge of the books, for they could not understand anything of them, because they were not written in their own language. As if they had said: "Our forefathers, who formerly held these places, loved wisdom, and through it they obtained wealth and bequeathed it to us. In this we can still see their tracks, but we cannot follow them, and therefore we have lost both the wealth and the wisdom, because we would not incline our hearts after their example." When I remembered all this,

I wondered extremely that the good and wise men who were formerly all over England, and had perfectly learned all the books, had not wished to translate them into their own language. But again I soon answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever be so careless, and that learning would so decay; through that desire they abstained from it, since they wished that the wisdom in this land might increase with our knowledge of languages." Then I remembered how the law was first known in Hebrew, and again, when the Greeks had learned it, they translated the whole of it into their own language, and all other books besides. And again the Romans, when they had learned them, translated the whole of them by learned interpreters into their own language. And also all other Christian nations translated a part of them into their own language. Therefore it seems better to me, if you think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know into the language which we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough, that is, that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until they are able to read English writing well: and let those be afterwards taught more in the Latin language who are to continue in learning and be promoted to a higher rank. When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English *Shepherd's Book*, sometimes word by word, and sometimes according to the sense as I had learned it from Plegmund my archbishop, and Asser my Bishop, and Grimbald my mass-priest, and John my mass-priest. And when I had learned it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly in-

terpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and in each there is a book-mark worth fifty mancuses. And I command in God's name that no man take the book-mark from the book, or the book from the monastery. It is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their places unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one be making a copy from them.

THE VOYAGES OF OHTHERE AND WULFSTAN

From OROSIUS' HISTORY OF THE WORLD

OHTHERE told King Alfred, his lord, that he, of all the Norwegians, dwelt farthest to the north. He said that he lived in the northern part of the country, by the shore of the West Sea. Notwithstanding, the land extended yet farther to the north; but it was all waste, save in a few places here and there where Finns dwell, attracted by the hunting in winter and the sea-fishing in summer. He said that at a certain time he wished to discover how far north the land extended and whether anybody lived north of the waste. So he set out due north along the coast for three days, with the waste land to starboard and the high seas to larboard. By that time he was as far north as whale-fishers ever go. Upon this, he proceeded due north as far as he could sail in the next three days. At that point the land curved to the east—or the sea in on the land, he knew not which; all he knew was that there he waited for a wind from the west, or somewhat from the northwest, and so sailed east, close to land, as far as he could in four days. There he was obliged to wait for a wind from due north, for at the point the land curved due south—or the sea in on the land, he knew not which. Thence he sailed due south, close to land, as far as he could in five days. At that point a great river extended up into the land. Then they turned up into the river,

for they durst not sail beyond it for dread of hostile treatment, the land being all inhabited on the other side of the river. He had not encountered any inhabited land since leaving his own home, for to the right the land was uninhabited all the way, save for fishermen, fowlers, and hunters, and these were all Finns; to the left there was always open sea. The Permians had cultivated their land very well, but they durst not enter it. The land of the Terfinns was all waste, save where hunters, fishers, or fowlers encamped.

The Permians told him many stories both about their own country and about countries which were round them, but he knew not what was true, because he did not see it himself. The Finns and the Permians, it seemed to him, spoke nearly the same language. He made this voyage, in addition to his purpose of seeing the country, chiefly for walrus, for they have very good bone in their teeth — they brought some of these teeth to the king — and their hides are very good for ship-ropes. This whale is much smaller than other whales, being not more than seven ells long; but the best whale-fishing is in his own country — those are eight and forty ells long, and the largest fifty ells long. He said he was one of a party of six who killed sixty of these in two days.

Oh there was a very wealthy man in such possessions as constitute their wealth, that is, in wild beasts. He still, at the time when he came to the king, had six hundred tame deer that he had not sold. They call these reindeer. Six of these were decoy deer, which are very valuable among the Finns, for it is with them that they capture the wild reindeer. He was among the first men in the land, though he had not more than twenty horned cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine, and the little that he plowed he plowed with horses. But their income is chiefly in the tribute that the Finns pay them — skins of animals, feathers of birds, whale-bone, and ship-ropes made of whale's hide and seal's hide. Every one pays according to his means; the richest has

to pay fifteen marten skins and five reindeer skins; one bear skin, forty bushels of feathers, a bear- or otter-skin kirtle, and two ship-ropes, each sixty ells long, one made of whale's hide and the other of seal's.

He said that the country of the Northmen was very long and very narrow. All of it that can be used for either grazing or ploughing lies by the sea, and even that is very rocky in some places; and to the east, alongside the inhabited land, lie wild moors. In these waste lands dwell the Finns. And the inhabited land is broadest to the eastward, growing ever narrower the farther north. To the east it may be sixty miles broad, or even a little broader, and midway thirty or broader; and to the north, where it was narrowest, he said it might be three miles broad up to the moor. Moreover the moor is so broad in some places that it would take a man two weeks to cross it, in other places of such a breadth that a man can cross it in six days. . . .

Wulfstan said that he set out from Haddaby, arriving at Truso after seven days and nights, the ship running all the way under sail. He had Wendland (Mecklenburg and Pomerania) on the starboard, and Langland, Laaland, Falster, and Sconey on the larboard; and all these lands belong to Denmark. And then we had on our larboard the land of the Burgundians, who have their own king. After the land of the Burgundians, we had on our left those lands that were first called Blekinge, and Meore, and Oland, and Gothland; these lands belong to the Swedes. And we had Wendland (the country of the Wends) to the starboard all the way to the mouth of the Vistula. The Vistula is a very large river, separating Witland from Wendland; and Witland belongs to the Esthonians. The Vistula flows out of Wendland, and runs into the Frische Haff. The Frische Haff is about fifteen miles broad. Then the Elbing empties into the Frische Haff, flowing from the east out of the lake (Drausen) on the shore of which stands Truso; and there empty together into the Frische

Haff, the Elbing from the east, flowing out of Esthonia, and the Vistula from the south, out of Wendland. The Vistula gives its name to the Elbing, running out of the mere (the Frische Haff) west and north into the sea; therefore it (the place where it flows out of the Frische Haff) is called the mouth of the Vistula.

Esthonia (Eastland) is very large, and many towns are there, and in every town there is a king. There is also very much honey, and fishing. The king and the richest men drink mare's milk, but the poor and the slaves drink mead. There is much strife among them. There is no ale brewed by the Esthonians, but there is mead enough.

There is a custom among the Esthonians that when a man dies he lies unburnt in his house, with his kindred and friends, a month — sometimes two; and the kings and other men of high rank still longer, in proportion to their wealth; it is sometimes half a year that they remain unburnt, lying above ground, in their houses. All the while that the body is within there is to be drinking and sports until the day he is burned. The same day on which they are to bear him to the pyre they divide his property, what is left after the drinking and sports, into five or six parts — sometimes into more, according to the amount of his goods. Then they lay the largest share about a mile from the town, then the second, then the third, till it is all laid within the one mile; and the smallest part must be nearest the town in which the dead man lies. Then there are assembled all the men in the land that have the swiftest horses, about five or six miles from the goods. Then they all run toward the goods, and the man who has the swiftest horse comes to the first and largest portion, and so one after another till it be all taken; and he who arrives at the goods nearest the town gets the smallest portion. Then each man goes his way with the goods, and he may keep them all; and for this reason swift horses are excessively dear in that country. When his property is thus all spent, they bear him out and burn him with his weapons

and clothes. Usually they spend all his wealth, what with the long time that the corpse lies within and what with the goods that they lay along the roads, and that the strangers race for and carry off.

It is also a custom among the Esthonians to burn men of every tribe, and if any one finds a bone unburned they have to make great amends for it.

There is one tribe among the Esthonians that has the power of producing cold, and it is because they produce this cold upon them that the corpses lie so long without decaying. And if a man sets two vats full of ale or water, they cause both to be frozen over, whether it be summer or winter.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

From the ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE

ÆTHELSTAN King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Broke the shield-wall,
Hewed the linden-wood,
Hacked the battle-shield,
Sons of Edward with hammered
brands.

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their grandsires —
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their
hearths and their homes.

Bowed the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews
Doomed to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flowed, from when first the great
Sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God

Lord everlasting,
 Glode over earth till the glorious
 creature
 Sank to his setting.

There lay many a man
 Marred by the javelin,
 Men of the Northland
 Shot over shield.
 There was the Scotsman
 Weary of war.

We, the West-Saxons,
 Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies
 Troubled the track of the host that we
 hated.
 Grimly with swords that were sharp from
 the grindstone,
 Fiercely we hacked at the flyers before
 us.

Mighty the Mercian,
 Hard was his hand-play,
 Sparing not any of
 Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
 Borne in the bark's-bosom,
 Drew to this island —
 Doomed to the death.

Five young kings put asleep by the
 sword-stroke,
 Seven strong Earls of the army of
 Anlaf
 Fell on the war-field, numberless
 numbers,
 Shipmen and Scotsmen.

Then the Norse leader,
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following,
 Fled to his war-ship;
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king
 in it,
 Saving his life on the fallow flood.

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again,
 Hoar-headed hero!

Slender warrant had
 He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives —
 He that was reft of his
 Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war!

Slender reason had
 He to be glad of
 The clash of the war-glaive —
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties —
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter —
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges,
 The wielding of weapons —
 The play that they played with
 The children of Edward.

Then with their nailed prows
 Parted the Norsemen, a
 Blood-reddened relic of
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep-sea
 billow,
 Shaping their way toward Dyflen
 again,
 Shamed in their souls.

Also the brethren,
 King and Atheling,
 Each in his glory,
 Went to his own in his own West-
 Saxonland,
 Glad of the war.

Many a carcase they left to be car-
 rion,
 Many a livid one, many a sallow-
 skin —
 Left for the white-tailed eagle to
 tear it, and

Left for the horny-nibbed raven to
rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to
gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the
weald.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge —
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories —
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

Translated by ALFRED TENNYSON

THE WANDERER

MANY a lonely man at last comes to honour,
Merits God's mercy, though much he
endured
On wintry seas, with woe in his heart,
Dragging his oar through drenching-cold
brine,
Homeless and houseless and hunted by
Wyrd.

These are the words of a way-faring wan-
derer,
This is his song of the sorrow of life,
Slaughter of foemen, felling of kinsmen :

Often alone in the dark before dawning,
All to myself my sorrow I tell.
Friend have I none to whom I may open
My heart's deep secret, my hidden spring
of woe.
Well do I know 'tis the way of the high-
born,
Fast in his heart to fetter his feelings,
Lock his unhappiness in the hold of his
mind.
Spirit that sorrows withstandeth not
destiny,

Heart that complaineth plucketh no help.
A haughty hero will hide his suffering,
Manfully master misery's pang.
Thus stricken with sorrow, stript of my
heritage,
Far from kinsmen and country and friends,
Grimly I grappled my grief to my bosom,
Since long time ago, my giver of bounty
Was laid in the earth, and left me to roam
Watery wastes, with winter in my heart.
Forsaken I sought a shielder and pro-
tector;
Far and near I found none to greet the
wanderer,
No master to make him welcome in his
wine-hall;
None to cheer the cheerless, or the friend-
less to befriend.

He who has lost all his loved companions
Knoweth how bitter a bedfellow is sorrow.
Loneliness his lot, not lordly gold,
Heart-chilling frost, not harvest of plenty.
Oft he remembers the mirth of the mead-
hall,

Yearns for the days of his youth, when
his dear lord
Filled him with abundance. Faded are
those joys!

He shall know them no more; no more
shall he listen

To the voice of his lord, his leader and
counsellor.

Sometimes sleep and sorrow together
Gently enfold the joyless wanderer :
Bright are his dreams, he embraces his
lord again,

Kisses his liege, and lays on his knee
Head and hands as in happy days,
When he thanked for a boon his bountiful
giver.

Wakes with a start the homeless wanderer ;
Nought he beholds but the heaving surges,
Seagulls dipping and spreading their wings,
Scurries of snow and the scudding hail.
Then his heart is all the heavier,
Sore after sweet dreams sorrow reviveth.
Fain would he hold the forms of his kins-
men,
Longingly leans to them, lovingly greets
them ;

Slowly their faces swim into distance;
 No familiar greeting comes from the fleet-
 ing
 Companies of kinsmen. Care ever shadows
 The way of the traveller, whose track is
 on the waters,
 Whose path is on the billows of the bound-
 less deep.

Surely I see not how I should keep
 My heart from sinking, heavy with sorrow,
 When all life's destiny deeply I ponder, —
 Men that are suddenly snatched in their
 prime,
 High-souled heroes; so the whole of this
 earth
 Day by day droopeth and sinketh to
 decay. . . .
 How dread is the doom of the last desola-
 tion,
 When all the wealth of the world shall be
 waste,
 He that is wise may learn, if he looks
 Abroad o'er this land, where lonely and
 ruinous,
 Wind-swept walls, waste are standing;
 Tottering towers, crusted with frost,
 Crumbling wine-halls; bare to the sky.
 Dead is their revelry, dust are the rev-
 ellers!
 Some they have fallen on far fields of
 battle,
 Some have gone down in ships on the sea;
 Some were the prey of the prowling gray-
 wolf,
 Some by their loved ones were laid in the
 earth.
 The Lord of the living hath levelled their
 mansions,
 Silenced the sound of the singing and
 laughter.
 Empty and bare are all their habitations,
 Wondrous works of the giants of old.

He that considers this scene of desolation,
 And this dark life deeply doth ponder, —
 Battle and blood-shed, burning and
 slaughter,
 It bringeth to mind, and mournfully he
 asks:
 Where is the warrior, where is the war-
 horse?

Where is the giver of bounty, where are
 the boon-companions,
 The "dream and the gleam" that glad-
 dened the hall?
 Alas the bright ale-cup, alas the brave
 warrior!
 Alas the pride of princes! Their prime
 is no more;
 Sunk under night's shadow, as though it
 never had been!
 Where lusty warriors thronged, this lone
 wall towers,
 Weird with dragon-shapes, wondrously
 carven;
 Storm of ash-spears hath stricken the
 heroes,
 Blood-thirsty weapons, Wyrð the supreme.
 Wintry blasts now buffet these battle-
 ments;
 Dreary snow-storms drift up the earth,
 The terror of winter when wild and wan
 Down from the north with the darkness
 drives
 The ruinous scourge of the ruthless hail.

All this life is labor and sorrow,
 Doom of destiny darkens o'er earth.
 Wealth is fleeting, friends are fleeting,
 Man is fleeting, maid is fleeting,
 All this earth's foundations utterly shall
 pass.

Translated by J. D. SPAETH

THE BATTLE OF MALDON

BYRHTNOTH encouraged his comrades
 heartily;
 Rode through the ranks and roused their
 spirits;
 Marshalled his men to meet the onset;
 Showed them how they should hold their
 shields
 Firm in their grip, and fearless stand.
 When he had briskly whetted their cour-
 age,
 He leaped from his steed and stood with
 his people,
 His hearth-band beloved and house-hold
 thanes.

Then strode to the strand a stalwart
 Northman,

The viking herald. They heard him
shout,
Send o'er the tide the taunt of the pirates;
Hailing the earl, he hurled this challenge:
"Bold sea-rovers bade me tell thee
Straightway thou must send them tribute,
Rings for ransome, royal treasure;
Better with gifts ye buy us off,
Ere we deal hard blows and death in battle.
Why spill we blood when the bargain is
easy?"

Give us the pay and we grant ye peace.
If thou dost agree, who art greatest here,
To ransom thy folk with the fee we demand,

And give to the seamen the gold they ask,
Pay with tribute for treaty of peace,
We load the booty aboard our ships,
Haul to sea and hold the truce."

Byrhtnoth spake, he brandished his spear,
Lifted his shield and shouted aloud,
Grim was his wrath as he gave them his
answer:

"Hearest thou pirate my people's reply?
Ancient swords they will send for ransom;
Poison-tipped points they will pay for
tribute;

Treasure that scarce will serve you in
battle.

Go back pirate, give them my answer;
Bring them this word of bitter defiance;
Tell them here standeth, stern and in-
trepid,

The earl with his folk, to defend his coun-
try;

Æthelred's realm, the rights of my lord,
His house and his home; the heathen
shall fall,

Pirates and robbers. My people were
shamed

If ye loaded our booty aboard your ships,
And floated them off unfought, to sea,
Having sailed so far, to set foot on our
soil.

Not all so easily earn ye our gold!

Sword-blades and spear-points we sell
you first;

Battle-play grim, ere ye get our tribute!"

Forward he told his troop to come,
To step under shield and stand by the
shore.

The breadth of the stream kept the bands
asunder;

Strong came flowing the flood after ebb,
Filled the channel, and foamed between
them.

Impatient stood by Panta stream,
East-Saxon host and horde of the pirates,
Longing to lock their lances in battle.
Neither could harass or harm the other,
Save that some fell by the flight of arrows.

Down, went the tide, the Danes were
ready;

Burned for battle the band of the Vikings;
On the bridge stood Wulfstan and barred
their way.

Byrhtnoth sent him, a seasoned warrior,
Ceola's son, with his kinsmen to hold it.
The first of the Vikings who ventured to
set

Foot on the bridge, he felled with his spear.
Two sturdy warriors stood with Wulfstan,
Maccus and Ælpherð, mighty pair,

Kept the approach where the crossing was
shallow;

Defended the bridge, and fought with the
boldest,

As long as their hands could lift a sword.
When the strangers discovered and clearly
saw

What bitter fighters the bridgewards
proved,

They tried a trick, the treacherous robbers,
Begged they might cross and bring their
crews

Over the shallows and up to the shore.
The earl was ready in reckless daring
To let them land too great a number.

Byrhtelm's son, while the seamen lis-
tened,

Called across, o'er the cold water:

"Come ye seamen, come and fight us!
We give you ground, but God alone
knows

Who today shall hold the field."

Strode the battle-wolves bold through the
water;

West over Panta waded the pirates;
Carried their shields o'er the shining
waves;

Safely their lindenwoods landed the sailors.

Byrhtnoth awaited them, braced for the
onslaught,
Haughty and bold at the head of his band.
Bade them build the bristling war-hedge,
Shield against shield, to shatter the enemy.
Near was the battle, now for the glory,
Now for the death of the doomed in the
field.

Swelled the war-cry, circled the ravens,
Screamed the eagle, eager for prey;
Sped from the hand the hard-forged spear-
head,
Showers of darts, sharp from the grind-
stone.

Bows were busy, bolt stuck in buckler;
Bitter the battle-rush, brave men fell,
Heroes on either hand hurt in the fray.
Wounded was Wulfmær, went to his
battle-rest;

Cruelly mangled, kinsmen of Byrhtnoth,
Son of his sister, slain on the field.

Pay of vengeance they paid the Vikings;
I heard of the deed of the doughty Ed-
ward:

He struck with his sword a stroke that
was mighty,
Down fell the doomed man, dead at his
feet.

For this the thane got the thanks of his
leader,
Praise that was due for his prowess in
fight.

Grimly they held their ground in the
battle,

Strove with each other the stout-hearted
heroes,

Strove with each other, eager to strike
First with their darts the foe that was
doomed.

Warriors thronged, the wounded lay thick.
Stalwart and steady they stood about
Byrhtnoth.

Bravely he heartened them, bade them to
win

Glory in battle by beating the Danes.
Raising his shield, he rushed at the enemy;
Covered by buckler, he came at a Viking;
Charged him furious, earl against churl,
Each for the other had evil in store.
The sailorman sent from the south a
javelin,

Sorely wounding the war-band's leader;
He shoved with his shield, the shaft
snapped short;

The spear was splintered and sprang
against him;

Wroth was Byrhtnoth, reached for his
weapon;

Gored the Viking that gave him the
wound.

Straight went the lance, strong was the
leader;

He thrust it sheer through the throat of
the pirate.

His dart meant death, so deadly his aim.
Swiftly he sent him a second javelin,
That crashed through the corslet and cleft
his bosom,

Wounded him sore through his woven
mail;

The poisonous spear-head stood in his
heart.

Blithe was the leader, laughed in his
breast,

Thanked his Lord for that day's work.

Now one of the pirates poised his weapon;
Sped from his hand a spear that wounded
Through and through the thane of
Æthelred.

There stood at his side a stripling youth;
Brave was the boy; he bent o'er his lord,
Drew from his body the blood-dripping
dart.

'Twas Wulfmær the youthful, son of
Wulfstan:

Back he hurled the hard-forged spear.
In went the point, to earth fell the pirate
Who gave his master the mortal hurt.
A crafty seaman crept toward the earl
Eager to rob his armor and rings,
His bracelet and gear and graven sword.
Then Byrhtnoth drew his blade from the
sheath,

Broad and blood-rusted, struck at the
breast-plate,

But one of the seamen stopped the warrior,
Beat down the arm of the earl with his
lance.

Fell to the ground the gray-hilted sword;
No more he might grasp his goodly blade,
Wield his weapon; yet words he could
utter;

The hoar-headed warrior heartened his
men;

Bade them forward to fare and be brave.
When the stricken leader no longer could
stand,

He looked to heaven and lifted his voice :
"I render Thee thanks, O Ruler of men,
For the joys Thou hast given, that gladden-
ed my life.

Merciful Maker, now most I need,
Thy goodness to grant me a gracious end,
That my soul may swiftly speed to Thee,
Come to Thy keeping, O King of angels,
Depart in peace. I pray Thee, Lord,
That the fiends of hell may not harm my
spirit."

The heathen pirates then hewed him to
pieces,
And both the brave men that by him
stood;

Ælfnōth and Wulfmær, wounded to death,
Gave their lives for their lord in the fight.

Then quitted the field the cowards and
faint-hearts;

The son of Odda started the flight.

Godric abandoned his good lord in battle,
Who many a steed had bestowed on his
thane.

Leaped on the horse that belonged to his
leader,

Not *his* were the trappings, *he* had no
right to them.

Both of his brothers basely fled with him,
Godwin and Godwy, forgetful of honor,
Turned from the fight, and fled to the
woods,

Seeking the cover, and saving their lives.
Those were with them, who would have
remained

Had they remembered how many favors
Their lord had done them in days of old.
Offa foretold it, what time he arose
To speak where they met to muster their
forces.

Many, he said, were mighty in words
Whose courage would fail when it came to
the fighting.

There lay on the field the lord of the peo-
ple,

Æthelred's earl; all of them saw him,

His hearth-companions beheld him dead.
Forward went fighting the fearless
warriors,

Their courage was kindled, no cowards
were they;

Their will was fixed on one or the other :
To lose their life, or avenge their leader.
Ælfwinē spoke to them, son of Ælfric,
Youthful in years, but unyielding in
battle;

Roused their courage, and called them to
honor:

"Remember the time when we talked in
the mead-hall,

When bold on our benches we boasted
our valor,

Deeds of daring we'd do in the battle!
Now we may prove whose prowess is true.
My birth and my breeding I boldly pro-
claim:

I am sprung from a mighty Mercian line.
Aldhelm the alderman, honored and pros-
perous,

He was my grandsire, great was his fame :
My people who know me shall never re-
proach me,

Say I was ready to run from the battle,
Go back to my home, and abandon my
leader,

Slain on the field. My sorrow is double,
Both kinsman and lord I've lost in the
fight."

Forward he threw himself, thirsting for
vengeance;

Sent his javelin straight at a pirate.

Fell with a crash his foe to the earth,
His life-days ended. Then onward he
strode,

Urging his comrades to keep in the thick
of it.

Up spake Offa, with ashen spear lifted :
"Well hast thou counselled us, well hast
encouraged,

Noble Ælfwinē, needs must we follow
thee.

Now that our leader lies low on the field,
Needs must we steadfastly stand by each
other;

Close in the conflict keeping together,
As long as our hands can hold a weapon,
Good blade wield. Godric the coward,

Son of Odda, deceived us all.
 Too many believed 'twas our lord him-
 self,
 When they saw him stride the war-steed
 proud.
 His run-away ride our ranks hath broken ;
 Shattered the shield-wall. Shame on the
 dastard !
 Who caused his comrades like cowards to
 fly ! ”
 Up spake Leofsunu, lifted his linden-wood,
 Answered his comrades from under his
 shield :
 “ Here I stand, and here shall I stay !
 Not a foot will I flinch, but forward I'll
 go !
 Vengeance I've vowed for my valiant
 leader.
 Now that my friend is fallen in battle,
 My people shall never reproach me, in
 Stourmere ;
 Call me deserter, and say I returned
 Leaderless, lordless, alone from the fight.
 Better is battle-death ; boldly I welcome
 The edge and the iron.” Full angry he
 charged,
 Daring all danger, disdaining to fly.

Up spake Dunheré, old and faithful,
 Shook his lance and shouted aloud,
 Bade them avenge the valiant Byrhtnoth :
 “ Wreak on the Danes the death of our
 lord !
 Unfit is for vengeance who values his life.”
 Fell on the foe the faithful body-guard,
 Battle-wroth spearmen, beseeching God
 That they might avenge the thane of
 Æthelred,
 Pay the heathen with havoc and slaughter.
 The son of Ecglaf, Æscferth by name,
 Come of a hardy North-humbrian race,
 — He was their hostage, — helped them
 manfully.
 Never he faltered or flinched in the war-
 play ;
 Lances a plenty he launched at the pirates,
 Shot them on shield, or sheer through the
 breast-plate ;
 Rarely he missed them, many he wounded,
 While he could wield his weapon in battle.
 Still Edward the long held out at the front ;
 Brave and defiant, he boasted aloud

That he would not yield a hair's breadth
 of ground,
 Nor turn his back where his better lay
 dead.
 He broke through the shield-wall, breasted
 the foe,
 Worthily paid the pirate warriors
 For the life of his lord ere he laid him
 down.
 Near him Æthelric, noble comrade,
 Brother of Sibryht, brave and untiring,
 Mightily fought, and many another ;
 Hacked the hollow shields, holding their
 own.
 Bucklers were broken ; the breast-plate
 sang
 Its gruesome song. The sword of Offa
 Went home to the hilt in the heart of a
 Viking.
 But Offa himself soon had to pay for it,
 The kinsman of Gadd succumbed in the
 fight.
 Yet ere he fell, he fulfilled his pledge,
 The promise he gave to his gracious
 lord,
 That both should ride to their burg to-
 gether,
 Home to their friends, or fall in the battle,
 Killed in conflict and covered with
 wounds ;
 He lay by his lord, a loyal thane.

Mid clash of shields the shipmen came on,
 Maddened by battle. Full many a lance
 Home was thrust to the heart of the
 doomed.
 Then sallied forth Wistan, Wigelin's son ;
 Three of the pirates he pierced in the
 throng,
 Ere he fell, by his friends, on the field of
 slaughter.
 Bitter the battle-rush, bravely struggled
 Heroes in armor, while all around them
 The wounded dropped and the dead lay
 thick.
 Oswold and Eadwold all the while
 Their kinsmen and comrades encouraged
 bravely,
 Both of the brothers bade their friends
 Never to weaken or weary in battle,
 But keep up their sword-play, keen to the
 end.

Up spake Byrhtwold, branished his ash-spear,

— He was a tried and true old hero, —
Lifted his shield and loudly called to them;

“Heart must be keener, courage the
hardier,

Bolder our mood as our band diminish-
eth.

Here lies in his blood our leader and com-
rade,

The brave on the beach. Bitter shall rue it
Who turns his back on the battle-field
now.

Here I stay; I am stricken and old;

My life is done; I shall lay me down

Close by my lord and comrade dear.”

Translated by J. D. SPAETH

MIDDLE ENGLISH WRITERS

THE Norman conquest submerged rather than destroyed the West Saxon literary tradition. The ablest Englishmen of the next two centuries, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Walter Map, Giraldus Cambrensis, William of Malmesbury, John of Salisbury, wrote, not in English, but in Latin; and the *Lais* and *Fables* of Marie de France, the *Tristan* of Thomas, though presumably written in England, were written in French. The old alliterative technique, however, survives in some part in Layamon's *Brut* (1205) and once more emerges in the second half of the fourteenth century.

Continental Europe of the thirteenth century was a very different Europe from that which King Alfred had turned to for the means of enlightening his people. English as a vernacular, instead of being abreast of the times and ahead of any other vernacular, was now far behind. Trade had been extended; at the newly-founded universities, law, medicine, dialectic, theology could be studied in a wealth of new texts; the Friar movement was strong in both piety and learning; a brilliant neo-Latin literature had come into existence. In all this English scholars shared, but not immediately to the profit of vernacular English. By 1300 Northern France, Provence, Germany, Scandinavia, and Ireland were in possession of their medieval literatures in their fullest glory, and Dante was about to begin his *Divine Comedy*.

English had no such body of achievement to show. Indeed, in comparison with foreign splendors, Middle English is always in danger of appearing derivative and shambling, an adaptation for a humble audience by writers distinctly of the second class. The thirteenth century, however, was by no means barren, as the twelfth had largely been, either in quantity or quality. The priest Layamon, at the beginning of the century, is a personality. His *Brut*, an account of the legendary kings of Britain, is an English poem. *The Owl and the Nightingale* (c. 1225), like the *Brut*, in the Southern dialect, handles the popular form of the debate with freedom and effectiveness. The first of the English romances, *King Horn* (c. 1250), owes more of its quality to the native heroic tradition than to courtly French romance. *Havelok the Dane*, also less French than the later romances, and *The Debate of the Body and Soul*, the best treatment of this common medieval theme in any language, belong around the year 1300. By 1350, in the North, Robert Minot had sung his fleeing songs against the Scots, and the mystic Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, had written religious prose and verse which was still read in the sixteenth century.

Chaucer, in the second half of the century, stands by no means alone. It is the period of Wicliffe, scholar as well as reforming preacher, the begetter of the first English version of the Scriptures. The successive rewritings of the great alliterative poem, *Piers Plowman*, painting no less the social evils of the day than the cure of them by means of right conduct and right belief, continue to appear throughout pretty much the whole of Chaucer's literary lifetime. In the North, Chaucer's contemporary, John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, makes romance out of Scottish history in his *Bruce*. In the Northwest, there is a vigorous alliterative revival, of which at once the strongest and the finest products are *Gawain and the Green Knight*, best of English romances, and *The Pearl*, most delicately imagined of English allegorical visions. Chaucer's personal friend Gower turns, after having written in Latin and in French, at last to English in his collection of tales, the *Confessio Amantis*.

All this suggests some of the considerations which must limit our view of Chaucer as the father of English poetry. There is a sense, however, in which he may properly be so characterized. Alone among contemporary English writers he was sensitively aware of the latest thing in French poetry and of the work of the great Italians, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. By introducing this literature to his countrymen he marked the way which English literature later, and all too slowly, was to follow. Beginning as an imitator of contemporary French love-poets, in the *Book of the Duchess*, he came more and more under the sway of the great Italians in the *House of Fame*, the *Parliament of Birds*, *Troilus and Criseyde*, and the *Legend of Good Women*. Although at no time forgetting his earliest French masters, he finally, in the *Tales of Canterbury*, developed a body of poetry genuinely English and his own. As a metrical innovator, notably in what was later called the heroic couplet, he again points the way. And as a revealer of his own engaging personality in the midst of a human comedy that is perennially fresh, he retains more of his original brightness than those contemporaries who for nearly two centuries were generally counted to be his peers.

In still another respect Chaucer stands fortunately in the line along which English was to develop. As a resident of the city of London, Chaucer wrote naturally in the dialect which, in part owing to the prestige of his work and Gower's, and in part owing to many other geographical and cultural reasons, was the dialect out of which Modern English was presently to develop. During Chaucer's lifetime, every man writes in his native local dialect. After his death, there is no man who, whatever traces of local dialect may still cling to him, does not move a long way toward Chaucer's language. Lydgate and Hoccleve write Chaucerian English; King James I mingles it, not always perfectly understood, with his own Scottish. To be sure, the ability to handle metrically Chaucer's final *e* — the relic of the Old English inflectional system — disappears with his immediate successors. With the disappearance of the final *e* Modern English is born. The diphthongization of some of the long vowels and the lifting of others, which mark the difference between an "English" and a "Continental" pronunciation, likewise begin to appear clearly in the fifteenth century.

The fifteenth century is usually accounted a barren period. It was too content to imitate Chaucer's achievement rather than his method. If it went to foreign literature, chiefly French, it went in the spirit of translator or adapter, not as Chaucer had done, as a creative artist in search of materials and methods. It carried on the work of the preceding centuries in adapting the romances, its most memorable success here being the prose of Malory's *Morte Darthur*, shedding a kind of sunset radiance upon the departing Middle Ages. Lydgate throughout the first half of the century laboriously reworked medieval themes. The Scottish Chaucerians, Henryson and Dunbar, did the same, but with more freshness and less prolixity. Such things, however, were much to the taste of the times, and later, too, as is shown by the titles which Caxton chose to feed his newly established printing press in a corner of Westminster Abbey. We may think of it as a time when people in towns flocked to miracle plays and everywhere lent a delighted ear to ballads of Robin Hood and other popular heroes or to a more sophisticated production like *The Nutbrown Maid*. Through this century, as through the centuries preceding, runs a rill of clear song, religious or amorous or both, which will be heard again at the courts of Henry VIII and his illustrious daughter. With Caxton, prose stirs into self-consciousness, gathering itself for the century of controversy and experiment, which will presently produce Tyndale's Bible and ultimately the prose of Bacon and Hooker, Raleigh and Sir Thomas Browne. In verse, with a shifting language and a love for ornament ill-applied to prosaic material, we must wait, in spite of hopeful beginnings by Surrey or by Sackville, for Spenser to recover Chaucerian sureness and Chaucerian variety — and something besides.

LAYAMON INTRODUCTION

From the BRUT

A PRIEST was in the land, Layamon was he
hight;
He was Leovenath's son — be the Lord to
him merciful!
He dwelt at Ernley in a goodly minster,
Upon Severn shore — sweet it there
seemed him —
Fast by Radestone, where books he did
read.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

From the BRUT

ARTHUR went to Cornwall,
The host with him was countless;
Modred heard the tidings
And took his way against him
With host no man could number.
Many there were death-doomed!
By the river Tamar
The troops came together;
The place hight Camelford;
Evermore shall last that word!
And at Camelford was assembled
Sixty thousand
And thousands many more too;
Modred was their leader.
Then thitherward went riding
Arthur the royal
With army unnumbered,
Doomed though they all were.

* * * *

Then were there in that battle
Left among the living
Of two hundred thousand men
Who lay there slaughtered
But Arthur the king only
And two of his warriors.
Arthur was wounded
Wondrous severely.

To him came a child then
Who was of his kindred;
He was Cador's son,
Who Earl was of Cornwall.
Constantine his name was;
He was to the king dear.

Arthur looked upon him,
Where he lay on ground,
And these words spake he
With heart full of sorrow:
"Constantine, welcome art thou!
Thou wert Cador's son!
To thee do I commit here
The care of my kingdom;
And guard well my Britons
Unto thy life's ending;
And hold thou all the customs
That have stood in my life-days;
And all the goodly customs
That stood in Uther's days.
And I will fare to Avalon
To the fairest of all maidens,
To Argante the queen,
Fairest of all fays;
And she shall every wound
Make both whole and sound,
All whole shall she make me
With health-giving potions.
And come shall I hereafter
Back to my kingdom
And abide with my Britons
With bliss forever."

E'en as he was speaking
There came from sea speeding
A very small boat gliding
Before the waves a-riding;
And women twain within it
Wondrously attired.
And they raised up Arthur anon,
And aboard swiftly bore him,
And adown softly they set him,
And forth went they sailing.

Then was fulfilled there
What Merlin said aforetime,
That infinite grieving
Should be at Arthur's leaving.

Britons believe ever
That still he is living
And fostered in Avalon
With the fairest of all fairies;
And ever hope the Britons
For Arthur's coming hither.

Was never the man born
Of mother on lucky morn
Who can of the true tale
Of Arthur tell us further.
But once there was a wizard,

Merlin they called him,
With words he predicted —
His sayings were truthful —
That an Arthur should one day
Come England to succour.

THE BESTIARY OR PHISIOLOGUS

THE ELEPHANT

In Ynde ye may Elephants see,
Big and burly in body they be,
Together they herd on the wold,
As sheep that come forth from the fold.
And of young they beget and rear
But one, tho' three hundred year
In this world to their lot were set
No more would they aye beget.
One thing have they most in thought
That they ne'er to a fall be brought,
Since they be lacking the power
To rise again in that hour.
(How this beast his rest doth take
When he wanders wide,
Since he is of monstrous make,
Hear me tell this tide.)
He doth seek to himself a tree
That shall strong and steadfast be,
And against the trunk doth lean
When weary with walking, I ween.
When the hunter this doth know,
Who a trap will set
Seeing where the beast doth go
This his rest to get,
Then the tree doth he saw away,
In such a wise as best he may,
His work he with care doth hide
And makes him a place that tide
Wherein he may watch and see
If the beast, he deceived shall be.
Then cometh the monster, I ween,
On his side 'gainst the tree he doth lean,
In the shade of the tree so tall,
Doth he sleep, and together they fall.
If none other near him be stayed
Then he crieth and calleth for aid,
And rueful, I ween his cries —
He hopeth with help to rise,
One cometh who nigh is at hand,
And hopeth to make him stand,
With all his might tho' he tries,
He stirs him no whit as he lies.
Naught can he do, nor another,

They can only cry with their brother.
Tho' they shake him, a goodly band,
Deeming to make him stand,
Yet for the help of them all
He may not rise from his fall.
Then they trumpet so loud and fast,
Like a bell, or of horns the blast,
And for this, their mickle cry,
A youngling comes hastily,
And stooping adown that tide
His trunk he puts 'neath his side,
With the help of all the band
He makes him again to stand,
Thus he 'scapeth the hunter's snare
In such wise as I now declare.

SIGNIFICATIO

THUS Adam, he fell thro' a tree,
Our first father, and so fell we;
Moses fain would him raise again,
But he might in no wise attain,
Nor after him prophets all
Could make him arise from his fall,
And stand once more as he stood
The heir to all Heavenly good.
With sorrow and sighing they thought
How succour might best be brought,
And with one voice they raised a cry
That pierced unto Heaven high,
And their calling and care did bring
To their aid Christ, our Heavenly King.
Who is greatest in Heaven, withal
Became Man, and on earth was small,
His Passion He bare for us,
And going 'neath Adam thus
Raised him up, and Mankind with him,
Who had fallen to Hell's depths dim.

Translated by JESSIE L. WESTON

KING HORN

Joy to none be wanting
Who listens to my chaunting!
A song I shall you sing
Of Murry the king.
King he was i' th' west
While his rule did last.
Godhild was his queen;
Fairer might not be seen.
He had a son whose name was Horn;
Fairer might there none be born,

Nor rain rain on such a one,
 Nor upon such shine the sun.
 None is fairer than he was;
 He was bright as the glass,
 As the flower he was white,
 Red as rose his color bright.
 Within no kingdom great
 Could be found his mate.
 Twelve companions had he
 That ever with him led he;
 Each was a noble's son,
 And each was a fitting one
 To share in his playing.
 Two loved he beyond saying;
 The one was called Hathulf child,
 And the other Fikenild.
 Athulf was the best
 And Fikenild the worst.

It was upon a summer's day,
 As I to you the story say,
 Murry the noble king
 Rode in his pleasuring
 By the water-side,
 As he was wont to ride.
 He found by the strand there,
 Arrived in his land there,
 Ships fifteen all told
 Of Saracens full bold.
 He asked them what they sought
 Or else to land brought.
 A pagan there beside
 At once to him replied:
 "All thy people we shall slay
 And all who hold with Christ this day,
 And thyself without delay;
 Hence shalt thou not go away."
 The king sprang from his steed then,
 For surely he had need then,
 And with him true knights two —
 Of men he had too few.
 Swords in hand they took
 And together struck.
 They smote so under shield
 That some fell in the field.
 The king had all too few
 Against this evil crew.
 So many might easily
 Put to death these three.

The pagans came to land
 And seized it in their hand.
 The people they did kill
 And churches spoil at will.

There none alive might go,
 Kinsman no more than foe,
 But who his faith forsook
 And that of pagan took.

Of all earthly women
 Saddest was Godhild then.
 For Murry wept she sore
 And for Horn yet more.
 She went out of the hall,
 Leaving her maidens all.
 Under a rock of stone
 There lived she all alone.
 To serve God was she glad,
 Though the pagans it forbade;
 And there she served Christ too,
 And naught the pagans knew.
 Ever she prayed for Horn Child
 That Jesus Christ be to him mild.

Horn was in pagans' hand
 With his fellows of the land.
 Beauty great had he,
 As Christ would have it be.
 The pagans wished to slay him
 Or else alive to flay him.
 Had he not been so fair,
 The children all had perished there.

An admiral then foretold,
 In speaking he was bold:
 "Horn, valour is in thee,
 As any man can see;
 Thou art now large and strong,
 Fair and of body long.
 Thou shalt grow ever greater
 For seven years or better,
 If thou alive may go —
 And thy comrades also.
 If so it should befall,
 You would surely slay us all;
 Therefore thou must to sea,
 Thou and thy company;
 To ship now shall you go,
 And sink to the ground below;
 The sea shall you swallow;
 Nor shall remorse us follow,
 For if we gave you life,
 With sword or else with knife
 We all should soon be dead,
 And thy sire's death repaid."

They brought the boys to the shore,
 Wringing their hands full sore.
 On shipboard they thrust them,

No longer would they trust them.
 Oft had Horn suffered woe,
 But never worse than he then did know.
 The sea began a-flowing
 And Horn Child a-rowing.
 The sea so fast the ship did drive,
 No hope the boys had to survive.
 They thought without a doubt
 Their lives would soon go out,
 All the day and all the night
 Till there sprang daylight,
 Till Horn saw on the strand
 Men walking in the land.
 "Comrades," said he, "true,
 Good news I tell to you.
 I hear the birds a-singing
 And the grass a-springing.
 Let us be glad once more,
 Our ship has come to shore."
 From the ship they went to land
 And set foot upon the strand.

By the water side
 They let the ship ride.
 Then up spake Child Horn,
 In Suddénè he was born:
 "Ship, by the sea flood
 May thou have days good;
 By the sea brink
 May thee no water sink.
 To Suddénè if thou come,
 Greet well my kin at home;
 Greet well my mother dear,
 Godhild, queen without peer.
 And tell the pagan king,
 Hateful to Christ in everything,
 That I am whole and sound
 Landed on this ground;
 And say that he shall feel
 The blow my hand shall deal."

Aylbrus went from her to the hall,
 Where Horn did serve before them all,
 To the king upon the bench
 Wine his thirst to quench.
 "Horn," said he, "my friend,
 To bower must thou wend
 In secret after meat
 Rymenhild to greet.
 Speeches very bold
 In heart thou shalt hold.
 Horn, to me be true,
 And ne'er shalt thou it rue."

Horn in heart has laid
 All he to him said.
 In he went forthright
 To Rymenhild the bright.
 He knelt there at her feet,
 And sweetly did her greet.
 Of his lovely sight
 The bower grew all bright.
 He spoke with courteous speech —
 Him needed no man teach:
 "Sit thou in weal aright,
 Rymenhild the bright,
 With handmaidens twice three
 That ever sit with thee!
 The steward of our king
 A message did me bring:
 To bower should I seek
 To hear what thou wouldst speak.
 Speak and tell to me
 Thy will, whatso it be."

Rymenhild up did stand
 And took him by the hand.
 On couch she set him fine,
 To drink his fill of wine;
 She gave him welcome true
 And arms about him threw;
 Full oft she did him kiss,
 Her joy was most in this.
 "Horn," she said, "without all strife,
 Thou shalt have me as thy wife.
 Horn, have of me ruth
 And plight to me thy truth."

Horn in his heart did seek
 What words he then might speak.
 "May Christ," said he, "now guide thee!
 And heaven's bliss betide thee
 Of thy husband free,
 Where'er in land he be!
 But I am born too low
 Such a woman's love to know.
 I come of thralls, God wot;
 A foundling's was my lot.
 Befits thee not by kind
 Thyself to me to bind.
 It were no fit wedding
 Betwixt a thrall and a king."

Rymenhild was grieved thereby
 And sore began to sigh.
 Her arms slipped strengthless down,
 And there she fell a-swown.

Horn such woe could nowise brook
 And in his arms the maiden took

And then he did her kiss,
 Full oft and oft, i-wis.
 "Sweetheart," said he, "dear,
 Thy heart now must thou steer.
 Help me become a knight,
 Truly, with all thy might,
 To my lord, the king,
 That he me grant dubbing.
 Then shall my thrallhood
 Be changed to knighthood,
 And I grow greater still,
 And do, sweetheart, thy will."

Rymenhild, that sweetest thing,
 Wakened then from her swooning.
 "Horn," quoth she, "full soon
 That shall all be done;
 Thou shalt be dubbed a knight
 Within this sevennight.
 This cup do thou now bear
 And this ring so fair,
 To Aylbrus bear them both
 And bid him keep his oath.
 Tell him I him beseech
 That he with fairest speech
 Upon his knees do fall
 Before the king in hall
 And pray the king aright
 Thee to dub as knight.
 With silver and with gold
 Shall his reward be told.
 Christ him grant good skill
 Well to obtain thy will!"

THE VISION OF WILLIAM CON- CERNING PIERS PLOWMAN

THE FIELD FULL OF FOLK

In a summer season when the sun was
 softest,
 Shrouded in a smock, in shepherd's
 clothing,
 In the habit of a hermit of unholy living,
 I went through this world to witness
 wonders.
 On a May morning on a Malvern hillside
 I saw strange sights like scenes of Faerie.
 I was weary of wandering and went to rest
 By the bank of a brook in a broad meadow.
 As I lay and leaned and looked on the
 water
 I slumbered and slept, so sweetly it mur-
 mured.

Then I met with marvelous visions.
 I was in a wilderness; where, I knew not.
 I looked up at the East at the high sun,
 And saw a tower on a toft artfully fash-
 ioned.
 A deep dale was beneath with a dungeon
 in it,
 And deep ditches and dark, dreadful to see.
 A fair field full of folk I found between
 them,
 With all manner of men, the meanest and
 the richest,
 Working and wandering as the world de-
 manded.
 Some put them to the plow and practiced
 hardship
 In setting and sowing and seldom had
 leisure;
 They won what wasters consumed in
 gluttony.
 Some practiced pride and quaint behavior,
 And came disguised in clothes and features.
 Prayer and penance prevailed with many.
 For the love of our Lord they lived in
 strictness,
 To have bliss hereafter and heavenly
 riches.
 Hermits and anchorites held to their
 dwellings,
 Gave up the course of country roving
 And all lusty living that delights the
 body.
 Some turned to trade; they tried barter;
 And seemed in our sight to succeed better.
 Some men were mirthful, learned min-
 strelcies,
 And got gold as gleemen — a guiltless
 practice.
 Yet jesters and janglers, Judas' children,
 Feigned idle fancies and wore fool's cloth-
 ing,
 But had wit if they wished to work as
 others.
 What Paul has preached I proffer without
 glossing:
Qui loquitur turpiloquium,¹ is Lucifer's serv-
 ant.
 Bidders and beggars ride about the
 country
 With bread to the brim in their bags and
 bellies;

¹ He who speaks slander.

They feign that they are famished and
fight in the ale-house.

God wot, they go in gluttony to their
chambers

And rise with ribaldry, like Robert's
children.

Sleep and sloth pursue them always.

Pilgrims and palmers were plighted
together

To seek Saint James and saints in Rome.
They went on their way with many wise
stories,

And had leave to lie for a lifetime after.

I saw some who said that they sought for
relics;

In each tale that they told their tongue
would always

Speak more than was so, it seemed to my
thinking.

A host of hermits with hooked staves
Went to Walsingham with their wenches
behind them.

These great lubbers and long, who were
loath to labor,

Clothed themselves in copes to be dis-
tinguished from others,

And robed themselves as hermits to roam
at their leisure.

There I found friars of all the four
orders,

Who preached to the people for the profit
of their bellies,

And glossed the gospel to their own good
pleasure;

They coveted their copes, and construed
it to their liking.

Many master-brothers may clothe them-
selves to their fancy,

For their money and their merchandise
multiply together.

Since charity has turned chapman to
shrive lords and ladies,

Strange sights have been seen in a few
short years.

Unless they and Holychurch hold closer
together

The worst misery of man will mount up
quickly.

There a pardoner preached as priest of
the parish,

And brought out a bull with a bishop's
signet

Said that he himself might assoil all men
Of all falsehood in fasting and vows that
were broken.

Common folk confided in him and liked
his preaching,

And crept up on cowed knees and kissed
his pardons.

He abused them with brevets and blinded
their eyesight;

His devil's devises drew rings and
brooches.

They gave their gold to keep gluttons,
And believed in liars and lovers of lechery.

If the bishop were blessed and worth both
his ears

His seal would not be sent to deceive the
people.

But the power of the bishop is not this
preacher's license,

For the parish priest and the pardoner
share the profits together

Which the poor of the parish would have if
these were honest.

Because parishes were poor since the
pestilence season,

Parsons and parish priests petitioned the
bishops

For a license to leave and live in London
And sing there for simony, for silver is
sweet.

Bishops and bachelors, both masters and
doctors,

Who have cures under Christ and are
crowned with the tonsure,

In sign of their service to shrive the parish,
To pray and preach and give the poor

nourishment,
Lodge in London in Lent and the long

year after;

Some are counting coins in the king's
chamber,

Or in exchequer and chancery challenging
his debts

From wards and wardmotes, waifs and
strays.

Some serve as servants to lords and ladies
And sit in the seats of steward and butler.

They hear mass and matines, and many of
their hours

Are done without devotion. There is
danger that at last
Christ in his consistory will curse many.

THE CONFESSION OF SLOTH

THEN Sloth came all beslobbered, with
slime on his eyelids;

"I must sit," he said, "or else I shall
slumber.

I cannot stand or stoop, and want a stool
for kneeling.

If I were brought to bed, unless my but-
tocks made me,

No ringing should make me rise till I was
ripe for dinner."

He began *benedicite* with a belch and
beat his forehead,

And roared and raved and snored for a
conclusion.

"Awake! awake! wretch," cried Repent-
ance, "make ready for shriving."

"If I should die to-day I should never
do it.

I cannot say *pater noster* perfectly, as the
priest sings it.

I know rhymes of Robin Hood and
Randolph Earl of Chester,

But of our Lord or of our Lady I have
learned nothing.

I have made forty vows and forgotten
them on the morrow.

I never performed the penance as the
priest commanded,

Nor was sorry for my sins as a man should
be.

And if I pray at my beads, unless Wrath
bids me,

What I tell with my tongue is two miles
from my meaning.

I am occupied each day, on holy days and
all days,

With idle tales at ale, or at other times in
churches.

Rarely do I remember God's pain and
passion.

I never visit the feeble nor the fettered
men in prison.

I had rather hear ribaldry or a summer
game of cobblers,

Or lies to laugh at and belie my neighbor,
Than all that the four evangelists have
ever written.

Vigils and fasting days slip unheeded.
I lie abed in Lent with my lemman beside
me,

And when matines and mass are over I go
to my friars.

If I reach to *ite missa est*¹ I have done
my duty.

Sometimes I am not shriven, unless sick-
ness force me.

More than twice in two years, and then I
do it by guess work.

I have been priest and parson for the
past thirty winters,

Yet I know neither the scales nor the
singing nor the Saints' Legends.

I can find an hare afield or frighten him
from his furrow

Better than read *beatus vir*² or *beati
omnes*.³

Construe their clauses and instruct my
parishoners.

I can hold love-days and hear a reve's
reckoning,

But I cannot construe a line in the Canons
or Decretals.

If I beg or borrow and it be not tallied
I forget it as quickly; men can ask me

Six times or seven and I will swear to the
falsehood.

So I trouble true men twenty times over.

The salary of my servants is seldom even.

I answer angrily when the accounts are
reckoned,

And my workman's wages are wrath and
cursing.

If any man does me a favour or helps me
in trouble,

I answer courtesy with unkindness, and
cannot understand it.

I have now and I have ever had a hawk's
manners.

I am not lured with love where nothing lies
in the fingers.

Sixty times I, Sloth, have since for-
gotten

The kindness that fellow Christians have
granted to me.

Sometimes I spill — in speech or silence —
Both flesh and fish and many other vict-
uals,

Bread and ale, butter, milk and cheeses.
All slobbered in my service till they may
serve no man.

¹ The concluding words of the mass.

² Psalms, i or cxii.

³ Psalms, cxxviii.

I was a roamer in my youth and reckless
in study,
And ever since have been a beggar from
foul slothfulness:
*Heu mihi! quia sterilem vitam duxi
juvenilem!*"¹
"Do you repent," said Repentance, —
but the wretch was swooning,
Till Vigilate, the watcher, threw water on
his forehead,
And flung it in his face, and vehemently
addressed him,
And cried, "Beware of Desperation, that
betrays many!
Say, 'I am sorry for my sins,' say it and
believe it,
Beat your breast and beseech Him to have
mercy;
For there is no guilt so great that His
goodness is not greater."
Then Sloth sat up and so crossed him-
self quickly,
And made a vow before God: "For my
foul living
Every Sunday this seven years, unless
sickness keep me,
I will go down before day-break to the
dear chapel,
And hear matins and mass, like a monk in
his cloister.
No ale after meat shall hold me
absent
Till I have heard evensong, I vow by the
rood-tree."

PIERS THE PLOWMAN'S PARDON

"PIERS," said a priest, "give me your
pardon quickly.
I shall translate the text and turn it into
English."
Piers opened his pardon at the priest's
bidding.
I was behind them both and beheld all the
charter.
All lay in two lines, and not a leaf
further.
The witness was Truth; and it was writ-
ten thus:

¹ Woe is me that I led such unprofitable a life
in my youth.

*Et qui bona egerunt, ibunt in vitam
eternam.
Qui vero mala, in ignem eternum.*¹
"Peter," said the priest, "there is no par-
don in it,
But Do Well and have well, and God shall
have your soul,
And do evil and have evil, and you may
hope only
That after your death day the devil shall
take you."
Then Piers in pure wrath pulled it to
pieces,
And said: "*Si ambulavero in medio um-
brae mortis, non timebo mala,
quoniam tu mecum es.*"²
I shall stop my sowing," said Piers, "and
cease from such hard labor,
Nor be so busy now about my comfort.
Prayers and penance shall be my plow
hereafter.
I shall weep when I should sleep, though
wheat bread fail me.
The prophet ate bread in penance and in
sorrow.
The psalter says that so did many others.
He who loves God loyally has livelihood
easily.
*Fuerunt mihi lacrimae meae panes die ac
nocte.*"³
And unless Luke lie, birds teach us the
lesson
Not to be too busy about the world's
pleasures.
Ne solliciti sitis, he says in the gospel,
And gives us guidance in governing our-
selves rightly.
Who finds the fowls their food in winter?
They have no garner to go to, but God
provisions them."
"What," said the priest to Perkin.
"Peter, bless me,
You are lettered a little; where did you
learn reading?"
"Abstinence, the abbess," said Piers,
"taught the A. B. C. to me,
And Conscience came forward and de-
clared much further."

¹ And they whose works are good shall pass
into life eternal, but they whose works are evil
into fire everlasting.

² Psalms, xxiii, 4.

³ Psalms, xlii, 3.

"If you were a priest, Piers," he said,
 "you might preach at your liking,
 And be a doctor in divinity, with *Dixit*
insipiens."

"Rude rogue," said Piers, "you have read
 little in the Bible.

You have seldom seen Solomon's proverbs :
Ejice derisores et jurgia cum eis, ne
crescant,"¹ etc.

The priest and Perkin opposed each
 other,

And at their wrangling I awoke and saw
 the world about me,

And the sun sailing in the southern heaven.
 Meatless and moneyless on the Malvern
 hillsides

I went on my way, wondering at the vision.
 Often has this vision forced me to
 wonder

If what I saw asleep were so indeed.

I pondered pensively on Piers the Plow-
 man ;

On what a pardon Piers had for all peoples'
 comfort,

And how the priest impugned it with two
 pert words.

I am a doubter of dreams, for they deceive
 men often.

Cato and the Canonists counsel us never
 To seek assurance in dreams, for *sompnia*
ne cures.²

But a book of the Bible bears witness.

Translated by HENRY W. WELLS

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

AFTER the siege and the assault of
 Troy, when that burg was destroyed and
 burnt to ashes, and the traitor tried for
 his treason, the noble Æneas and his kin
 sailed forth to become princes and pa-
 trons of well-nigh all the Western Isles.
 Thus Romulus built Rome (and gave to
 the city his own name, which it bears
 even to this day); and Ticius turned him
 to Tuscany; and Langobard raised him
 up dwellings in Lombardy; and Felix

¹ Proverbs, xxii, 10.

² Pay no heed to dreams.

Brutus sailed far over the French flood,
 and founded the kingdom of Britain,
 wherein have been war and waste and
 wonder, and bliss and bale, ofttimes
 since.

And in that kingdom of Britain have
 been wrought more gallant deeds than in
 any other; but of all British kings Arthur
 was the most valiant, as I have heard tell;
 therefore will I set forth a wondrous ad-
 venture that fell out in his time. And if
 ye will listen to me, but for a little while,
 I will tell it even as it stands in story,
 stiff and strong, fixed in the letter, as
 it hath long been known in the land.

King Arthur lay at Camelot upon a
 Christmas-tide, with many a gallant lord
 and lovely lady, and all the noble brother-
 hood of the Round Table. There they
 held rich revels with gay talk and jest;
 one while they would ride forth to joust
 and tourney, and again back to the court
 to make carols; for there was the feast
 holden fifteen days with all the mirth that
 men could devise, song and glee, glorious
 to hear, in the daytime, and dancing 'at
 night. Halls and chambers were crowded
 with noble guests, the bravest of knights
 and the loveliest of ladies, and Arthur
 himself was the comeliest king that ever
 held a court. For all this fair folk were
 in their youth, the fairest and most for-
 tunate under heaven, and the king him-
 self of such fame that it were hard now
 to name so valiant a hero.

Now the New Year had but newly
 come in, and on that day a double por-
 tion was served on the high table to all the
 noble guests, and thither came the king
 with all his knights, when the service
 in the chapel had been sung to an end.
 And they greeted each other for the New
 Year, and gave rich gifts, the one to the
 other (and they that received them were
 not wroth, that may ye well believe!),
 and the maidens laughed and made mirth
 till it was time to get them to meat.
 Then they washed and sat them down
 to the feasting in fitting rank and order,
 and Guinevere the queen, gaily clad, sat
 on the high daïs. Silken was her seat,
 with a fair canopy over her head, of

rich tapestries of Tars, embroidered, and studded with costly gems; fair she was to look upon, with her shining gray eyes; a fairer woman might no man boast himself of having seen.

But Arthur would not eat till all were served, so full of joy and gladness was he, even as a child; he liked not either to lie long, or to sit long at meat, so worked upon him his young blood and his wild brain. And another custom he had also, that came of his nobility, that he would never eat upon an high day till he had been advised of some knightly deed, or some strange and marvelous tale, of his ancestors, or of arms, or of other ventures. Or till some stranger knight should seek of him leave to joust with one of the Round Table, that they might set their lives in jeopardy, one against another, as fortune might favor them. Such was the king's custom when he sat in hall at each high feast with his noble knights; therefore on that New Year tide, he abode, fair of face, on the throne, and made much mirth withal.

Thus the king sat before the high tables, and spake of many things; and there good Sir Gawain was seated by Guinevere the queen, and on her other side sat Agravain, *à la dure main*; both were the king's sister's sons and full gallant knights. And at the end of the table was Bishop Bawdewyn, and Ywain, King Urien's son, sat at the other side alone. These were worthily served on the dais, and at the lower tables sat many valiant knights. Then they bare the first course with the blast of trumpets and waving of banners, with the sound of drums and pipes, of song and lute, that many a heart was uplifted at the melody. Many were the dainties, and rare the meats; so great was the plenty they might scarce find room on the board to set on the dishes. Each helped himself as he liked best, and to each two were twelve dishes, with great plenty of beer and wine.

Now I will say no more of the service, but that ye may know there was no lack, for there drew near a venture that the folk might well have left their labor

to gaze upon. As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marveled much at his color, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.

For he was clad all in a green, with a straight coat, and a mantle above; all decked and lined with fur was the cloth and the hood that was thrown back from his locks and lay on his shoulders. Hose had he of the same green, and spurs of bright gold with silken fastenings richly worked; and all his vesture was verily green. Around his waist and his saddle were bands with fair stones set upon silken work; 'twere too long to tell of all the trifles that were embroidered thereon — birds and insects in gay gauds of green and gold. All the trappings of his steed were of metal of like enamel, even the stirrups that he stood in stained of the same, and stirrups and saddle-bow alike gleamed and shone with green stones. Even the steed on which he rode was of the same hue, a green horse, great and strong, and hard to hold, with broidered bridle, meet for the rider.

The knight was thus gaily dressed in green, his hair falling around his shoulders; on his breast hung a beard, as thick and green as a bush, and the beard and the hair of his head were clipped all round above his elbows. The lower part of his sleeves was fastened with clasps in the same wise as a king's mantle. The horse's mane was crisp and plaited with many a knot folded in with gold thread about the fair green, here a twist of the hair, here another of gold. The tail was twined in like manner, and both were bound about with a band of bright green set with many a precious stone; then they were tied aloft in a cunning

knot, whereon rang many bells of burnished gold. Such a steed might no other ride, nor had such ever been looked upon in that hall ere that time: and all who saw that knight spake and said that a man might scarce abide his stroke.

The knight bore no helm nor hauberk, neither gorget nor breast-plate, neither shaft nor buckler to smite nor to shield, but in one hand he had a holly-bough, that is greenest when the groves are bare, and in his other an axe, huge and uncomely, a cruel weapon in fashion, if one would picture it. The head was an ell-yard long, the metal all of green steel and gold, the blade burnished bright, with a broad edge, as well shapen to shear as a sharp razor. The steel was set into a strong staff, all bound round with iron, even to the end, and engraved with green in cunning work. A lace was twined about it, that looped at the head, and all down the handle it was clasped with tassels on buttons of bright green richly broidered.

The knight rideth through the entrance of the hall, driving straight to the high daïs, and greeted no man, but looked ever upwards; and the first words he spake were, "Where is the ruler of this folk? I would gladly look upon that hero, and have speech with him." He cast his eyes on the knights, and mustered them up and down, striving ever to see who of them was of most renown.

Then was there great gazing to behold that chief, for each man marveled what it might mean that a knight and his steed should have even such a hue as the green grass; and that seemed even greener than green enamel on bright gold. All looked on him as he stood, and drew near unto him, wondering greatly what he might be; for many marvels had they seen, but none such as this, and phantasm and faërie did the folk deem it. Therefore were the gallant knights slow to answer, and gazed astounded, and sat stone still in a deep silence through that goodly hall, as if a slumber were fallen upon them. I deem it was not all for doubt, but some for courtesy that they might give ear unto his errand.

Then Arthur beheld this adventurer before his high daïs, and knightly he greeted him, for fearful was he never. "Sir," he said, "thou art welcome to this place — lord of this hall am I, and men call me Arthur. Light thee down, and tarry awhile, and what thy will is, that shall we learn after."

"Nay," quoth the stranger, "so help me he that sitteth on high, 'twas not mine errand to tarry any while in this dwelling; but the praise of this thy folk and thy city is lifted up on high, and thy warriors are holden for the best and the most valiant of those who ride mail-clad to the fight. The wisest and the worthiest of this world are they, and well proven in all knightly sports. And here, as I have heard tell, is fairest courtesy therefore have I come hither as at this time. Ye may be sure by the branch that I bear here that I come in peace, seeking no strife. For had I willed to journey in warlike guise I have at home both hauberk and helm, shield and shining spear, and other weapons to mine hand, but since I seek no war, my raiment is that of peace. But if thou be as bold as all men tell, thou wilt freely grant me the boon I ask."

And Arthur answered, "Sir Knight, if thou cravest battle here thou shalt not fail for lack of a foe."

And the knight answered, "Nay, I ask no fight; in faith here on the benches are but beardless children; were I clad in armor on my steed there is no man here might match me. Therefore I ask in this court but a Christmas jest, for that it is Yule-tide, and New Year, and there are here many fain for sport. If any one in this hall holds himself so hardy, so bold both of blood and brain, as to dare strike me one stroke for another, I will give him as a gift this axe, which is heavy enough, in sooth, to handle as he may list, and I will abide the first blow, unarmed as I sit. If any knight be so bold as to prove my words, let him come swiftly to me here, and take this weapon; I quit claim to it, he may keep it as his own, and I will abide his stroke, firm

on the floor. Then shalt thou give me the right to deal him another, the respite of a year and a day shall he have. Now haste, and let see whether any here dare say aught."

Now if the knights had been astounded at the first, yet stiller were they all, high and low, when they had heard his words. The knight on his steed straightened himself in the saddle, and rolled his eyes fiercely round the hall; red they gleamed under his green and bushy brows. He frowned and twisted his beard, waiting to see who should rise, and when none answered he cried aloud in mockery,

"What, is this Arthur's hall, and these the knights whose renown hath run through many realms? Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath, and anger, and mighty words? Now are the praise and the renown of the Round Table overthrown by one man's speech, since all keep silence for dread ere ever they have seen a blow!"

With that he laughed so loudly that the blood rushed to the king's fair face for very shame; he waxed wroth, as did all his knights, and sprang to his feet, and drew near to the stranger and said, "Now by heaven, foolish is thy asking, and thy folly shall find its fitting answer. I know no man aghast at thy great words. Give me here thine axe and I shall grant thee the boon thou hast asked." Lightly he sprang to him and caught at his hand, and the knight, fierce of aspect, lighted down from his charger.

Then Arthur took the axe and gripped the haft, and swung it round, ready to strike. And the knight stood before him, taller by the head than any in the hall; he stood, and stroked his beard, and drew down his coat, no more dismayed for the king's threats than if one had brought him a drink of wine.

Then Gawain, who sat by the queen, leaned forward to the king and spake, "I beseech ye, my lord, let this venture be mine. Would ye but bid me rise from this seat, and stand by your side, so that my liege lady thought it not ill, then would I come to your counsel before this

goodly court. For I think it not seemly when such challenges be made in your hall that ye yourself should undertake it, while there are many bold knights who sit beside ye; none are there, methinks, of readier will under heaven, or more valiant in open field. I am the weakest, I wot, and the feeblest of wit, and it will be the less loss of my life if ye seek sooth. For save that ye are mine uncle, naught is there in me to praise, no virtue is there in my body save your blood, and since this challenge is such folly that it seems ye not to take it, and I have asked it from ye first, let it fall to me, and if I bear myself ungallantly, then let all this court blame me."

Then they all spake with one voice that the king should leave this venture and grant it to Gawain.

Then Arthur commanded the knight to rise, and he rose up quickly and knelt down before the king, and caught hold of the weapon; and the king loosed his hold of it, and lifted up his hand, and gave him his blessing, and bade him be strong both of heart and hand. "Keep thee well, nephew," quoth Arthur, "that thou give him but the one blow, and if thou redest him rightly I trow thou shalt well abide the stroke he may give thee after."

Gawain stepped to the stranger, axe in hand, and he, never fearing, awaited his coming. Then the Green Knight spake to Sir Gawain, "Make we our covenant ere we go further. First, I ask thee, knight, what is thy name? Tell me truly, that I may know thee."

"In faith," quoth the good knight, "Gawain am I, who give thee this buffet, let what may come of it; and at this time twelvemonth will I take another at thine hand with whatsoever weapon thou wilt, and none other."

Then the other answered again, "Sir Gawain, so may I thrive as I am fain to take this buffet at thine hand," and he quoth further, "Sir Gawain, it liketh me well that I shall take at thy fist that which I have asked here, and thou hast readily and truly rehearsed all the covenant that I asked of the king, save that

thou shalt swear me, by thy troth, to seek me thyself wherever thouapest that I may be found, and win thee such reward as thou dealest me to-day, before this folk."

"Where shall I seek thee?" quoth Gawain. "Where is thy place? By him that made me, I wot never where thou dwellest, nor know I thee, knight, thy court, nor thy name. But teach me truly all that pertaineth thereto, and tell me thy name, and I shall use all my wit to win my way thither, and that I swear thee for sooth, and by my sure troth."

"That is enough in the New Year, it needs no more," quoth the Green Knight to the gallant Gawain, "if I tell thee truly when I have taken the blow, and thou hast smitten me; then will I teach thee of my house and home, and mine own name; then mayest thou ask thy road and keep covenant. And if I waste no words then fareest thou the better, for thou canst dwell in thy land, and seek no further. But take now thy toll, and let see how thou striketh."

"Gladly will I," quoth Gawain, handling his axe.

Then the Green Knight swiftly made him ready, he bowed down his head, and laid his long locks on the crown that his bare neck might be seen. Gawain gripped his axe and raised it on high, the left foot he set forward on the floor, and let the blow fall lightly on the bare neck. The sharp edge of the blade sundered the bones, smote through the neck, and clave it in two, so that the edge of the steel bit on the ground, and the fair head fell to the earth that many struck it with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood spurted forth, and glistened on the green raiment, but the knight neither faltered nor fell; he started forward with out-stretched hand, and caught the head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed, and took hold of the bridle, set his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. His head he held by the hair, in his hand. Then he seated himself in his saddle as if naught ailed him, and he were not headless. He turned his steed about, the

grim corpse bleeding freely the while, and they who looked upon him doubted them much for the covenant.

For he held up the head in his hand, and turned the face towards them that sat on the high daïs, and it lifted up the eyelids and looked upon them and spake as ye shall hear. "Look, Gawain, that thou art ready to go as thou hast promised, and seek loyally till thou find me, even as thou hast sworn in this hall in the hearing of these knights. Come thou, I charge thee, to the Green Chapel; such a stroke as thou hast dealt thou hast deserved, and it shall be promptly paid thee on New Year's morn. Many men know me as the knight of the Green Chapel, and if thou askest, thou shalt not fail to find me. Therefore it behooves thee to come, or to yield thee as recreant."

With that he turned his bridle, and galloped out at the hall door, his head in his hands, so that the sparks flew from beneath his horse's hoofs. Whither he went none knew, no more than they wist whence he had come; and the king and Gawain they gazed and laughed, for in sooth this had proved a greater marvel than any they had known aforetime.

Though Arthur the king was astonished at his heart, yet he let no sign of it be seen, but spake in courteous wise to the fair queen: "Dear lady, be not dismayed, such craft is well suited to Christmas-tide when we seek jesting, laughter, and song, and fair carols of knights and ladies. But now I may well get me to meat, for I have seen a marvel I may not forget." Then he looked on Sir Gawain, and said gaily, "Now, fair nephew, hang up thine axe, since it has hewn enough," and they hung it on the dossal above the daïs, where all men might look on it for a marvel, and by its true token tell of the wonder. Then the twain sat them down together, the king and the good knight, and men served them with a double portion, as was the share of the noblest, with all manner of meat and of minstrelsy. And they spent that day in gladness, but Sir Gawain must well be-

think him of the heavy venture to which he had set his hand.

II

THIS beginning of adventures had Arthur at the New Year; for he yearned to hear gallant tales, though his words were few when he sat at the feast. But now had they stern work on hand. Gawain was glad to begin the jest in the hall, but ye need have no marvel if the end be heavy. For though a man be merry in mind when he has well drunk, yet a year runs full swiftly, and the beginning but rarely matches the end.

For Yule was now over-past, and the year after, each season in its turn following the other. For after Christmas comes crabbed Lent, that will have fish for flesh and simpler cheer. But then the weather of the world chides with winter; the cold withdraws itself, the clouds uplift, and the rain falls in warm showers on the fair plains. Then the flowers come forth, meadows and grove are clad in green, the birds make ready to build, and sing sweetly for solace of the soft summer that follows thereafter. The blossoms bud and blow in the hedgerows rich and rank, and noble notes enough are heard in the fair woods.

After the season of summer, with the soft winds, when zephyr breathes lightly on seeds and herbs, joyous indeed is the growth that waxes thereout when the dew drips from the leaves beneath the blissful glance of the bright sun. But then comes harvest and hardens the grain, warning it to wax ripe ere the winter. The drought drives the dust on high, flying over the face of the land; the angry wind of the welkin wrestles with the sun; the leaves fall from the trees and light upon the ground, and all brown are the groves that but now were green, and ripe is the fruit that once was flower. So the year passes into many yesterdays, and winter comes again, as it needs no sage to tell us.

SONGS

CUCKOO SONG

SUMMER is icumen in,
Sing loud Cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead
And springeth the woode noo,
Sing Cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Lows for her calf coo;
Bullock sterteth, buck verteth,
Merry sing Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, well sing'st thou Cuckoo.
So cease thou never noo.
Sing Cuckoo, noo, sing Cuckoo!

SPRING SONG

SPRING is come to town with love
With blossom and with bird in grove,
That all this bliss now bringeth.
There are daisies in the dales;
Notes full sweet of nightingales;
Each bird song singeth.
The throstlecock out-sings them all;
Away is fled the Winter's thrall,
When woodrow springeth.
Then chanting birds in wondrous throng
Thrill out their joy the glades among
Till all the woodland ringeth.

The crimson rose is seen,
New leaves of tender green
With good-will grow;
The moon shines white and clear,
Fennel and thyme are here,
Fair lilies blow.
Their mates the wild drakes find,
Each creature seeks his kind.
As stream that trickles slow,
We plain when life is drear,
For cruel love the tear
Unchecked must flow.

The moon sends forth her light,
The goodly sun shines bright,
And birds sing well.
Dews drench the soft young grass,
And whispering lovers pass,
Their tale to tell;

Snakes woo beneath the clod,
 Women grôw wondrous proud
 On field and fêll.
 If one shall say me no
 Spring joy I will forgo
 And banished dwell.

ALYSOUN

In days of March and Averil
 When the spray begins to spring,
 Each little bird hath her own will
 In her own speech to sing.
 And I — I live in love longing
 For one most fair of everything.
 To me she bliss may bring:
 To serve her is my boon.
 A happy lot to me is sent,
 I know from heaven 'tis to me lent,
 From women all my love is bent
 And fixed on Alysoun.

In hue her hair is fair to see,
 Her brows are brown, her eyes are black,
 With loving laugh she looked at me! —
 Her waist is small, of slender make,
 Unless as hers she will me take
 To be her mate, my life I'll break,
 My life itself I will forsake
 And fey I'll fall adoun.
 A happy lot to me is sent, etc.

Nights I toss and watch and wake,
 Until my visage waxeth wan;
 Lady, all is for thy sake
 Longing comes to me alone.
 On earth there's none so learned grown
 That he her virtues can make known.
 Her neck is whiter than the swan,
 Or fairest maid in town.
 A happy lot to me is sent, etc.

With love I'm worn and watchings late,
 Weary as water in a weir,
 Lest any rob me of my mate.
 I have heard it said of yore,
 Better to bear awhile a sore
 Than mourn forevermore.
 Fairest earth e'er bore,
 Harken to my rune:
 A happy lot to me is sent,
 I know from heaven 'tis to me lent,

From women all my love is bent
 And fixed on Alysoun.

BLOW, NORTHERN WIND

I KNOW a maid in bower bright,
 That full seemly is to sight,
 Maid of majesty and might,
 Of loyal heart and hand.
 'Midst many a nobler one
 A maid of blood and bone,
 I know not ever none
 So fair in all the land.
 Blow, Northern Wind,
 Send thou me my sweeting
 Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow.

With her long and lovely tresses,
 Forehead and face fair for caresses,
 Blest be the joy my lady blesses,
 That bird so bright in bour,
 With lovesome eyes so large and good
 With blissful brows beneath her hood,
 He that once hung upon the Rood
 Her life holds in honour.
 Blow, Northern Wind,
 Send thou me my sweeting
 Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow.

Her face is full of light,
 As a lantern in the night
 She sheds a radiance bright,
 So fair is she and fine.
 Her neck is slender to enfold,
 Her loving arms bring joy untold,
 Her little hands are soft to hold,
 Would God that she were mine.
 Blow, Northern Wind,
 Send thou me my sweeting
 Blow, Northern Wind, blow, blow, blow.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE PROLOGUE

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures soote
 The droghte of Marche hath percéd to the
 roote,
 And bathéd every veyne in swich licour,
 Of which vertu engendrèd is the flour;
 Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth



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GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
 And smale fowles maken melodye,
 That slepen al the night with open yē,
 (So priketh hem nature in hir corages):
 Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
 And palmers for to seken straunge
 strondes,

To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
 And specially, from every shires ende
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martir for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they
 were seke.

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
 At night was come in-to that hostelrye
 Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
 In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.
 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
 And made forward erly for to ryse,
 To take our way, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and
 space,
 Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
 To telle yow al the condicioun
 Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
 And whiche they weren, and of what de-
 gree;
 And eek in what array that they were
 inne:

And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy
 man,

That fro the tyme that he first bigan
 To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
 And thereto hadde he riden (no man ferre)
 As wel in cristendom as hethenesse,
 And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
 At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;

Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne
 Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.

In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
 No cristen man so ofte of his degree.
 In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
 Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.
 At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete
 See

At many a noble aryve hadde he be.
 At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
 And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
 In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
 This ilke worthy knight hadde been also
 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
 Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:
 And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
 And though that he were worthy, he was
 wys,

And of his port as meek as is a mayde.
 He nevere yet no vileinye ne sayde
 In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
 He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
 But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors were goode, but he was nat gay.
 Of fustian he wered a gipoun
 Al bismotered with his habergeoun.
 For he was late y-come from his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong
 SQUYER,
 A lovyer, and a lusty bachelor,
 With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in
 presse.

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
 And wonderly deliver, and greet of
 strengthe.

And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye,
 In Flaundes, in Artoys, and Picardye,
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of freshe floures, whyte and rede.
 Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his gowne, with sleves longe and
 wyde.

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
 He coude songes make and wel endyte,
 Iuste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye
 and wryte.

So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
 He sleep namore than doth a nightingale.
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf biforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts namo
 At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
 A sheef of pecok arwes brighte and kene
 Under his belt he bar ful thriftily,
 (Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
 His arwes drouped noght with fetheres
 lowe),

And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
 A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.
 Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
 And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other syde a gay daggere,
 Harneised wel, and sharp as point of spere;
 A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
 An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
 A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
 Hir gretteste ooth was but by seynte Loy;
 And she was clepèd madame Eglyntyne.
 Ful wel she song the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At mete wel y-taught was she with alle;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.
 In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.
 Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
 That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir
 draughte.

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
 And peyned hir to countrefete chere
 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But, for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or
 bledde.

Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
 But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
 Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
 Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and
 reed;

But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed.
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful
 shene,

On which ther was first write a crownèd A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
 That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES
 thre.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the
 maistrye,

An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in
 stable:

And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel
 here

Ginglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
 And eek as loude as doth the chapel-belle,
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
 The reule of saint Maure or of saint Beneit,
 By-cause that it was old and som-del
 streit,

This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
 And held after the newe world the space.
 He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith, that hunters been nat holy
 men;

Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
 Is likned til a fish that is waterlees;
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
 But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre.
 And I seyde his opinioun was good.
 What sholde he studie, and make him-
 selven wood,

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
 Or swinken with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austin bit? How shal the world be
 served?

Lat Austin have his swink to him reservèd.
 Therfor he was a pricasour aright;
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel
 in flight;

Of priking and of hunting for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
 I seigh his sleeves purfild at the hond
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
 And, for to festne his hood under his chin,
 He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin:
 A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any
 glas,

And eek his face, as he hadde been anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point;
 His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
 That stemèd as a forneys of a leed;
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat;
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
 His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a
 merye,

A limitour, a ful solempne man.
 In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
 So moche of daliaunce and fair langage.
 He hadde maad ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
 Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
 With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,
 And eek with worthy women of the toun:
 For he had power of confessioun,
 As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licentiat.

Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
 He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
 Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce;
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore smerte.
 Therefore, in stede of weping and preyes,
 Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.
 His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
 And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
 And certainly he hadde a mery note;
 Wel coude he singe and playen on a rote.

Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys.
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys.
 There-to he strong was as a champioun.
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
 And everich hostiler and tappestere
 Bet than a lazar or a beggestere;
 For un-to swich a worthy man as he
 Acorded nat, as by his facultee,
 To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.
 It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce
 For to delen with no swich poraille,
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
 And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
 Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse.
 Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the beste beggere in his hous;
 For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,
 So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente.
 His purchas was wel bettre than his rente.
 And rage he coude as it were right a
 whelpe.

In love-dayes ther coude he mochel helpe.
 For ther he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
 With a thredbar cope, as is a povre scoler,
 But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
 To make his English swete up-on his
 tonge;
 And in his harping, whan that he had
 songe,
 His eyen twinklèd in his heed aright,
 As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MARCHANT was ther with a forked
 berd,

In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat,
 Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
 His botes claspèd faire and fetisly.
 His resons he spak ful solempnely,
 Sowninge alway thencrees of his winning.
 He wolde the see were kept for any thing
 Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
 Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So estatly was he of his governaunce,
 With his bargaynes, and with his chevi-
 saunce.

For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,

But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him
calle.

A CLERK ther' was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But lokèd holwe, and ther-to soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtpey;
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For him was levere have at his beddès
heed

Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithel, or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyð in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and ful of hy sen-
tence.

Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly
teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and
wys,

That often hadde been at the parvyys,
Ther was also; ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semèd swich, his wordes weren so wyse.
Iustice he was ful often in assyse,
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science, and for his heigh renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour was nowher noon;
Al was fee simple to him in effect;
His purchasing mighte nat been infect.
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semèd bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,
That from the tyme of king William were
falle.

Thereto he coude endyte, and make a
thing,

Ther coude no wight pinche at his wryting;
And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoornly in a medlee cote

Girt with a ceint of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no longer tale.

A FRANKLEYN was in his compaignye;
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
To liven in delyt was evere his wone,
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt
Was verraily felicitye parfyt.

An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Iulian he was in his contree.
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;
A bettre envyned man was no-wher noon.
With-oute bake mete was nevere his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteuous,
It snwed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deynteies that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaungèd he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breem and many a luce in
stewe.

Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.
An anlas and a gipsel al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.

An HABERDASSHER and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DYERE, and a TAPICER,
And they were clothèd alle in o liveree,
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apykèd was;
Hir knyves were y-chapèd noght with bras,
But al with silver wroght ful clene and
weel,

Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel.
Wel semèd ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a deys.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply for to been an alderman.
For catel hadde they ynogh and rente,
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
And elles certein were they to blame.
It is ful fair to been y-clept *ma dame*,
And goon to vigilyës al bifore,
And have a mantel roialliche y-bore.

A Cook they hadde with hem for the
nones,
To boille chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart, and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London
ale.

He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and
frye,

Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shine a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the
beste.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by
weste :

For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood up-on a rouncy, as he couthe,
In a gowne of falding to the knee.

A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.

The hote somer had maad his hewe al
broun ;

And, certainly, he was a good felawe.

Ful many a draughte of wyn had he
y-drawe

From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chap-
man sleep.

Of nyce conscience took he no keep.

If that he faught and hadde the hyer
hond,

By water he sente hem hoom to every
lond.

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
His stremes and his daungers him bisydes,
His herberwe and his mone, his lodemen-
age,

Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to
Cartage.

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake ;

With many a tempest hadde his berd been
shake.

He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,
And every cryke in Britayne and in
Spayne ;

His barge y-clepèd was the Maudelayne.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHISYK,
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyl.

To speke of phisik and of surgerye ;

For he was grounded in astronomye.

He kepte his pacient a ful greet del
In houres, by his magik naturel.

Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.

He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or drye,
And where engendrèd, and of what
humour ;

He was a verrey parfit practisour.

The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the
rote,

Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to winne ;
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.

Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus ;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien ;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen ;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn ;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.

Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.

His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lynèd with taffata and with sendal ;
And yet he was but esy of dispence ;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence ;
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefor he lovede gold in special.

A good WYF was ther of bisyde BATHE,
But she was som-del deef, and that was
scathe.

Of cloth-making she hadde swiche an
haunt,

She passèd hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offering bifore hir sholde goon ;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was
she,

That she was out of alle charitee.

Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground ;
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sunday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and
newe.

Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of
hewe.

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve ;
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde
fyve,

Withouten other compaignye in youthe;
 But thereof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.
 And thryes hadde she been at Ierusalem;
 She hadde passèd many a straunge streem;
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
 In Galice at seint Iame, and at Coloigne.
 She coude moche of wandring by the weye.
 Gat-tothèd was she, soothly for to seye.
 Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
 Y-wimplèd wel, and on hir heed an hat
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hipès large,
 And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
 In felaweschip wel coude she laughe and
 carpe.

Of remedies of love she knew per-chaunce,
 For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre PERSON of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lernèd man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
 His parisshe devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient;
 And swich he was y-prevèd ofte sythes.
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
 Un-to his povre parisshe aboute
 Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-son-
 der,

But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
 In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
 The ferreste in his parisshe, moche and
 lyte,

Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wroughte, and afterward he
 taughte;

Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
 And this figure he added eek ther-to,
 That if gold ruste, what shal yren do?
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewèd man to ruste;
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
 A [dirty] shepherde and a clene sheep.
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,
 By his clenness, how that his sheep shold
 live.

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,

And leet his sheep encombrèd in the myre,
 And ran to London, un-to seynte Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepste wel his
 folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were; and vertuuous,
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
 By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the
 nones.

A better preest, I trowe that nowher non
 is.

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne makèd him a spycèd conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, but first he folwèd it him-
 selve.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his
 brother,
 That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a
 fother,

A trewe swinkere and a good was he,
 Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
 God loved he best with al his hole herte
 At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,
 And thanne his neighebour right as him-
 selve.

He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and
 delve,

For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
 Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
 His tythes payèd he ful faire and wel,
 Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.
 In a tabard he rood upon a mere.

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,
 A Somnour and a Pardoner also,
 A Maunciple, and my-self; ther were
 namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the
 nones;

Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
 That provèd wel, for over-al ther he cam,
 At wrastling he wolde have alwey the
 ram.

He was short-sholdrèd, brood, a thikke
 knarre,
 Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of
 harre,
 Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
 And ther-to brood, as though it were a
 spade.

Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
 A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
 Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
 His nose-thirles blake were and wyde.
 A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
 His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
 He was a langlere and a goliardeys,
 And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.
 Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen
 thryes;

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
 A whyt cote and a blew hood werèd he.
 A baggepype wel coude he blowe and
 sowne,

And therwithal he broghte us out of towne.
 A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a
 temple,

Of which achatours mighte take exemple
 For to be wyse in bying of vitaille.
 For whether that he payde, or took by
 taile,

Algate he wayted so in his achat,
 That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
 Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
 That swich a lewèd mannes wit shal pace
 The wisdom of an heap of lernèd men?
 Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes ten,
 That were of lawe expert and curious;
 Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous,
 Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and
 lond

Of any lord that is in Engelond,
 To make him live by his propre góod,
 In honour dettelees, but he were wood,
 Or live as scarsly as him list desire;
 And able for to helpen al a shire
 In any cas that mighte falle or happe;
 And yit this maunciple sette hir aller
 cappe.

The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,
 His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
 His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
 His top was dokkèd lyk a preest biforn.
 Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,

Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
 Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;
 Ther was noon auditour coude on him
 winne.

Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the
 reyn,

The yeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
 His lordes sheep, his neet, his dayerye,
 His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his
 pultrye,

Was hoolly in this reve governing,
 And by his covenaut yaf the rekenyng,
 Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
 Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage.
 Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
 That he ne knew his sleighte and his
 covyne;

They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.
 His wonyng was ful fair up-on a heeth,
 With grene treës shadwèd was his place.
 He coude bettre than his lord purchase.
 Ful riche he was astorèd prively,
 His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
 To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
 And have a thank, and yet a cote and
 hood.

In youthe he lernèd hadde a good mister;
 He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
 This reve sat up-on a ful good stot,
 That was al pomely grey, and highte
 Scot.

A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,
 And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
 Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I
 telle,

Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.
 Tukkèd he was, as is a frere, aboute,
 And evere he rood the hindreste of our
 route.

A SOMNOUR was ther with us in that
 place,

That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
 For sawceflem he was, with eyen narwe.
 As hoot he was, and lecherous as a sparwe,
 With scallèd browes blake, and pilèd berd;
 Of his visage children were aferd.

Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brimstoon,
 Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,
 Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
 That him mighte helpen of his whelkes
 whyte,

Ne of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.

Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek
lekes,

And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as
blood.

Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he
were wood.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the
wyn,

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.

A fewe termes hadde he, two or thre,

That he had lernèd out of som decree;

No wonder is, he herde it al the day;

And eek ye knownen wel, how that a Iay

Can clepen "Watte," as well as can the
pope.

But who-so coude in other thing him
grobe,

Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye;

Ay "*Questio quid iuris*" wolde he crye.

He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;

A better felawe sholde men noght fynde.

He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn

A good felawe to have his concubyn

A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle;

And prively a finch eek coude he pulle.

And if he fond owher a good felawe,

He wolde techen him to have non awe,

In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs,

But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;

For in his purs he sholde y-punished be.

"Purs is the erchedeknes helle," seyde he.

But wel I woot he lyèd right in dede;

Of cursing oghte ech gulty man him
drede —

For curs wol slee right as assoilling sav-
eth —

And also war him of a *significavit*.

In daunger hadde he at his owne gyse

The yonge girles of the diocyse,

And knew hir counseil, and was al hir reed.

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,

As greet as it were for an ale-stake;

A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER

Of Rouncivale, his frend and his compeer,

That streight was comen fro the court of
Rome.

Ful loude he song, "Come hider, love, to
me."

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was nevere trompe of half so greet a
soun.

This pardonere hadde heer as yelow as
wex,

But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of
flex;

By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And there-with he his shuldres over-
spradde;

But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and
oon;

But hood, for Iolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussèd up in his walet.

Him thoughte he rood al of the newe Iet;

Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al
bare.

Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.

A vernicle hadde he sowèd on his cappe.

His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,

Bret-ful of pardoun come from Rome al
hoot.

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.

No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have.

As smothe it was as it were late y-shave. . .

But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,

Ne was ther swich another pardonere.

For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,

Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl;

He seyde he hadde a gobet of the seyl

That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he
wente

Up-on the see, til Iesu Crist him hente.

He hadde a croys of latoun, ful of stones,

And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.

But with thise relikes, whan that he fond

A povre person dwelling up-on lond,

Up-on a day he gat him more moneye

Than that the person gat in monthes
tweye.

And thus with feynèd flaterye and Iapes,

He made the person and the peple his
apes.

But trewely to tellen, atte laste,

He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.

Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,

But alderbest he song an offertorie;

For wel he wiste, whan that song was
songe,

He moste preche, and wel affyle his tonge,

To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;

Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the
cause

Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the
Belle.

But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye narette it nat my vileinye,
Thogh that I pleylnly speke in this
matere,

To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al-so wel as I,
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as evere he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or fynde words newe.
He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his
brother;

He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it.
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosin to the dede.

Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde
stonde;

My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And servèd us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us
leste.

A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel
y-taught,

And of manhood him lakkede right naught.
Eek thereto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges othere thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges;
And seyde thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely:

For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe as is now.

Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I
how.

And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.

Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow
spede,

The blisful martir quyte yow your mede.
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye dounb as a stoon;
And therefore wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my Iugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
Hold up your hond, withoute more speche."
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;

Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it
wys,

And grauntèd him with-uten more avys,
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.

"Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth
for the beste;

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and
pleyn,

That ech of yow, to shorte with our weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whylom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him best of
alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal han a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunter-
bury.

And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my Iugement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,

Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me therfore."

This thing was graunted, and our othes
swore

With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales Iuge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wold reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon
assent,

We been accorded to his Iugement.

And ther-up-on the wyn-was fet anoon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
With-outen any lenger tarynge.

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,
Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; "Lordinges, herkneth if yow
leste.

Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As evere mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my Iugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twinne;
He which that hath the shortest shal be-
ginne."

"Sire knight," quod he, "my maister and
my lord,

Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prioressse;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every
man."

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every
wight;

And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,

He seyde: "Sin I shal beginne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I
seye."

And with that word we riden forth our
weye;

And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

A povre widwe, somdel stope in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, standyng in a dale.

This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf,
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel and hir rente;
By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo,
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte
Malle.

Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,
In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.
Of poynant sauce hir neded never a deel.
No deyntee morsel passèd thurgh hir
throte;

Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun ne made hir nevere syk;
Attempree dyete was al hir phisyk,
And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette hir no-thing for to daunce,
Ne poplexye shente nat hir heed;
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne
reed;

Hir bord was servèd most with whyt and
blak,

Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no
lak,

Seynd bacoun, and somtyme an ey or
tweye,

For she was as it were a maner deye.

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chaunte-
cleer,

In al the land of crowing nas his peer.
His vois was merier than the merye orgon
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge,
Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.

By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben
amended.

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal.
His bile was blak, and as the Iet it shoon;
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;
His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,
And lyk the burnèd gold was his colour.
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce
Sevene hennas, for to doon al his pleas-
aunce,

Whiche were his sustres and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to him, as of colours;
Of whiche the faireste hewèd on hir throte
Was clepèd faire damoysele Pertelote.
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so
faire,

Sin thilke day that she was seven night old,
That trewely she hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith;
He loved hir so, that wel him was therwith.
But such a Ioye was it to here hem singe,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, "my lief is faren in londe."
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a dawenyng,
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sat this faire Pertelote,
This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreem is drecchèd sore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him
rore,

She was agast, and seyde, "O herte deere,
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a verray sleper, fy for shame!"
And he answerde and seyde thus, "Ma-
dame,

I pray yow, that ye take it nat agrief:
By God, me mette I was in swich meschief
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore
afright.

Now God," quod he, "my swevene rede
aright,

And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
Me mette, how that I romèd up and
doon

Withinne our yerde, wher as I saugh a
beste,

Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad
arest

Upon my body, and wolde han had me
deed.

His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;
And tippèd was his tail, and bothe his eres
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his
heres;

His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen tweye.
Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;
This causèd me my groning, douteles."

"Avoy!" quod she, "fy on yow, herteles!
Allas!" quod she, "for, by that God above,
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my
love;

I can nat love a coward, by my feith.
For certes, what so any womman seith,
We alle desyren, if it mighte be,
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,
And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool,
Ne him that is agast of every tool,
Ne noon avauntour, by that God above!
How dorste ye sayn for shame unto youre
love,

That any thing mighte make yow aferd?
Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swe-
venis?

No-thing, God wot, but vanitee, in sweven
is.

Swevenes engendren of replecciouns,
And ofte of fume, and of complecciouns,
Whan humours been to habundant in a
wight.

Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-
night,

Cometh of the grete superfluitee
Of youre reade *colera*, pardee,
Which causeth folk to dremen in here
dremes

Of arwes, and of fyr with rede lemes,
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,
Of kontek, and of whelpes grete and lyte;
Right as the humour of malencolye
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,
For fere of blake beres, or boles blake,
Or elles, blake develes wole him take.
Of othere humours coude I telle also,
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a man,

Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of dremes?
Now, sire," quod she, "whan we flee fro
the bemes,

For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat lye,
That both of colere, and of malencolye
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,
Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,
That shul ben for your hele, and for your
prow;

And in our yerd tho herbes shal I fynde,
The whiche han of here propretee, by
kynde,

To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.
Forget not this, for Goddes owene love!
Ye been ful colerik of compleccioun.
Ware the sonne in his ascencioun
Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours hote;
And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,
That ye shul have a fevere terciane,
Or an agu, that may be youre bane.
A day or two ye shul have digestyves
Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,
Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
Of catapuce, or of gaytres beryis,
Of erbe yve, growing in our yerd, that
mery is;

Pekke hem up right as they growe, and
ete hem in.

Be mery, housbond, for your fader kyn!
Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow na-
more."

"Madame," quod he, "*graunt mercy* of
your lore.

But natheles, as touching daun Catoun,
That hath of wisdom such a gret renoun,
Though that he bad no dremes for to
drede,

By God, men may in olde bokes rede
Of many a man, more of auctoritee
Than evere Catoun was, so moot I thee,
That al the revers seyn of this sentence,
And han wel founden by experience,
That dremes ben significaciouns,
As wel of Ioye as tribulaciouns
That folk enduren in this lyf present.
Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;

The verray preve sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men
rede

Seith thus, that whylom two felawes wente
On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;
And happed so, they come into a toun,
Wher as ther was swich congregacioun
Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as muche as o cotage,
In which they bothe mighte y-loggèd be.

Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee,
As for that night, departen compaignye;
And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,
And took his logging as it wolde falle.

That oon of hem wasloggèd in a stalle,
Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;
That other man wasloggèd wel y-nough,

As was his aventure, or his fortune,
That us governeth alle as in commune.
And so bifel, that, long er it were day,
This man mette in his bed, ther as he lay,
How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
And seyde, 'Allas! for in an oxes stalle
This night I shal be mordreð ther I lye.

Now help me, dere brother, or I dye;
In alle haste com to me,' he sayde.

This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;
But whan that he was wakenèd of his sleep,
He turnèd him, and took of this no keep;
Him thought his dreem nas but a vanitee.
Thus twyes in his sleping dremèd he.

And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
Com, as him thoughte, and seide, 'I am
now slawe;

Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and
wyde!

Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde,
And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,
'A carte ful of donge ther shaltow see,
In which my body is hid ful prively;
Do thilke carte arresten boldly.
My gold causèd my mordre, sooth to
sayn;'

And tolde him every poynt how he was
slayn,

With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful
trewe;

For on the morwe, as sone as it was day,
To his felawes in he took the way;
And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answerde him anon,
 And seyde, 'Sire, your felawe is agon,
 As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'
 This man gan fallen in suspeciou, n
 Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
 And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,
 Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
 A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,
 That was arrayed in that same wyse
 As ye han herd the dede man devyse;
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
 Vengeaunce and Iustice of this felonye: —
 'My felawe mordre is this same night,
 And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.
 I crye out on the ministres,' quod he,
 'That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;
 Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe slayn!
 What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?
 The peple out-sterre, and caste the cart
 to grounde,

And in the middel of the dong they founde
 The dede man, that mordre is al newe.

"Oblisful God, that art so Iust and trewe!
 Lo, how that thou biwreyest mordre al-
 way!

Mordre wol out, that se we day by day.
 Mordre is so wlatson and abhominable
 To God, that is so Iust and resonable,
 That he ne wol nat suffre it helèd be;
 Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
 Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.
 And right anon, ministres of that toun
 Han hent the carter, and so sore him pyned
 And eek the hostiler so sore engyned,
 That they biknewe hir wikkednesse anon,
 And were an-hangèd by the nekke-boon.

"Here may men seen that dremes been
 to drede.

And certes, in the same book I rede,
 Right in the nexte chapitre after this,
 (I gabbe nat, so have I Ioye or blis)
 Two men that wolde han passèd over see,
 For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,
 If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,
 That made hem in a citee for to tarie,
 That stood ful mery upon an haven-syde.
 But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,
 The wind gan chaunge, and blew right as
 hem leste.

Iolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,
 And casten hem ful erly for to saille;
 But to that oo man fil a greet mervaille.

That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
 Him mette a wonder drem, agayn the
 day;

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes
 syde,

And him comaunded, that he sholde abyde,
 And seyde him thus, 'If thou to-morwe
 wende,

Thou shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an
 ende.'

He wook, and tolde his felawe what he
 mette,

And preyde him his viage for to lette;
 As for that day, he preyde him to abyde.
 His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,
 Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful
 faste.

'No drem,' quod he, 'may so myn
 herte agaste,

That I wol lette for to do my thinges.

I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
 For swevenes been but vanitees and lapes.

Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes,
 And eek of many a mase therwithal;

Men dreme of thing that nevere was ne
 shal.

But sith I see that thou wolt heer abyde,
 And thus for-sleuthen wilfully thy tyde,
 God wot it reweth me; and have good
 day.'

And thus he took his leve, and wente his
 way.

But er that he hadde halfe his cours
 y-seylèd,

Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it
 eylèd,

But casuelly the shippes botme rente,
 And ship and man under the water wente
 In sighte of othere shippes it byside,
 That with hem seylèd at the same tyde.
 And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere,
 By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,
 That no man sholde been to reccheless
 Of dremes, for I sey thee, douteless,
 That many a drem ful sore is for to
 drede.

"Lo, in the lyf of seint Kenelm, I rede,
 That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
 Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a
 thing;

A lyte er he was mordre, on a day,
 His mordre in his avisioun he say.

His norice him expoundè every del
His swevene, and bad him for to kepe
him wel
For traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer
old,

And therefore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.
By God, I hadde levere than my sherte
That ye had rad his legende, as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely,
Macrobeus, that writ the avisoun
In Affrike of the worthy Cipiou, n
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they been
Warning of thinges that men after seen.
And forther-more, I pray yow loketh wel
In the olde testament, of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
Reed eek of Ioseph, and ther shul ye see
Wher dremes ben somtyme (I sey nat alle)
Warning of thinges that shul after falle.
Loke of Egypt the king, daun Pharao,
His bakere and his boteler also,
Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes,
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

"Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde
king,

Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree,
Which signified he sholde anhangèd be?
Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf,
That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,
She dremèd on the same night biforn,
How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,
If thilke day he wente in-to bataille;
She warnèd him, but it mighte nat availle;
He wente for to fighte natheles,
But he was slayn anon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle.
Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun,
That I shal han of this avisoun
Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,
That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,
For they ben venimous, I woot it wel;
I hem defye, I love hem nevere a del.

"Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte
al this;

Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
Of o thing God hath sent me large grace;
For whan I see the beautee of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet-reed about youre yën,
It maketh al my drede for to dyen;

For, also siker as *In principio*,
Mulier est hominis confusio;¹
Madame, the sentence of this Latin is —
Womman is mannes Ioye and al his
blis. . . .

I am so ful of Ioye and of solas
That I defye bothe sweven and dreem."
And with that word he fley doun fro the
beem,

For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd.
Roial he was, he was namore aferd. . . .
He loketh as it were a grim leoun;
And on his toos he rometh up and doun,
Him deynèd not to sette his foot to
grounde.

He chukketh, whan he hath a corn
y-founde,

And to him rennen thanne his wyves alle.
Thus roial, as a prince is in his halle,
Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;
And after wol I telle his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the
world bigan,
That highte March, whan God first makèd
man,

Was complet, and y-passèd were also,
Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,
Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,
His seven wyves walking by his syde,
Caste up his eye to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne
Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat
more;

And knew by kynde, and by noon other
lore,

That it was pryme, and crew with blisful
stevene.

"The sonne," he sayde, "is clomben up
on hevene

Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkneth thise blisful briddes how they
singe,

And see the fresshe floures how they
springe;

Ful is myn hert of revel and solas."
But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;

¹ As true as gospel ("in the beginning", the opening words of *John*), woman is man's confusion.

For evere the latter ende of Ioye is wo.
 God woot that wordly Ioye is sone ago;
 And if a rethor coude faire endyte,
 He in a chronique sauflly mighte it write,
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee.
 Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;
 This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake,
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,
 That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.
 Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,
 That in the grove hadde woned yeres three,
 By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,
 The same night thurgh-out the hegges
 brast

Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
 Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
 And in a bed of wortes stille he lay,
 Til it was passed undern of the day,
 Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,
 As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
 That in awayt ligen to mordre men.
 O false morderer, lurking in thy den!
 O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!
 False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,
 That broghtest Troye al outrely to sorwe!
 O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe
 That thou into that yerd flogh fro the
 bemes!

Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy dremes,
 That thilke day was perilous to thee.
 But what that God forwot mot nedes be,
 After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis.
 Witnesse on him, that any perfit clerk is,
 That in scole is gret altercacioun
 In this matere, and greet disputioun,
 And hath ben of an hundred thousand
 men.

But I ne can not bulte it to the bren,
 As can the holy doctour Augustyn,
 Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardyn,
 Whether that Goddes worthy forwiting
 Streyneth me nedely for to doon a thing,
 (Nedely clepe I simple necessitee);
 Or elles, if fre choys be graunted me
 To do that same thing, or do it noght,
 Though God forwot it, er that it was
 wrought;

Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del
 But by necessitee condicional.
 I wol not han to do of swich matere;
 My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,

That took his counseil of his wyf, with
 sorwe,

To walken in the yerd upon that morwe
 That he had met the dreem, that I of tolde.
 Wommennes counseils been ful ofte colde;
 Wommannes counseil broghte us first to
 wo,

And made Adam fro paradys to go,
 Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.
 But for I noot, to whom it mighte displese,
 If I counseil of wommen wolde blame,
 Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.
 Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich
 matere,

And what thay seyn of wommen ye may
 here.

Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat
 myne;

I can noon harme of no womman divyne.

Faire in the sond, to bathe hire merily,
 Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
 Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so
 free

Song merier than the mermayde in the see;
 For Physiologus seith sikerly,
 How that they singen wel and merily.
 And so bifel, that as he caste his yē,
 Among the wortes, on a boterflye,
 He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.

No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
 But cryde anon, "cok, cok," and up he
 sterte,

As man that was affrayed in his herte.

For naturally a beest desyreth flee

Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
 Though he never erst had seyn it with
 his yē.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him
 espye,

He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
 Seyde, "Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye gon?
 Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend?
 Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
 If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.

I am nat come your counseil for tespye;
 But trewely, the cause of my cominge
 Was only for to herkne how that ye singe.
 For trewely ye have as mery a stevene,
 As eny angel hath, that is in hevene;
 Therwith ye han in musik more felinge
 Than hadde Boece, or any that can
 singe.

My lord your fader (God his soule blesse!)
 And eek your moder, of hir gentillesse,
 Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese;
 And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plese.
 But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
 So mote I brouke wel myn eyen tweye,
 Save yow, I herde nevere man so singe,
 As dide your fader in the morweninge;
 Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.
 And for to make his voys the more strong,
 He wolde so peyne him, that with both
 his yën

He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,
 And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
 And strecche forth his nekke long and
 smal.

And eek he was of swich discrecioun,
 That ther nas no man in no regioun
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
 I have weel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,
 Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
 For that a prestes nevere yaf him a knok
 Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and nyce,
 He made him for to lese his benefyce.
 But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun
 Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun
 Of your fader, and of his subtiltee.
 Now singeth, sire, for seinte charitee,
 Lat se, conne ye your fader countrefete?"
 This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
 As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,
 So was he ravissed with his flaterye.

Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour
 Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,
 That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,
 Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow seith.
 Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye;
 Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye.

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his
 toos,
 Strecching his nekke, and held his eyen
 cloos,

And gan to crowe loude for the nones;
 And daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones,
 And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,
 And on his bak toward the wode him beer,
 For yet ne was ther no man that him
 sewed.

O destinee, that mayst nat ben eschewed!
 Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the
 bemes!

Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes!

And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
 O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
 Sin that thy servant was this Chaunte-
 cleer,

And in thy service dide al his poweer,
 More for delyt, than world to multiplie,
 Why woldestow suffre him on thy day to
 dye?

O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,
 That, whan thy worthy king Richard was
 slayn

With shot, compleynedest his deth so sore,
 Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and
 thy lore,

The Friday for to chide, as diden ye?
 (For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)
 Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude
 pleyne

For Chauntecleres drede, and for his
 peyne.

Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun
 Was nevere of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite
 swerd,

Whan he hadde hent king Priam by the
 berd,

And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
 Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the
 sighte.

But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighite,
 Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,
 Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
 And that the Romayns hadde brend
 Cartage;

She was so ful of torment and of rage,
 That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,
 And brende hir-selven with a stedfast
 herte.

O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,
 As, whan that Nero brende the citee
 Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
 For that hir housbondes losten alle hir
 lyves;

Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.
 Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:

This sely widwe, and eek hir doghtres
 two,

Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
 And out at dores sterten thay anon,
 And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
 And bar upon his bak the cok away;

And cryden, "Out ! harrow ! and weylaway !
Ha, ha, the fox !" and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man ;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and
Gerland,

And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand ;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray
hogges

So were they fered for berking of the
dogges

And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte
breke.

They yelleden as feendes doon in helle ;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem
quelle ;

The gees for fere flowen over the trees ;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees ;
So hidous was the noyse, a ! *benedicite !*
Certes, he Iakke Straw, and his meynee,
Ne maden nevere shoutes half so shrille,
Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.

Of bras they broghten bemes, and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blew
and poupèd,

And therwithal thay shrykèd and they
houpèd ;

It semèd as that hevene sholde falle.
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle !

Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy !
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak,
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
And seyde, "Sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis God helpe me),
'Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle !

A verray pestilence up-on yow falle !
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde.
Maugree yowr heed, the cok shal heer
abyde ;

I wol him ete in feith, and that anon." "
The fox answerde, "In feith, it shal be don," "
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.

And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,
"Allas !" quod he, "O Chauntecleer, alas !
I have to yow," quod he, "y-doon trespas,
In-as-muche as I makèd yow aferd,
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the
yerd ;

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente ;
Com doun, and I shal telle yow what I
mente.

I shal seye soothto yow, God help me so."
"Nay than," quod he, "I shrewe us bothe
two,

And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood
and bones,

If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.
Thou shalt namore, thurgh thy flaterye
Do me to singe and winke with myn yë.
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, God lat him never thee !"

"Nay," quod the fox, "but God yive him
meschaunce,

That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That Iangleth whan he sholde holde his
pees."

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.
But ye that holden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,
Taketh the moralitee, good men.

For seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,
To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.
Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille.

Now, gode God, if that it be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good
men ;

And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

From THE MORTE DARTHUR

LANCELOT AND THE MAID OF ASTOLAT

Now speak we of the Fair Maiden of
Astolat that made such sorrow day and
night that she never slept, ate, nor drank,
and ever she made her complaint unto Sir
Launcelot. So when she had thus en-
dured a ten days, that she feebled so that
she must needs pass out of this world, then
she shrived her clean, and received her
Creator. And ever she complained still
upon Sir Launcelot. Then her ghostly
father bade her leave such thoughts.
Then she said, why should I leave such
thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman?
And all the while the breath is in my body
I may complain me, for my belief is I do

none offence though I love an earthly man; and I take God to my record I loved never none but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall, and a clean maiden I am for him and for all other; and sithen it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul, and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered may be allegiance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take Thee to record, on Thee I was never great offencer against thy laws; but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Launcelot, out of measure, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death.

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Tirre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did indite it: and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is; and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over: thus father I beseech you let it be done. So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for when this was done anon she died. And so when she was dead the corpse and the bed all was led the next way unto Thames, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put into Thames; and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or any espied it.

So by fortune King Arthur and the Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window, and so as they looked into Thames they espied this black barget, and had marvel what it meant. Then the king called Sir Kay, and showed it him. Sir, said Sir Kay, wit you well there is some new tidings. Go thither, said the king to Sir Kay, and take with you Sir Brandiles and Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there. Then these four knights departed and came to the barget and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these four knights returned unto the king again, and told him what they found. That fair corpse will I see, said the king. And so then the king took the queen by the hand, and went thither.

Then the king made the barget to be holden fast, and then the king and the queen entered with certain knights with them; and there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the queen espied a letter in her right hand, and told it to the king. Then the king took it and said: Now am I sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither. So then the king and the queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain man to wait upon the barget.

And so when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said that he would wit openly what was written within that letter. Then the king brake it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter. Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover, that men called the Fair Maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet pray for my soul and bury me at least, and offer ye my mass-penny: this is my last request. And a clean maiden I died, I take God to witness: pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art peerless. This

was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read, the king, the queen, and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Launcelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him.

And when Sir Launcelot heard it word by word, he said: My lord Arthur, wit ye well I am right heavy of the death of this fair damosel: God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my willing, and that will I report me to her own brother: here he is, Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay, said Sir Launcelot, but that she was both fair and good, and much I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of measure. Ye might have shewed her, said the queen, some bounty and gentleness that might have preserved her life. Madam, said Sir Launcelot, she would none other ways be answered but that she would be my wife, outhere else my paramour; and of these two I would not grant her, but I proffered her for her good love that she shewed me, a thousand pound yearly to her, and to her heirs, and to wed any manner knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For madam, said Sir Launcelot, I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by no constraint. That is truth, said the king, and many knight's love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth himself.

Then said the king unto Sir Launcelot: It will be your worship that ye oversee that she be interred worshipfully. Sir, said Sir Launcelot, that shall be done as I can best devise. And so many knights yede thither to behold that fair maiden. And so upon the morn she was interred richly, and Sir Launcelot offered her mass-penny; and all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time offered with Sir Launcelot. And then the poor man went again with the barget. Then the queen sent for Sir Launcelot, and prayed him of mercy, for why that she had been wroth with him causeless. This is not the first time, said

Sir Launcelot, that ye had been displeased with me causeless, but, madam, ever I must suffer you, but what sorrow I endure I take no force. So this passed on all that winter, with all manner of hunting and hawking, and jousts and tourneys were many betwixt many great lords, and ever in all places Sir Lavaine gat great worship, so that he was nobly renowned among many knights of the Table Round.

HOW TRUE LOVE IS LIKENED TO SUMMER

AND thus it passed on from Candlemass until after Easter, that the month of May was come, when every lusty heart beginneth to blossom, and to bring forth fruit; for like as herbs and trees bring forth fruit and flourish in May, in like wise every lusty heart that is in any manner a lover, springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds. For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May, in something to constrain him to some manner of thing more in that month than in any other month, for divers causes. For then all herbs and trees renew a man and woman, and likewise lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service, and many kind deeds that were forgotten by negligence. For like as winter rasure doth alway arase and deface green summer, so fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stability; for we may see all day, for a little blast of winter's rasure, anon we shall deface and lay apart true love for little or nought, that cost much thing; this is no wisdom nor stability, but it is feebleness of nature and great disworship, whosomever useth this. Therefore, like as May month flowereth and flourisheth in many gardens, so in like wise let every man of worship flourish his heart in his world, first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promised his faith unto; for there was never worshipful man or worshipful woman, but they loved one better than another; and worship in arms may never be foiled, but

first reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarrel must come of thy lady: and such love I call virtuous love.

But nowadays men can not love seven night but they must have all their desires: that love may not endure by reason; for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat, soon it cooleth. Right so fareth love nowadays, soon hot soon cold: this is no stability. But the old love was not so; men and women could love together seven years, and no licours lusts were between them, and then was love, truth, and faithfulness: and lo; in like wise was used love in King Arthur's days. Wherefore I liken love nowadays unto summer and winter; for like as the one is hot and the other cold, so fareth love nowadays; therefore all ye that be lovers call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenever, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

THEREFORE, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me

lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and waves wan. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me?

alas, this wound on your head hath caught
 overmuch cold. And so then they rowed
 from the land, and "Sir Bedivere beheld
 all those ladies go from him. Then Sir
 Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what
 shall become of me, now ye go from me
 and leave me here alone among mine
 enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king,
 and do as well as thou mayst, for in me
 is no trust for to trust in; for I will into
 the vale of Avilion to heal me of my
 grievous wound: and if thou hear never
 more of me, pray for my soul. . . . Thus of
 Arthur I find never more written in books
 that be authorised, nor more of the very
 certainty of his death heard I never read,
 but thus was he led away in a ship wherein
 were three queens; that one was King
 Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the
 other was the Queen of Northgalis; the
 third was the Queen of the Waste Lands.
 Also there was Nimue, the chief lady
 of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the
 good knight; and this lady had done much
 for King Arthur, for she would never
 suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where
 he should be in danger of his life; and so
 he lived to the uttermost of his days with
 her in great rest. More of the death of
 King Arthur could I never find, but that
 ladies brought him to his burials; and
 such one was buried there, that the hermit
 bare witness that sometime was Bishop of
 Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not
 in certain that he was verily the body of
 King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere,
 knight of the Table Round, made it to be
 written.

Yet some men say in many parts of
 England that King Arthur is not dead,
 but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into
 another place; and men say that he shall
 come again, and he shall win the holy
 cross. I will not say it shall be so, but
 rather I will say: here in this world he
 changed his life. But many men say
 that there is written upon his tomb this
 verse:

*Vic Jacet Arthurus Rex Duondam,
 Rexque Futurus*

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

KEMP OWYNE

Her mother died when she was young,
 Which gave her cause to make great
 moan;

Her father married the warst woman
 That ever lived in Christendom.

She servèd her with foot and hand,
 In every thing that she could dee,
 Till once, in an unlucky time,
 She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
 And all my sorrows lie with thee;
 Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
 And borrow you with kisses three;
 Let all the warld do what they will,
 Oh borrowed shall you never be!"

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew
 lang,
 And twisted thrice about the tree,
 And all the people, far and near,
 Thought that a savage beast was she.

These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
 Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
 He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
 And on the savage beast lookd he.

Her breath was strang, her hair was
 lang,
 And twisted was about the tree,
 And with a swing she came about:
 "Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss
 with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,
 "That I have found in the green sea;
 And while your body it is on,
 Drawn shall your blood never be;
 But if you touch me, tail or fin,
 I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
 The royal belt he brought him wi;
 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
 And twisted twice about the tree,

And with a swing she came about :

“Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss with
me.

“Here is a royal ring,” she said,

“That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your finger it is on,

Drawn shall your blood never be ;

But if you touch me, tail or fin,

I swear my ring your death shall be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,

The royal ring he brought him wi ;

Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang,

And twisted ance about the tree,

And with a swing she came about :

“Come to Craigy’s sea, and kiss with
me.

“Here is a royal brand,” she said,

“That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your body it is on,

Drawn shall your blood never be ;

But if you touch me, tail or fin,

I swear my brand your death shall
be.”

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,

The royal brand he brought him wi ;

Her breath was sweet, her hair grew
short,

And twisted nane about the tree,

And smilingly she came about,

As fair a woman as fair could be.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,

Drinking the blude-reid wine :

“O whar will I get guid sailor,

To sail this schip of mine?”

Up and spak an eldern knight,

Sat at the kings richt kne :

“Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,

That sails upon the se.”

The king has written a braid letter,

And signd it wi his hand,

And set it to Sir Patrick Spence,

Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,

A loud lauch lauchd he ;

The next line that Sir Patrick red,

The teir blinded his ee.

“O wha is this has done this deid,

This ill deid don to me,

To send me out this time o’ the yeir,

To sail upon the se !

“Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,

Our guid schip sails the morne :”

“O say na sae, my master deir,

For I feir a deadlie storme.

“Late, late yestreen I saw the new
moone,

Wi the auld moone in hir arme,

And I feir, I feir, my deir master,

That we will cum to harme.”

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith

To weet their cork-heild schoone ;

Bot lang owre a’ the play wer playd,

Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,

Wi thair fans into their hand,

Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence

Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,

Wi thair gold kems in their hair,

Waiting for thair ain deir lords,

For they’ll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,

It’s fiftie fadom deip,

And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,

Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

THE WIFE OF USHER’S WELL

There lived a wife at Usher’s Well,

And a wealthy wife was she ;

She had three stout and stalwart sons,

And set them oer the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,

A week but barely ane,

When word came to the carline wife

That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh,
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

* * * * *

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

* * * * *

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapped his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa."

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound."
Hey, down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot
more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin her-
self
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin
Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,"
she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run
down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;

But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company."

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be."

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet."

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooley, hooley rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan:"
"O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling."

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and
round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cryd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

"O mother, mother, make my bed!
O make it saft and narrow!
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

THE TWA SISTERS

There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 Edinburgh, Edinburgh
 There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 Stirling for ay
 There was twa sisters in a bowr,
 There came a knight to be their wooer.
 Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay

He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,
 But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,
 But lovd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
 And much envi'd her sister fair.

Into her bowr she could not rest,
 Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

Upon a morning fair an clear,
 She cried upon her sister dear :

"O sister, come to yon sea stran,
 An see our father's ships come to lan."

She's taen her by the milk-white han,
 An led her down to yon sea stran.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
 The eldest came an threw her in.

She tooke her by the middle sma,
 And dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, tak my han,
 An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

"O sister, sister, tak my middle,
 An yes get my goud and my gouden
 girdle.

"O sister, sister, save my life,
 An I swear Ise never be nae man's wife."

"Foul fa the han that I should tacke,
 It twind me an my wardles make.

"Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair
 Gars me gae maiden for evermair,"

Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she
 swam,

Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

O out it came the miller's son,
 An saw the fair maid swimmin in.

"O father, father, draw your dam,
 Here's either a mermaid or a swan."

The miller quickly drew the dam,
 An there he found a drownd woman.

You coudna see her yallow hair
 For gold and pearle that were so rare.

You coudna see her middle sma
 For gouden girdle that was sae brow.

You coudna see her fingers white,
 For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

An by there came a harper fine,
 That harpèd to the king at dine.

When he did look that lady upon,
 He sighd and made a heavy moan.

He's taen three locks o her yallow hair,
 And wi them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing,
 Was, "Farewell to my father the king."

The nextin tune that he playd syne,
 Was, "Farewell to my mother the queen."

The lasten tune that he playd then,
 Was, "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen."

THE HUNTING OF THE
 CHEVIOT

THE Persè owt off Northombarlonde,
 and avowe to God mayd he
 That he wold hunte in the mowntayns
 of Chyviat within days thre,
 In the magger of doughtè Dogles,
 and all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
 he said he wold kyll, and cary them away :

"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti Douglas
agayn.

"I will let that honyng yf that I
may."

Then the Persē owt off Banborowe cam,
with him a myghte meany.

With fifteen hondrith archares bold off
blood and bone;
the wear chosen owt of shynars thre.

This begane on a Monday at morn,
in Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chyld may rue that ys unborn,
it was the more pittē.

The dryvars thorowe the woodēs went,
for to reas the dear;
Femen byckarte uppone the bent
with ther browd aros cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodēs went,
on every syde shear;
Greahondēs thorowe the grevis glent,
for to kyll thear dear.

This begane in Chyviat the hyls abone,
verly on a Monyn-day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none,
a hondrith iat hartēs ded ther lay.

The blewē a mort uppone the bent,
the semblyde on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persē went,
to se the brytlynge off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Douglas promys,
this day to met me hear;
But I wiste he wolde have verament!"
a great oth the Persē swear.

At the laste a squyar off Northomber-
lande
lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war a the doughetie Douglas
comynge
with him a myghte meany.

Both with spear, bylle, and brande,
yt was a myghte sight to se
Hardy men, both off hart not hande,
wear not in Cristiane

The wear twenti hondrith spear-men
good.

withoutē any feale;
The wear borne along be the watter a
Twyde,
yth bowndēs of Tividale.

"Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,"
he sayd,
"and to your boy's lock ye tayk
good hede;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars
borne
had ye never so mickle nede."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,
he rode alle his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
a boldar barne was never born.

"Tell me whos men ye ar," he says,
"or whos men that ye be;
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays,
in the spyt of myn and of me."

The first mane that ever him an answer
mayd.

yt was the good lord Persē:
"We will not tell the whos men we ar,"
he says.

"nor whos men that we be;
But we will hounte hear in this chays,
in the spyt of thyne and of the.

"The iattiste hartēs in all Chyviat
we have kyld, and cast to carry them
away."

"Be my troth," sayd the doughetē Dog-
glas agayn.

"therfor the ton of us shall de this
day."

Then sayd the doughetē Douglas
unto the lord Persē:

"To kyll alle thes giltles men,
alas, it wear great pittē!

"But, Persē, thoue art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callid within my contrē;
Let all our men uppone a parti stonde,
and do the barrell off the and of me."

"Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne," sayd
the lord Persë,

"who-so-ever ther-to says nay!
Be my troth, doughhtë Doglas," he says,
"thow shalt never se that day,

"Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar
France,

nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on man for on."

Then bespayke a squyar off Northom-
barlonde,

Richard Wytharyngton was his nam:
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Yng-
londe," he says,
"to Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

"I wat youe byn great lordës twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande:
I wylle never se my captayne fyght on
a fylde,
and stande my selffe and loocke on,
But whylle I may my weppone welde,
I wylle not [fayle] both hart and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day!
the first fit here I fynde;
And youe wyll here any mor a the hount-
yng a the Chyviat,
yet ys ther mor behynde.

The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys
yebent,
ther hartes wer good yenoughe;
The first off arros that the shote off,
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon the
bent,
a captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
for hewrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;
With suar spears off myghttë tre,
the cum in on every syde:

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;

many a doughetë the garde to dy,
which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let ther boy's be,
and pulde owt brandes that wer brighte;
It was a hevy syght to se
bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,
many sterne the strocke done streght;
Many a freyke that was fulle fre,
ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persë met,
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;
The swapte togethar tylle the both swat,
with swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthë freckys for to fyght,
ther-to the wear fulle fayne,
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes
sprente
as ever dyd heal or ra[y]n.

"Yelde the, Persë," sayde the Doglas,
"and i feth I shalle the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
of Jamy our Skottish kyngne.

"Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge;
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
that ever I conqueryd in filde fight-
tyngne."

"Nay," sayd the lord Persë,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
to no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastily,
forthe off a myghttë wane;
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
in at the brest-bane.

Thorowe lyvar and longës bathe
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordës but ane:
That was, "Fyghte ye, my myrry men,
whylls ye may,
for my lyff-days ben gan."

The Persë leanyde on his brande,
and sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,
and sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

"To have savyde thy lyf, I wolde have
partyde with
my landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
was nat in all the north contrë."

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry;
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was
dyght,
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.

He rod uppone a corsiare
throughe a hondrith archery:
He never stynntyde, nar never blane,
tylle he cam to the good lord Persë.

He set uppone the lorde Persë
a dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghti tre
clean thorow the body he the Persë ber,

A the tothar syde that a man myght se
a large cloth-yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cris-
tiantë
then that day slan wear ther.

An archer off Northomberlonde
say slean was the lord Persë;
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,
was made off trusti tre.

An arow, that a cloth-yarde was lang,
to the harde stele halyde he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar
he sat on Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
That he of Monggomyrry sete;
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar
with his hart-blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot
wolde fle,
but still in stour dyd stand.

Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the
myghte dre,
with many a balfull brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
an owar befor the none,
And when even-songe bell was rang,
the battell was nat half done.

The tocke . . . on ethar hande¹
be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
in Chyviat the hillys abon.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
went away but seventi and thre;
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skot-
londe,
but even five and fifti.

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
the hade no streng[th]e to stand on
hy;
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
it was the mor pittë.

Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë,
Sir Johan of Agerstone,
Ser Rogar, the hinde Hartly,
Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.

Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,
a knyghte of great renowen,
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,
with dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
that ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne
in to,
yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

Ther was slayne, with the dougheti Duglas,
Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry,
Ser Davy Lwdale, that worthë was,
his sistars son was he.

Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,
that never a foot wolde fle;
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,
with the Doglas dyd he dey.

¹ The line is unintelligible.

So on the morrowe the mayde them
 byears
 off birch and hasell so g[r]ay;
 Many weudous, with wepyng tears,
 cam to fache ther makys away.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
 Northombarlond may mayk great mon,
 For towesuch captaynsasslaynewear thear,
 on the March-parti shall never be non.

Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,
 to Jamy the Skottische kyng,
 That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of
 the Marches,
 he lay slean Chyviot within.

His handdës dyd he weal and wryng,
 he sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!
 Such an othar captayn Skotland within,"
 he sayd, "ye-feth shuld never be."

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
 till the fourth Harry our kyng,
 That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the
 Marchis,
 he lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his solle," sayde
 Kyng Harry,
 "good Lord, yf thy will it be!
 I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde,"
 he sayd,
 "as good as ever was he:
 But, Persë, and I brook my lyffe,
 thy deth well quyte shall be."

As our noble kyng mayd his avowe,
 lyke a noble prince of renowen,
 For the deth of the lord Persë
 he dyde the battell of Hombylldown;

Wher syx and thrittë Skottishe knyghtes
 on a day wear beaten down:
 Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
 over castille, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,
 that tear begane this spurn,
 Old men that knowen the grownde well
 yenoughe
 call it the battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn begane this spurne
 uppone a Monnynday;
 Ther was the doughtë Douglas slean,
 The Persë never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the Marche-
 partës
 sen the Douglas and the Persë met,
 But yt ys mervele and the rede blude
 ronne not,
 as the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete!
 and to the blys us brynge!
 Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:
 God sent us alle good endying!

THE NUTBROWNE MAIDE

"Be it right or wrong, these men among on
 women do complaine,
 Affermynge this, how that it is a labour
 spent in vaine
 To love them wele, for never a dele they
 love a man agayne;
 For lete a man do what he can ther favor
 to attayne,
 Yet yf a newe to them pursue, ther furst
 trew lover than
 Laboureth for nought, and from her
 thought he is a bannisshed man."

"I say not nay but that all day it is both
 writ and sayde
 That woman's fayth is, as who saythe, all
 utterly decayed;
 But nevertheless right good witnes in this
 case might be layde
 That they love trewe and contynew —
 recorde the Nutbrowne Maide,
 Whiche from her love, whan, her to prove,
 he cam to make his mone,
 Wolde not departe, for in her herte she
 lovyd but hym allone."

"Than betwene us lete us discusse what
 was all the maner
 Betwene them too, we wyl also telle all
 the peyne infere
 That she was in. Now I begynne, soo
 that ye me answer.

Wherefore alle ye that present be, I pray
you geve'an eare.

I am a knyght, I cum be nyght, as secret
as I can,

Saying, 'Alas! thus stondyth the case:
I am a bannysshed man.'

"And I your wylle for to fulfyll, in this
wyl not refuse,

Trusting to shewe in wordis fewe that
men have an ille use,

To ther owne shame wymen to blame, and
causeles them accuse.

Therefore to you I answer now, alle wymen
to excuse:

'Myn owne hert dere, with you what
chiere? I prey you telle anon;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you allon.'

"It stondeth so, a dede is do wherefore
moche harme shal growe.

My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe,
I trowe,

Or ellis to flee; the ton must bee, none
other wey I knowe

But to withdrawe as an outlaw and take
me to my bowe.

Wherefore adew, my owne hert trewe, none
other red I can;

For I muste to the grene wode goo, alone,
a bannysshed man."

"O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse, that
chaungeth as the mone?

My somers day in lusty May is derked
before the none.

I here you saye 'farwel;' nay, nay, we
departe not soo sone.

Why say ye so? wheder wyl ye goo?
alas! what have ye done?

Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde
chaunge if ye were gon;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"I can beleve it shal you greve, and som-
what you distrayne;

But aftyrwarde your paynes harde within
a day or tweyne

Shal sone aslake, and ye shal take confort
to you agayne.

Why shuld ye nought? for to take
thought, your labour were in veyne.

And thus I do, and pray you, loo! as
hertely as I can;

For I muste too the grene wode goo,
alone, a bannysshed man."

"Now syth that ye have shewed to me
the secret of your mynde,

I shalbe playne to you agayne, lyke as
ye shal me fynde;

Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not
leve behynde;

Shal ne'er be sayd the Nutbrowne Mayd
was to her love unkind.

Make you redy, for soo am I, all though
it were anon;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Yet I you rede to take good hede, what
men wyl thinke and sey;

Of yonge and olde it shalbe tolde that ye
be gone away,

Your wanton wylle for to fulfyll, in grene
wood you to play,

And that ye myght from your delyte noo
lenger make delay.

Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called
an ylle woman,

Yet wolde I to the grenewodde goo, alone,
a bannysshed man."

"Though it be songe of olde and yonge
that I shuld be to blame,

Theirs be the charge that speke so large in
hurting of my name;

For I wyl prove that feythful love it is
devoyd of shame,

In your distresse and hevynesse to parte
wyth you the same;

And sure all thoo that doo not so, trewe
lovers ar they noon;

But in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"I councel yow, remembre how it is noo
maydens lawe

Nothing to dought, but to renne out to
wod with an outlawe;

For ye must there in your hands bere a
bowe redy to drawe,

And as a thief thus must ye lyve ever in
drede and awe,
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow;
yet had I lever than
That I had too the grenewod goo, alone, a
banysshid man."

"I thinke not nay, but as ye saye, it is noo
maydens lore;
But love may make me for your sake, as
ye have said before,
To com on fote, to hunte and shote to get
us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have, I
aske noo more;
From whiche to parte, it makith myn
herte as colde as ony ston;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"For an outlawe this is the lawe, that
men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee hanged to bee, and waver
wyth the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what
rescous coude ye finde?
For sothe I trowe, you and your bowe
shul drawe for fere behynde;
And noo merveyll, for lytel avayle were in
your counsell than;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone,
a bannysshid man."

"Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful
febyl for to fyght;
Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde
as a knight;
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were, amonge
enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande,
to greve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have from
deth [ful] many one;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Yet take good hede, for ever I drede that
ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the
snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we
must lodge on the playn,

And, us above, noon other rove but a
brake, bussh, or twayne;
Whiche sone shulde greve you, I believe,
and ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grenewode goo, alone,
a banysshid man."

"Syth I have here ben partynere with
you of joy and blysse,
I muste also parte of your woo endure, as
reason is;
Yet am I sure of oo plesure, and shortly
it is this,
That where ye bee, me semeth, perdè, I
coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche that
we were soon agone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Yef ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shal no mete be fore to gete, nor
drinke, bere, ale, ne wine,
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of
thred and twyne,
Noon other house but levys and bowes, to
kever your hed and myn.
Loo! myn herte swete, this ylle dyet
shuld make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo, alone,
a banysshid man."

"Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier
as men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is
so grete plente;
And watir cleere of the ryvere shalbe ful
swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele
endure, as ye shal see;
And, er we goo, a bed or twoo I can pro-
vide anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Loo! yet before ye must doo more, yf
ye wyl goo with me, —
As cutte your here up by your ere, your
kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde
your enmys, yf nede be,

And this same nyght before daylyght to
woodward wyl I flee;

And if ye wyl all this fulfyllen, doo it
shortely as ye can;

Ellis wil I to the grenewode goo, alone,
a banysshid man."

"I shal, as now, do more for you than
longeth to womanhede,

To short my here, a bowe to bere to
shote in time of nede.

O my swete moder, before all other, for
you have I most drede;

But now adiew! I must ensue, wher for-
tune doth me leede:

All this make ye; now lete us flee, the day
cummeth fast upon;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Nay, nay, not soo, ye shal not goo! and I
shal tell you why:

Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I
wele aspie;

For right as ye have sayd to me, in lyke-
wise hardely

Ye wolde answer, whosoever it were, in
way of company.

It is sayd of olde, 'sone hote, sone colde,'
and so is a woman;

Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo, alone,
a banysshid man."

"Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede, suche
wordis to say bee me,

For oft ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I
you lovid, perdee!

And though that I of auncestry a barons
doughter bee,

Yet have you proved how I you loved, a
squier of lowe degree,

And ever shal, what so befall, to dey
therfore anoon;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"A barons childe to be begyled, it were a
curssed dede,

To be felaw with an outlawe, almyghty
God forbede!

Yet bettyr were the power squier alone
to forest yede,

Than ye shal say, another day, that be
my wyked dede

Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good maide,
the best red that I can,

Is that I too the grenewode goo, alone, a
banysshid man."

"Whatsoever befall, I never shal of this
thing you upbraid;

But yf ye goo and leve me so, than have
ye me betrayed.

Remembre you wele how that ye dele,
for yf ye, as ye sayde,

Be so unkynde to leve behynde your love,
the Notbrowne Maide,

Trust me truly that I shal dey sone after
ye be gone;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for
in the forest now

I have purveid me of a maide, whom I love
more than you, —

Another fayrer than ever ye were, I dare it
wel avowe;

And of you both, eche shuld be wrothe
with other, as I trowe.

It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so
wyl I yf I can;

Wherfore I to the woode wyl goo, alone, a
banysshid man."

"Though in the wood I undirstode ye
had a paramour,

All this may nought remeve my thought,
but that I wyl be your;

And she shal fynde me softe and kynde,
and curteis every our,

Glad to fulfyllen all that she wyl com-
maunde me, to my power;

For had ye, loo! an hondred moo, yet
wolde I be that one;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Myn owne dere love, I see the prove
that ye be kynde and trewe;

Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyf, the best
that ever I knewe!

Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case
is chaunged newe;

For it were ruthe that for your trouth you
shuld have cause to rewe.

Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd, to
you whan I began,

I wyl not too the grenewode goo, I am noo
banysshid man."

"Theis tidingis be more glad to me than
to be made a quene,

Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is
often seen,

When men wyl breke promyse, they speke
the wordis on the splene.

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and
stele fro me, I wene.

Then were the case wurs than it was, and I
more woo-begone;

For in my mynde of al mankynde I love
but you alone."

"Ye shal not nede further to drede, I wyl
not disparage

You, God defende, sith you descende of so
grete a lynage.

Now understonde, to Westmerlande,
whiche is my herytage,

I wyle you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be
wey of maryage,

I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly
as I can;

Thus have ye wone an erles son, and not a
bannysshid man."

Here may ye see that wymen be in love
meke, kinde, and stable,

Late never man repreve them than, or
calle them variable,

But rather prey God that we may to them
be comfortable, —

Whiche somtyme provyth suche as he
loveth, yf they be charitable.

For sith men wolde, that wymen sholde be
meke to them echeon,

Moche more ought they to God obey, and
serve but hym alone.

THE ELIZABETHANS AND JACOBEOANS

DRAMA aside, the most engaging reading of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods is the fiction, the social pamphlets, the literature of travel and exploration, the essays, and the various types of non-dramatic poetry.

The Elizabethans, with their restless hunger for life, were naturally greedy for fiction, and this taste was first gratified by William Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure*, of which the first edition, consisting of sixty stories or novelettes, appeared in 1566, subsequent editions bringing the number up to one hundred. These stories are retold or translated outright from Greek, Latin, Italian, and French sources, drawing upon such writers as Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, Bandello, Boccaccio, and Queen Margaret of Navarre, the sister of Francis I, the Italian stories of manners predominating. Painter's collection was followed by four others, of which the most significant was George Pettie's *Pettie's Palace of Pleasure* (1576), containing many pretty histories by him, set forth in comely Colours, and most delightfully discoursed. They are indeed set forth in comely colors, for, like the erotic romances of the late Greek or Alexandrian school which they adapt, they are racy love tales, abound with extravagant adventure on land and sea, play havoc with geography and history, and riot in antithesis, alliteration, and endless illustrations from natural history and mythology. In the preface Pettie says that he wrote primarily for gentlewomen, and Antony à Wood — who, by the way, was Pettie's grandnephew — states in the *Athenæ Oxoniensis* that in his day the book was "so far from being excellent or fine that it is more fit to be read by a schoolboy or an rustical amorata than by a gent. of mode and learning." But the taste of 1576 was less fastidious than that of 1691 and the fact that three editions of the book appeared in the first year is rather conclusive evidence that "gents," as well as women and rustic lovers, relished of it. Later, men of no less distinction than Lodge and Greene turned to this genre.

Of the longer romances, Lyly's *Euphues* and Sidney's *Arcadia* are the most prominent. The *Euphues* is concerned with the adventures, conversations, and correspondence of Euphues of Athens and Philautus of Naples who are in pursuit of a strictly moral training. The action stands still to listen to endless discussions and harangues on love, morals, religion, and education, as tiresomely edifying as *Sanford and Merton*. Lyly pushes the mannerisms of Pettie to an extreme, so that the term euphuistic has ever since been synonymous with such literary artifice. The *Arcadia* is a somewhat similar pastoral and chivalric romance. Pyrocles of Macedon and Musidorus of Thessaly sue for the hands of Philoclea and Pamela, daughters of the king and queen of Arcady. The fortunes and misfortunes of the lovers, who encounter the most startling obstacles, are interspersed with tournaments and with endless moral reflections, and pastoral eclogues contrast country life and court life. It remained for Nashe to write *The Unfortunate Traveller* or *The Life of Jack Wilton* (1594), which was a forerunner of the eighteenth century Picaresque novel.

To the pamphleteers we are beholden for a deal of good reading. The first pamphleteer of distinction is Philip Stubbes (fl. 1581-1593), the Puritan. Stubbes studied at both Cambridge and Oxford, but instead of taking a degree, took to the road, his object being, "to see fashions, to acquaint myself with natures, qualities, properties, and conditions of all men, to break myself to the world, to learn nurture, good demeanour, and cyvil behaviour; to see the goodly situation of cities, towns and countries, with

their prospects and commodities; and finally to learn the state of all things in general, all which I could never have learned in one place." Whether it was the result of bad food and harsh treatment encountered in his seven years of travel, or merely the expression of an atrabilious nature, he emerged a snarling Puritan who set himself the task, by broadside and pamphlet, of lashing his countrymen for their vices. His principal work was *The Anatomie of Abuses: containing a Discoverie, or Briefe Summarie of such Notable Vices and Imperfections as now raigne in many Countreyes of the World; but (especialllye) in a famous Ilande called Ailgna i.e. Anglia . . . together with . . . examples of God's Judgments . . . made Dialoguewise . . .* (1583). It is indeed a harsh and querulous document, but yet of permanent value for its information on contemporary manners and customs. We could ill spare, for example, the glimpse he gives us of sixteenth century football.

There were not wanting those to take up his challenge. Notably Nashe, "Ingenious, ingenuous, fluent, facetious T. Nash," as Dekker affectionately addresses his departed spirit, "from whose abundant pen honey flowed to thy friends and mortal aconite to thy enemies"; one of those rare University wits who burned themselves out before they had fairly stepped over the threshold. But Nash is best known for *Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Divell* (1592), a satirical and scurrilous pamphlet, inspired by his poverty and growing sense of wrong.

But the most intimately personal of the pamphlets is Robert Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance* (1596), the adventures of a man who deserts his wife, falls in with dissolute companions, and wallows in dissipation, — an autobiographical document written as this brilliant young Cambridge man was facing death from poverty and excess.

To Thomas Dekker (c.1570-c.1641), the ablest of the pamphleteers, we are indebted more than to any other writer for intimate pictures of London, first-hand impressions of social conditions outside of the court. For the city of his nativity Dekker felt a romantic and compassionate love that found voice in noble apostrophe: "O thou beautifullest daughter of two united monarchies, from thy womb received I my being, from thy breasts my nourishment." And again: "O London! thou mother of my life, nurse of my being, a hard-hearted son might I be counted if here I should not dissolve all into tears, to hear thee pouring forth thy passionate condolences."

Of his life we know little aside from his writings, but these are adequate to show his magnanimity; his capacity for abundant friendship; his compassion for all who suffer and are oppressed — children burning up with fever, youth with the door of opportunity closed in their faces, maidens driven to hateful marriage beds, laborers broken in body and spirit, wounded soldiers munching the dry crust of ingratitude, desolate old men and women; adequate to show his indignation at all selfishness, cruelty, false pride, and hypocrisy — at greedy monopolists who crowd out little men, at doctors who refuse their services through craven fear of the plague, at usurers who squeeze their victims dry, at Churchmen who forget the things of God, at all those who prey upon their fellows under cover of darkness; to show his love of all beautiful things, be they the creations of nature or of man; his ardor for wisdom and poetry; his reverence and his piety. "The first true gentleman that ever breathed," he calls Christ in a well-known line, and he was himself the real Christian gentleman among commoners, as Sir Philip Sidney among the nobility; a real democrat, moreover, expressing the growing democratic spirit at its best.

Withal he had a glowing imagination, a ruddy sense of humor, a feeling for the sublime, and an ear for prose, at times simple and direct, at times nervous and passionately swift.

The selection from *The Gull's Horn-book* (1609) shows Dekker in playfully satirical mood.

Richard Hakluyt (c.1553-1616) immortalized himself by compiling *The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation*, for he thus perpetuated sterling literature of travel, exploration, and adventure, which records so much of the finest sixteenth century endeavor. Without his tireless efforts extending over half a lifetime, what would we not have lost! These volumes are indeed little less than a national epic.

But yet it is to the pen of Raleigh, the shepherd of the seas, that we are beholden for the choicest of this literature, for Raleigh wrought with the eye and the imagination of a poet.

If the story of Sir Walter Raleigh (?1552-1618) casting his new plush cloak over the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk on is not historically true, it is at least true in spirit, for Raleigh was the beau ideal of a gentleman and a man of quick resolution. The son of a country gentleman of Devonshire and connected with many of the distinguished Devon and Cornish families — the Grenvilles, the Gilberts, the Drakes — he had the intrepidity, the daring, the resource, which traditionally characterize the men of the Southwest countries. Still under thirty, tall and athletic, with high complexion and masses of dark hair, and ever magnificent in dress, is it any wonder that the passionate Queen, not for nothing the daughter of Henry VIII, at once made him her favorite, showering upon him grants and appointments which transformed a poor soldier of fortune into a wealthy courtier, and turned loose the tongues of the scandal-mongers? Yet, as with all her other intimates, the Queen made him pay dear for her favors. Well as he could play the game, his heart was not in the court and he was ever impatient to be where adventure ran high on land or sea. Yet for thirteen years from his first appearance at court (1581) the Queen prevented his stirring farther abroad than Ireland. How indeed could a Queen spare the presence of the captain of her own guards, whose protection was a constant necessity? The expedition of his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to Newfoundland in 1583, an expedition to colonize America in 1584, the glorious defeat of the Spanish Armada, expeditions in 1591 and 1592 to intercept Spanish galleons, heavy with treasure, — in none of these red-blooded affairs was Raleigh allowed to share in person. His command in the expedition of 1591 was taken by his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, whose death Raleigh gloriously celebrated in *The Last Fight of the Revenge*, and from the expedition of 1592 he was recalled at the last moment and placed in the Tower, because the Queen discovered that he had been carrying on an intrigue with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of her maids of honor, — subsequently his wife. Finally in 1595, having sent out an unsuccessful expedition the previous year to discover the *El Dorado* of South America, he obtained permission to leave England and set his face toward the new land. On this expedition he penetrated the Orinoco for a distance of four hundred miles, but did not reach the reported treasure city of Manoa, his supplies failing. Upon his return he wrote a faithful account of the adventure, *The Discoverie of Guiana* (1596), in which he pictures the tropical life with gorgeous colors.

Raleigh did not enjoy the favor of James I, powerful rivals constantly poisoning the mind of the king against him. Indeed, how could a pedantic sovereign, who loathed tobacco, have a friendly feeling for the courtier who had foisted the habit of smoking upon the court! Raleigh's unsuccessful maritime adventures helped to discredit him and in 1618 he was executed on a false charge of treason. During a long imprisonment he wrote a *History of the World* (1614), a work of great range and erudition, based upon the philosophy that rise or fall of men and nations depends upon their obedience to law, human and divine, and closing with a sublime apostrophe to death. Just before execution he penned the touching letter to his wife.

Raleigh's prose is invariably spirited. His narratives of sea-fights have the dash of conflict, and his *History of the World*, the roll of the sea.

At the age when American lads are first wrestling with plane geometry or Cæsar, John Smith (1580-1631) left home to become a soldier of fortune, and joined the French army against the Spaniards. From that hour, if we may believe his own report, his life was packed with startling adventure. Two years in the French army, four years with the forces of the insurgents in the Low Countries, a brief respite at home to study the theory of war, thrown overboard from a French ship because of his protestantism, rescued by a pirate, winning laurels in the army of the Archduke of Austria, champion in three single combats fought with Turkish officers before the assembled armies of the Turks and Transylvanians, captured and made a slave, free again after killing his master, a pasha, long wanderings on the continent, and home once more. All this at the age of twenty-five.

A year later Smith set out for Virginia, and his life thereafter is a familiar chapter of American history. The historian may be concerned over the authenticity of the Pocahontas story, but the student of literature will enjoy it equally, whether fact or romance.

If, as some of his ardent admirers maintain, Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626) wrote all of Shakespeare and most of Spenser, as well as all that is known to have come from his pen, he is quite the most amazing and fertile genius that the world has produced, *par excellence* the superman of the ages. But these advocates aside, Bacon remains one of the foremost intellects of the Renaissance. It is an unusual boy of fourteen who quits the university at the end of his sophomore year because he feels the whole system of education to be fundamentally wrong, producing "no fruit, but only a jungle of dry and useless branches," but Bacon was an unusual boy and destined to be an unusual man. He lived to make good his reproof, and so to champion the scientific method that, as Macaulay has justly said, he "moved the intellects which have moved the world." If his own specific contributions to scientific fact were not great, he yet championed the inductive method so successfully that the Cambridge which he left in disgust, within a century became the cherishing mother of scientists.

But it is the essays rather than the *Instauratio Magna* that determine Bacon's high position in *belles-lettres*. Like the essays of Montaigne, they were inspired by the new desire of man to give artistic utterance to his individual observations and reflections. Coldly intellectual and betraying scant trace of that mysticism which underlies the finest spiritual sensibilities, they are pithy to a degree, trenchant and shrewd, heavily freighted, and distinguished by a terseness and felicitous clarity of diction such as genius only attains. To these essays has appositely been applied the observation which Hallam made upon the essays of Montaigne: the first French writings "which a gentleman is ashamed not to have read." That Bacon's own life was less serenely philosophical than his reflections is only to confess a common weakness of mortality for, as Shakespeare observes, "I can easier teach twenty what were right to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own instruction."

While the air without was rent with the wrangling, jangling tongues of angry controversy, Richard Hooker (1554-1601), in the unnoted quietude of a country charge, was writing *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (1593), which, by its sweet reasonableness, was to quiet much of the tumult and to commit the Church of England for centuries to the *via media* between Rome and Geneva. In language rich and sonorous, with a nobly sustained eloquence prophetic of Burke and Ruskin and Newman, Hooker argued for the sanctity of that law of nature upon which all that transpires in nature, and the very Scriptures themselves, must rest. A strange contrast — this language which wings and soars — to the self-effacing author who was wont to stand stone still in the pulpit preaching in a low voice and with no use of gestures; "an obscure harmless man, a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a close gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body

worn out not with age but with study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples he got 'by his inactivity and sedentary life.' Hooker died when only forty-seven, worn out by his arduous study. "In this time of his sickness and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, 'Are my books and written papers safe?' And being answered that they were, his reply was, 'Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me.'"

In Elizabethan England music and song were wellnigh universal. The babe fell asleep to its mother's lullaby, the maiden sang as she spread the rushes or polished the pewter, the lover won his way into his mistress' heart to the sweet accents of his lyre, and even the wry-faced weaver droned his psalms as he bent to his loom. In the tremulous days of spring the towns were emptied of their folk, as the lads and lassies sallied forth to the festive songs of the opening year, and in the winter evenings as the ale went round, the gossips beat time to many a clattering tapster's song and many a rollicking catch. Shakespeare but voiced the prevailing sentiment when he penned the familiar lines:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

When a society whose life is thus attuned to song is swept by a creative art impulse, lyrical poetry flourishes, and this lyricism is fresh, pure and passionate, melodious and rhythmical. Such is the Elizabethan lyrical poetry.

The most engaging poetry of this school is that which grew out of the folk songs. It takes these songs of the people and refines them, endowing them with a superior music and a sentiment more delicate and chaste. There results a poetry founded upon the basic experiences of mankind, yet which raises these experiences to the highest degree of refinement compatible with universality. Such are the lovely wild native woodnotes of Shakespeare, who, in common with Marlowe and Nashe, was indeed nature's child, and yet also the child of a strangely beautiful, newly-invading culture.

For so vital is this strong native element that it dominates most of the lyrical genres brought from over seas, so that although the Graces, the nymphs, and the peasants of Arcady seem permitted to dance and sing on English soil, they are but English men and maidens in disguise, who dance foreign measures to an English step. Thus the silver songs of Spenser — be they in praise of Fayre Elisa, be they joyous marriage odes, or a dirge-like threnody — bring new delights to the island soil, and a rich music hitherto unheard — and yet what is this borrowed loveliness the native element apart!

When the poetry loses faith in itself and permits itself to become slavishly and insincerely imitative, as in the more artificial type of sonnet, it usually sinks to mediocrity. We pass by the heartless sonnet cycles with their endless conceits and tiresome fancies, but we pause over the gravely beautiful sonnets of Sidney and Shakespeare, which only an Englishman could have felt or written. To be sure, on rare occasions a graceful madrigal is turned in manner foreign-wise, but it required another generation or so of the in-doors courtly life before an Englishman could trifle with gracefulness and be insincere with effect, another generation, with its changed ideals, before England could produce a Herrick, a Waller, a Suckling, or a Lovelace to toy with the elegancies of *vers de société*.

John Donne (1573-1631), Dean of St. Paul's, was the most popular and brilliant preacher in London during the years 1620-1631. At a time when most preachers were ponderous or cheaply rhetorical, Donne was pouring forth sermons impassioned and

brilliantly imaginative that crowded the cathedral. His friend and biographer, Izaak Walton, thus characterizes his pulpit oratory :

“Preaching the Word so as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others : a preacher in earnest ; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them ; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none ; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives : here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those that loved it not ; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness.”

FRANCIS FLETCHER

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

THE next day, after our coming to anchor in the aforesaid harbor, the people of the country showed themselves, sending off a man with great expedition to us in a canoe. Who being yet but a little from the shore, and a great way from our ship, spake to us continually as he came rowing on. And at last at a reasonable distance staying himself, he began more solemnly a long and tedious oration, after his manner : using in the delivery thereof many gestures and signs, moving his hands, turning his head and body many ways ; and after his oration ended, with great show of reverence and submission returned back to shore again. He shortly came again the second time in like manner, and so the third time, when he brought with him (as a present from the rest) a bunch of feathers, much like the feathers of a black crow, very neatly and artificially gathered upon a string, and drawn together into a round bundle ; being very clean and finely cut, and bearing in length an equal proportion one with another ; a special cognizance (as we afterwards observed) which they that guard their king's person wear on their heads. With this also he brought a little basket made of rushes, and filled with an herb which they called *tabáh*. Both which being tied to a short rod, he caste into our boat. Our General intended to have recompensed him immediately with many good things he would have bestowed upon him ; but entering

into the boat to deliver the same, he could not be drawn to receive them by any means, save one hat, which being cast into the water out of the ship, he took up (refusing utterly to meddle with any other thing, though it were upon a board put off unto him) and so presently made his return. After which time our boat could row no way, but wondering at us as at gods, they would follow the same with admiration.

The 3 day following, viz., the 2, our ship having received a leak at sea, was brought to anchor nearer the shore, that, her goods being landed, she might be repaired ; but for that we were to prevent any danger that might chance against our safety, our General first of all landed his men, with all necessary provision, to build tents and make a fort for the defence of ourselves and goods : and that we might under the shelter of it with more safety (whatever should befall) end our business ; which when the people of the country perceived us doing, as men set on fire to war in defence of their country, in great haste and companies, with such weapons as they had, they came down unto us, and yet with no hostile meaning or intent to hurt us : standing, when they drew near, as men ravished in their minds, with the sight of such things as they never had seen or heard of before that time : their errand being rather with submission and fear to worship us as gods, than to have any war with us as with mortal men. Which thing, as it did partly show itself at that instant, so did it more and more manifest itself afterwards, during the whole time of our abode amongst

them. At this time, being willed by signs to lay from them their bows and arrows, they did as they were directed, and so did all the rest, as they came more and more by companies unto them, growing in a little while to a great number, both of men and women.

To the intent, therefore, that this peace which they themselves so willingly sought might, without any cause of the breach thereof on our part given, be continued, and that we might with more safety and expedition end our business in quiet, our General, with all his company, used all means possible gently to entreat them, bestowing upon each of them liberally good and necessary things to cover their nakedness; withal signifying unto them we were no gods, but men, and had need of such things to cover our own shame; teaching them to use them to the same ends, for which cause also we did eat and drink in their presence, giving them to understand that without that we could not live, and therefore were but men as well as they.

Notwithstanding nothing could persuade them, nor remove that opinion that they had conceived of us, that we should be gods.

In recompence of those things which they had received of us, as shirts, linen cloth, etc., they bestowed upon our General, and divers of our company, divers things, as feathers, cauls of network, the quivers of their arrows, made of fawn skins, and the very skins of beasts that their women wore upon their bodies. Having thus had their fill of this times visiting and beholding of us, they departed with joy to their houses, which houses are digged round within the earth, and have from the uppermost brims of the circle clefts of wood set up, and joined close together at the top, like our spires on the steeple of a church; which being covered with earth, suffer no water to enter, and are very warm; the door in the most part of them performs the office also of a chimney to let out the smoke: its made in bigness and fashion like to an ordinary scuttle in a ship, and standing slopewise: their beds are the hard ground,

only with rushes strewn upon it, and lying round about the house, have their fire in the middle, which be reason that the house is low vaulted, round, and close, giveth a marvelous reflection to their bodies to heat the same.

Their men for the most part go naked; the women take a kind of bulrushes, and combing it after the manner of hemp, make themselves thereof a loose garment, which being knit about their middles, hangs down about their hips, and so affords to them a covering of that which nature teaches should be hidden; about their shoulders they wear also the skin of a deer, with the hair upon it. They are very obedient to their husbands, and exceeding ready in all services; yet of themselves offering to do nothing, without the consent or being called of the men.

As soon as they were returned to their houses, they began amongst themselves a kind of most lamentable weeping and crying out; which they continued also a great while together, in such sort that in the place where they left us (being near about 3 quarters of an English mile distant from them) we very plainly, with wonder and admiration did hear the same, the women especially extending their voices in a most miserable and doleful manner of shrieking.

Notwithstanding this humble manner of presenting themselves, and awful demeanor used towards us, we thought it no wisdom too far to trust them (our experience of former infidels dealing with us before, made us careful to provide against an alteration of their affections or breach of peace if it should happen), and therefore with all expedition we set up our tents, and entrenched ourselves with walls of stone; that so being fortified within ourselves, we might be able to keep off the enemy (if they should so prove) from coming amongst us without our good wills: this being quickly finished, we went the more cheerfully and securely afterward about our other business.

Against the end of two days (during which time they had not again been with us), there was gathered together a great

assembly of men, women, and children (invited by the report of them which first saw us, who as it seems, had in that time of purpose dispersed themselves into the country, to make known the news), who came now the second time unto us, bringing with them, as before had been done, feathers, and bags of tabah for presents, or rather indeed for sacrifices, upon this persuasion that we were gods.

When they came to the top of the hill, at the bottom whereof we had built our fort, they made a stand; where one (appointed as their chief speaker) wearied both us his hearers, and himself too, with a long and tedious oration; delivered with strange and violent gestures, his voice being extended to the uttermost strength of nature, and his words falling so thick one in the neck of another, that he could hardly fetch his breath again: as soon as he had concluded, all the rest, with a reverent bowing of their bodies (in a dreaming manner, and long producing of the same) cried *Oh*: thereby giving their consents that all was very true that he had spoken, and that they had uttered their mind by his mouth unto us; which done, the men laying down their bows upon the hill, and leaving their women and children behind them, came down with their presents; in such sort as if they had appeared before a God indeed, thinking themselves happy that they might have access unto our General, but much more happy when they saw that he would receive at their hands those things which they so willingly had presented: and no doubt they thought themselves nearest unto God when they sat or stood next to him. In the meantime, the women, as if they had been desperate, used unnatural violence against themselves, crying and shrieking piteously, tearing their flesh with their nails from their cheeks in a monstrous manner, the blood streaming down along their breasts, besides despoiling the upper parts of their bodies of those single coverings they formerly had, and holding their hands above their heads that they might not rescue their breasts from harm, they would with fury cast themselves upon the

ground, never respecting whether it were clean or soft, but dashed themselves in this manner on hard stones, knobby hillocks, stocks of wood, and pricking bushes, or whatever else lay in their way, iterating the same course again and again; yea, women, some nine or ten times each, and others holding out till 15 or 16 times (till their strength failed them) exercised this cruelty against themselves: a thing more grievous for us to see or suffer, could we have helped it, than trouble to them (as it seemed) to do it. This bloody sacrifice (against our wills) being thus performed, our General, with his company, in the presence of those strangers, fell to prayers; and by signs in lifting up our eyes and hands to heaven, signified unto them that that God whom we did serve, and whom they ought to worship, was above: beseeching God, if it were his good pleasure, to open by some means their blinded eyes, that they might in due time be called to the knowledge of him, the true and ever-living God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, the salvation of the Gentiles. In the time of which prayers, singing of Psalms, and reading of certain chapters in the Bible, they sat very attentively: and observing the end at every pause, with one voice still cried, *Oh*, greatly rejoicing in our exercises. Yea they took such pleasure in our singing of Psalms, that whensoever they resorted to us, their first request was commonly this, *gnaáh*, by which they entreated that we would sing.

Our General having now bestowed upon them divers things, at their departure they restored them all again, none carrying with him anything of whatsoever he had received, thinking themselves sufficiently enriched and happy that they had found so free access to see us.

Against the end of three days more (the news having the while spread itself farther, and as it seemed a great way up into the country), were assembled the greatest number of people which we could reasonably imagine to dwell within any convenient distance round about. Amongst the rest the king himself, a man of a

goodly stature and comely personage, attended with his guard of about 100 tall and warlike men, this day, viz., June 26, came down to see us.

Before his coming, were sent two ambassadors or messengers to our General, to signify that their *hiôh*, that is, their king, was coming and at hand. They in the delivery of their message, the one spake with a soft and low voice, prompting his fellow; the other pronounced the same, word by word, after him with a voice more audible, continuing their proclamation (for such it was) about half an hour. Which being ended, they by signs made request to our General, to send something by their hands to their *hiôh*, or king as a token that his coming might be in peace. Our General willingly satisfied their desire; and they, glad men, made speedy return to their *hiôh*. Neither was it long before their king (making as princely a show as possibly he could) with all his train came forward.

In their coming forwards they cried continually after a singing manner, with a lusty courage. And as they drew nearer and nearer towards us, so did they more and more strive to behave themselves with a certain comeliness and gravity in all their actions.

In the forefront came a man of a large body and goodly aspect, bearing the scepter or royal mace, made of a certain kind of black wood, and in length about a yard and a half, before the king. Whereupon hung two crowns, a bigger and a less, with three chains of a marvelous length, and often doubled, besides a bag of the herb *tabâh*. The crowns were made of knitwork, wrought upon most curiously with feathers of divers colours, very artificially placed, and of a formal fashion. The chains seemed of a bony substance, every link or part thereof being very little, thin, most finely burnished, with a hole pierced through the middle. The number of links going to make one chain, is in a manner infinite; but of such estimation it is amongst them, that few be the persons that are admitted to wear the same; and even they to whom it is lawful to use them,

yet are stinted what number they shall use, as some ten, some twelve, some twenty, and as they exceed in number of chains, so thereby are they known to be the more honorable personages.

Next unto him that bare this scepter, was the king himself with his guard about him; his attire upon his head was a caul of knitwork, wrought upon somewhat like the crowns, but differing much both in fashion and perfectness of work; upon his shoulders he had on a coat of the skins of conies, reaching to his waist; his guard also had each coats of the same shape, but of other skins; some having cauls likewise stuck with feathers, or covered over with a certain down, which groweth up in the country upon an herb much like our lettuce, which exceeds any other down in the world for fineness, and being laid upon their cauls, by no winds can be removed. Of such estimation is this herb amongst them, that the down thereof is not lawful to be worn, but of such persons as are about the king (to whom also it is permitted to wear a plume of feathers on their heads, in sign of honour), and the seeds are not used but only in sacrifice to their gods. After these, in their order, did follow the naked sort of common people, whose hair being long, was gathered into a bunch behind, in which stuck plumes of feathers; but in the forepart only single feathers like horns, every one pleasing himself in his own device.

This one thing was observed to be general amongst them all, that every one had his face painted, some with white, some black, and some with other colours, every man also bringing in his hand one thing or other for a gift or present. Their train or last part of their company consisted of women and children, each woman bearing against her breast a round basket or two, having within them divers things, as bags of *tabâh*, a root which they call *petâh*, whereof they make a kind of meal, and either bake it into bread, or eat it raw; broiled fishes, like a pilchard; the seed and down aforementioned, with such like.

Their baskets were made in fashion like a deep bowl, and though the matter were

rushes, or such other kind of stuff, yet was it so cunningly handled, that the most part of them would hold water: about the brims they were hung with pieces of the shells of pearls, and in some places with two or three links at a place of the chains aforenamed: thereby signifying that they were vessels wholly dedicated to the only use of the gods they worshipped; and besides this, they were wrought upon with the matted down of red feathers, distinguished into divers works and forms.

In the meantime, our General having assembled his men together (as forecasting the danger and worst that might fall out) prepared himself to stand upon sure ground, that we might at all times be ready in our own defence, if anything should chance otherwise than was looked for or expected.

Whereof every man being in a warlike readiness, he marched within his fenced place, making against their approach a most warlike show (as he did also at all other times of their resort), whereby if they had been desperate enemies, they could not have chosen but have conceived terror and fear, with discouragement to attempt anything against us, in beholding of the same.

When they were come somewhat near unto us, trooping together, they gave us a common or general salutation, observing in the meantime a general silence. Whereupon, he who bare the scepter before the king, being prompted by another whom the king assigned to that office, pronounced with an audible and manly voice what the other spoke to him in secret, continuing, whether it were his oration or proclamation, at the least half an hour. At the close whereof there was a common *Amen*, in sign of approbation, given by every person: and the king himself, with the whole number of men and women (the little children only remaining behind) came further down the hill, and as they came set themselves again in their former order.

And being now come to the foot of the hill and near our fort, the scepter bearer, with a composed countenance and stately

carriage began a song, and answerable thereunto observed a kind of measures in a dance: whom the king with his guard and every other sort of person following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, who danced but kept silence. As they danced they still came on: and our General perceiving their plain and simple meaning, gave order that they might freely enter without interruption within our bulwark. Where, after they had entered, they yet continued their song and dance a reasonable time, their women also following them with their wassail bowls in their hands, their bodies bruised, their faces torn, their breasts, and other parts bespotted with blood, trickling down from the wounds, which with their nails they had made before their coming.

After that they had satisfied, or rather tired themselves in this manner, they made signs to our General to have him sit down; unto whom both the king and divers others made several orations, or rather, indeed, if we had understood them, supplications, that he would take the province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king and patron: making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title in the whole land, and become his vassals in themselves and their posterity: which that they might make us indeed believe that it was their true meaning and intent, the king himself, with all the rest, with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offering unto him many other things, honoured him by the name of *hiôh*. Adding thereunto (as it might seem) a song and dance of triumph; because they were not only visited of the gods (for so they still judged us to be), but the great and chief god was now become their god, their king and patron, and themselves were become the only happy and blessed people in the world.

ROGER ASCHAM

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LEARNING

From THE SCHOLEMASTER

It is your shame (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England) that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this Court, and all they together show not so much goodwill, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours, daily, orderly and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week.

And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning, to understand, speak and write, both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto. Amongst all the benefits that God hath blest me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts in this most excellent prince. Whose only example, if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be, for learning and wisdom in nobility, a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men: the best examples have never such force to move to any goodness as the bad, vain, light and fond, have to all illness.

THE ITALIANATE ENGLISHMAN

From THE SCHOLEMASTER

SIR RICHARD SACKVILLE, that worthy gentleman of worthy memory, as I said in the beginning, in the queen's privy chamber at Windsor, after he had talked with me for the right choice of a good wit

in a child for learning, and of the true difference betwixt quick and hard wits, of alluring young children by gentleness to love learning, and of the special care that was to be had to keep young men from licentious living, he was most earnest with me, to have me say my mind also, what I thought concerning the fancy that many young gentlemen of England have to travel abroad, and namely to lead a long life in Italy. His request, both for his authority and good will toward me, was a sufficient commandment unto me to satisfy his pleasure with uttering plainly my opinion in that matter. "Sir," quoth I, "I take going thither and living ther for a young gentleman that doth not go under the keep and guard of such a man, as both by wisdom can, and authority dare rule him, to be marvellous dangerous." And why I said so then, I will declare at large now: which I said then privately and write now openly, not because I do condemn either the knowledge of strange and diverse tongues, and namely the Italian tongue, which next to the Greek and Latin tongue I like and love above all other; or else because I do despise the learning that is gotten, or the experience that is gathered in strange countries; or for any private malice that I bear to Italy, which country, and in it namely Rome I have always specially honoured. Because, time was, when Italy and Rome have been, to the great good of us that now live, the best breeders and bringers up of the worthiest men, not only for wise speaking, but also for well doing in all civil affairs, that ever was in the world. But now, that time is gone, and though the place remain, yet the old and present manners do differ as far as black and white, as virtue and vice. Virtue once made that country mistress over all the world. Vice now maketh that country slave to them that before were glad to serve it. All men seeth it: they themselves confess it, namely such as be best and wisest amongst them. For sin, by lust and vanity, hath and doth breed up everywhere common contempt of God's word, private contention in many families, open factions in every city: and so, mak-

ing themselves bond to vanity and vice at home, they are content to bear the yoke of serving strangers abroad. Italy now is not that Italy, that it was wont to be: and therefore now not so fit a place, as some do count it, for young men to fetch either wisdom or honesty from thence. For surely, they will make other but bad scholars, that be so ill masters to themselves. . . .

But I am afraid that over many of our travellers into Italy do not eschew the way to Circe's court, but go, and ride, and run, and fly thither. They make great haste to come to her: they make great suit to serve her: yea, I could point out some with my finger, that never had gone out of England, but only to serve Circes in Italy. Vanity and vice, and any licence to ill living in England was counted stale and rude unto them. And so, being mules and horses before they went, returned very swine and asses home again, yet everywhere very foxes with subtle and busy heads, and, where they may, very wolves with cruel malicious hearts. A marvellous monster, which for filthiness of living, for dullness to learning himself, for wiliness in dealing with others, for malice in hurting without cause, should carry at once in one body the belly of a swine, the head of an ass, the brain of a fox, the womb of a wolf. If you think we judge amiss, and write too sore against you, hear what the Italian saith of the Englishman, what the master reporteth of the scholar: who uttereth plainly, what is taught by him, and what learned by you, saying, *Englese italianato, è un diavolo incarnato*, that is to say, you remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition. This is not the opinion of one for some private spite, but the judgment of all in a common proverb, which riseth of that learning and those manners which you gather in Italy: a good schoolhouse of wholesome doctrine and worthy masters of commendable scholars, where the master had rather defame himself for his teaching, than not shame his scholar for his learning. A good nature of the master and fair condi-

tions of the scholars. And now choose you, you Italian Englishmen, whether you will be angry with us for calling you monsters, or with the Italians for calling you devils, or else with your own selves, that take so much pains and go so far to make your selves both. If some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him. He, that by living and traveling in Italy, bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. That is to say, for religion papistry or worse: for learning less commonly than they carried out with them: for policy a factious heart, a discouraging head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters: for experience plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before: for manners variety of vanities, and change of filthy living. These be the enchantments of Circes, brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England; much by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books, of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop in London, commended by honest titles the sooner to corrupt honest manners, dedicated over boldly to virtuous and honourable personages, the easier to beguile simple and innocent wits. It is pity that those which have authority and charge to allow and disallow books to be printed, be no more circumspect herein than they are. Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine, as one of those books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say farther, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living, as they do to subvert true religion. More papists be made, by your merry books of Italy, than by your earnest books of Louvain. And because our great physicians do wink at the matter, and make no count of this sore, I, though not admitted one of their fellowship, yet having been many years a prentice to God's true religion, and trust to continue a poor journey-man therein all days of my life, for the duty I owe and love I bear to true doctrine and honest living, though I have no authority to

amend the sore myself, yet I will declare my good will to discover the sore to others.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

A CLEVER HORSEMAN

From THE ARCADIA

HE stayed till I caused Mopsa bid him do something upon his horse; which no sooner said, than with a kind rather of quick gesture than show of violence, you might see him come towards me, beating the ground in so due time as no dancer can observe better measure. If you remember the ship we saw once when the sea went high upon the coast of Argos, so went the beast. But he, as if centaur-like he had been one piece with the horse, was no more moved than one with the going of his own legs; and in effect so did he command him as his own limbs: for though he had both spurs and wand, they seemed rather marks of sovereignty than instruments of punishment, his hand and leg, with most pleasing grace, commanding without threatening, and rather remembering than chastising; at least if sometimes he did, it was so stolen as neither our eyes could discern it, nor the horse with any change did complain of it: he ever going so just with the horse, either forthright or turning, that it seemed as he borrowed the horse's body, so he lent the horse his mind. In the turning one might perceive the bridle hand somewhat gently stir; but indeed so gently, as it did rather distil virtue, than use violence. Himself, which methinks is strange, showing at one instant both steadiness and nimbleness; sometimes making him turn close to the ground like a cat, when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse: sometimes with a little move rising before; now like a raven leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of Dametas' kids bound over the hillocks; and all so done as neither the lusty kind showed any roughness, nor the easier any idleness, but still like a well obeyed master, whose beck is enough for a discipline, ever concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if

thence came not only the beginning, but the ending of his motions.

KING JAMES I

FILTHY TOBACCO

From A COUNTER-BLAST TO TOBACCO

How you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses. I read indeed of a knavish courtier, who for abusing the favour of the emperor Alexander Severus, his master, by taking bribes to intercede for sundry persons in his master's ear (for whom he never once opened his mouth), was justly choked with smoke, with this doom, *Fumo pereat, qui fumum vendidit*: but of so many smoke-buyers, as are at this present in this kingdom, I never read nor heard.

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco pipes, and puffing of the smoke of tobacco one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meat time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick: so as if the wives of Dieppe list to contest with this nation for good manners, their worst manners would in all reason be found at least not so dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The public use whereof, at all times and in all places, hath now so far prevailed, as divers men very sound both in judgment and complexion, have been at last forced

to take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seem singular (like the two philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that rain water, and so become fools as well as the rest of the people), and partly, to be as one that was content to eat garlic (which he did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it in the breath of his fellows. And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with tobacco? No, it is become in place of a cure a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of tobacco among his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savour of a sink), is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tipping in the cold eastern countries. Yea the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant, than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of tobacco. But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confess, it hath too strong a virtue: and so that which is an ornament of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recovered again, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stink, which vile quality is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesomeness thereof, as the venom of putrifaction is contrary to the virtue preservative.

Moreover, which is a great iniquity and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in

persons and goods, and taking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you: by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

JOHN LYLY

CURRENT LITERATURE

From THE PREFACE TO EUPHUES, THE ANATOMY OF WYT

I WAS driven into a quandary, gentlemen, whether I might send this my pamphlet to the printer or to the pedlar. I thought it too bad for the press, and too good for the pack. But seeing my folly in writing to be as great as others', I was willing my fortune should be as ill as any man's. We commonly see the book that at Christmas lieth bound on the stationer's stall, at Easter to be broken in the haberdasher's shop, which sith it is the order of proceeding, I am content this winter to have my doings read for a toy, that in summer they may be ready for trash. It is not strange whenas the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days, that a new work should not endure but three months. Gentlemen use books as gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads, and at night straw them at their heels. Cherries be fulsome when they be through ripe, because they be plenty, and books be stale when they be printed, in that they be common. In my mind printers and tailors are bound chiefly to pray for gentlemen: the one hath so many fantasies to print, the other such divers fashions to make, that the pressing iron of the one is never out of the fire, nor the printing press of the other at any time lieth still. But a fashion is but a day's wearing and a book but an hour's reading: which seeing it is so, I am of a shoemaker's mind who careth not so the shoe hold the

plucking on, nor I, so my labours last the running over. He that cometh in print because he would be known, is like the fool that cometh into the market because he would be seen. I am not he that seeketh praise for his labour, but pardon for his offence, neither do I set this forth for any devotion in print, but for duty which I owe to my patron. If one write never so well, he cannot please all, and write he never so ill, he shall please some. Fine heads will pick a quarrel with me if all be not curious, and flatterers a thank if any thing be current. But this is my mind: let him that findeth fault amend it, and him that liketh it use it. Envy braggeth, but draweth no blood: the malicious have more mind to quip, than might to cut. I submit myself to the judgment of the wise, and I little esteem the censure of fools. The one will be satisfied with reason: the other are to be answered with silence. I know gentlemen will find no fault without cause, and bear with those that deserve blame, as for others I care not for their jests, for I never meant to make them my judges.

PHILIP STUBBES

FOOTBALL

From THE ANATOMIE OF ABUSES

FOR as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kind of fight, than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice, than a fellowly sport or pastime. For doth not every one lie in wait for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pick him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place soever it be he careth not, so he have him down. And he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So that by this means, sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime another, sometime their noses gush out with blood, sometime their

eyes start out, and sometimes hurt in one place, sometimes in another. But who-soever scapeth away the best goeth not scot-free, but is either sore wounded, and bruised, so as he dieth of it, or else scapeth very hardly. And no marvel, for they have sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the heart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribs with their gripped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with an hundred such murdering devices. And hereof groweth envy, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, enmity and what not else; and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murder, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth.

BARBERS

Theodosus. What say you of the barbers and trimmers of men? Are they so neat, and so fine fellows as they are said to be?

Amphilogus. There are no finer fellows under the sun, nor experter in their noble science of barbing than they be. And therefore in the fulness of their overflowing knowledge (oh ingenious heads, and worthy to be dignified with the diadem of folly and vain curiosity!) they have invented such strange fashions and monstrous manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have one manner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the new cut, another the old; one of the bravado fashion, another of the mean fashion; one a gentleman's cut, another the common cut; one cut of the court, another of the country, with infinite the like varieties, which I overpass. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable; and therefore when you come to be trimmed, they will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy, or amiable to your friend, grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure (for they have divers kinds of cuts for all

these purposes, or else they lie). Then, when they have done all their feats, it is a world to consider, how their mustachios must be preserved and laid out, from one cheek to another, yea, almost from one ear to another, and turned up like two horns towards the forehead. Besides that, when they come to the cutting of the hair, what snipping and snapping of the scissors is there, what tricking and trimming, what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and clawing, what trickling and toying, and all to tawe out money, you may be sure. And when they come to washing, oh how gingerly they behave themselves therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather or foam that riseth of the balls (for they have their sweetballs wherewithal they use to wash); your eyes closed must be anointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers, full bravely, God wot. Thus this tragedy ended, comes me warm cloths to wipe and dry him withal; next, the ears must be picked, and closed together again artificially forsooth; the hair of the nostrils cut away, and every thing done in order comely to behold. The last action in this tragedy is the payment of money. And lest these cunning barbers might seem unconscionable in asking much for their pains, they are of such a shamefast modesty, as they will ask nothing at all, but standing to the courtesy and liberality of the giver, they will receive all that comes, how much soever it be, not giving any again, I warrant you: for take a barber with that fault, and strike off his head. No, no, such fellows are *rarae aves in terris, nigrisque simillimi cygnis*: rare birds upon the earth, and as geason as black swans. You shall have also your orient perfumes for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall be all to besprinkled: your music again, and pleasant harmony, shall sound in your ears, and all to tickle the same with vain delight. And in the end your cloak shall be brushed, and "God be with you, gentleman!"

THOMAS NASHE

FASHIONABLE LADIES

From CHRIST'S TEARES OVER
JERUSALEM

EVER since Evah was tempted, and the serpent prevailed with her, women have took upon them both the person of the tempted and the tempter. They tempt to be tempted, and not one of them, except she be tempted, but thinks herself contemptible. Unto the greatness of their great-grand-mother Evah they seek to aspire, in being tempted and tempting. If not to tempt, and be thought worthy to be tempted, why dye they and diet their faces with so many drugs as they do, as it were to correct God's workmanship, and reprove Him as a bungler, and one that is not his craftsman? Why ensparke they their eyes with spiritualized distillations? Why tip they their tongues with *aureum potabile* (liquid gold)? Why fill they age's frets with fresh colors? Even as roses and flowers in winter are preserved in close houses under earth, so preserve they their beauties by continued lying in bed.

Just to dinner they will arise, and after dinner go to bed again, and lie until supper. Yea, sometimes (by no sickness occasioned) they will lie in bed three days together: provided every morning before four o'clock, they have their broths and their cullises, with pearl and gold sodden in them. If haply they break their hours and rise more early to go a banquetting, they stand practising half a day with their looking-glasses, how to pierce and to glance and look alluringly amiable. Their feet are not so well framed to the measures, as are their eyes to move and bewitch. Even as angels are painted in church-windows with glorious golden fronts beset with sunbeams, so beset they their foreheads on either side with glorious borrowed gleamy bushes; which, rightly interpreted, should signify beauty to sell, since a bush is not else hanged forth but to invite men to buy. And in Italy, when they set any beast to sale, they crown his

head with garlands, and bedeck it with gaudy blossoms, as full as ever it may stick.

Their heads, with their top and top-gallant lawn baby-caps, and snow-resembled silver curls, they make a plain puppet stage of. In their curious antic-woven garments, they imitate and mock the worms and adders that must eat them. They shew the swellings of their mind, in the swellings and plumpings out of their apparel. Gorgeous ladies of the court, never was I admitted so near any of you, as to see how you torture poor old Time with sponging, pinning, and pouncing; but they say his sickle you have burst in twain, to make your periwigs more elevated arches of.

I dare not meddle with ye, since the philosopher that too intently gazed on the stars, stumbled and fell into a ditch; and many gazing too immoderately on our earthly stars, fall in the end into the ditch of all uncleanness. Only this humble caveat let me give you by the way, that you look the devil come not to you in the likeness of a tailor or a painter; that however you disguise your bodies, you lay not on your colours so thick that they sink into your souls; that your skins being too white without, your souls be not all black within.

It is not your pinches, your purls, your flowery jaggings, superfluous interlacings, and puffings up, that can any way offend God, but the puffing up of your souls, which therein you express. For as the biting of a bullet is not that which poisons the bullet, but the lying of the gunpowder in the dint of the biting: so it is not the wearing of costly burnished apparel that shall be objected unto you for sin, but the pride of your hearts, which (like the moth) lies closely shrouded amongst the threads of that apparel. Nothing else is garish apparel but pride's ulcer broken forth. How will you attire yourselves, what gown, what head-tire will you put on, when you shall live in hell amongst hags and devils?

As many jags, blisters and scars shall toads, cankers and serpents make on your

pure skins in the grave, as now you have cuts, jags or raisings, upon your garments. In the marrow of your bones snakes shall breed. Your morn-like crystal countenances shall be netted over and (masquer-like) caul-visarded with crawling venomous worms. Your orient teeth toads shall steal into their heads for pearl; of the jelly of your decayed eyes shall they engender them young. In their hollow caves (their transplendent juice so pollutionately employed), shelly snails shall keep house.

Oh, what is beauty more than a wind-blown bladder, that it should forget whereto it is born? It is the food of cloying concupiscence, living; and the substance of the most noisome infection, being dead. The mothers of the justest men are not freed from corruption, the mothers of kings and emperors are not freed from corruption. No gorgeous attire (man or woman) hast thou in this world, but the wedding garment of faith. Thy winding-sheet shall see thee on none of thy silks or shining robes; to show they are not of God, when thou goest to God, thou shalt lay them all off. Then shalt thou restore to every creature what thou hast robbed him of. All the leases which dust let out to life, at the day of death shall be returned again into his hands. In skins of beasts Adam and Eve were clothed; in nought but thine own skin at the day of Judgment shalt thou be clothed. If thou beest more deformed than the age wherein thou diedst should make thee, the devil shall stand up and certify, that with painting and physicing thy visage thou so deformedst it; whereto God shall reply, "What have I to do with thee, thou painted sepulchre? Thou hast so differenced and divorced thyself from thy creation, that I know thee not for my creature. The print of my finger thou hast defaced, and with arts-vanishing varnishment made thyself a changeling from the form I first cast thee in; Satan, take her to thee, with black boiling pitch rough-cast over her counterfeit red and white; and whereas she was wont in ass's milk to bathe her to engrain her skin more gentle, pliant, delicate and supple, in bubbling scalding lead, and fatty flame-feeding

brimstone see thou unceasingly bathe her. With glowing hot irons, singe and suck up that adulterized sinful beauty, wherewith she hath branded herself to infelicity."

Oh female pride, this is but the dalliance of thy doom, but the intermissive recreation of thy torments. The greatness of thy pains I want portentous words to portray. Whereinsoever thou hast took extreme delight and glory, therein shalt thou be plagued with extreme and despicable malady. For thy flaring frowned periwigs low dangled down with love-locks, shalt thou have thy head side dangled down with more snakes than ever it had hairs. In the mould of thy brain shall they clasp their mouths, and gnawing through every part of thy skull, ensnarl their teeth amongst thy brains, as an angler ensnarleth his hook amongst weeds.

For thy rich borders, shalt thou have a number of discoloured scorpions rolled up together, and cockatrices that kill with their very sight shall continually stand spurting fiery poison in thine eyes. In the hollow cave of thy mouth, basilisks shall keep house, and supply thy talk with hissing when thou strivest to speak. At thy breasts (as at Cleopatra's), aspices shall be put out to nurse. For thy carcanets of pearl, shalt thou have carcanets of spiders, or the green venomous flies cantharides. Hell's torments were no torments, if invention might conceit them. As no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, no tongue can express, no thought comprehend the joys prepared for the elect, so no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, no thought can comprehend the pains prepared for the rejected.

THOMAS DEKKER

HOW A GALLANT SHOULD BE-HAVE HIMSELF IN A PLAYHOUSE

From THE GULS HORNE-BOOKE

THE theatre is your poets' Royal Exchange, upon which their muses, that are now turned to merchants, meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words — plaudities,

and the breath of the great beast; which, like the threatenings of two cowards, vanish all into air. Players are their factors, who put away the stuff and make the best of it they possibly can, as indeed 'tis their parts so to do. Your gallant, your courtier, and your captain had want to be the soundest paymasters, and, I think, are still the surest chapmen; and these, by means that their heads are well stocked, deal upon this comical freight by the gross; when your groundling and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny, and like a haggler is glad to utter it again by retailing.

Sithence the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's son as to your templar, that your stinkard has the selfsame liberty to be there in his tobacco-fumes which your sweet courtier hath; and that your carman and tinker claim as strong a voice in their suffrage and sit to give judgment on the play's life and death as well as the proudest Momus among the tribe of critic, it is fit that he whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely, like a viol, cased up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent; let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage; I mean not into the lord's room, which is now but the stage's suburbs; no, those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen-ushers that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear, and much new satin is there damned by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of Cambyzes himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning what large comingsin are pursed up by sitting on the stage. First, a conspicuous emi-

nence is gotten, by which means the best and most essential parts of a gallant, good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tolerable beard, are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage you have a signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure, may lawfully presume to be a girder and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes, yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, over-weening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage you may, without travelling for it, at the very next door ask whose play it is, and by that quest of inquiry the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking. If you know not the author, you may rail against him, and peradventure so behave yourself that you may enforce the author to know you.

By spreading your body on the stage and by being a justice in examining plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes without having first unmasked her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a tavern; when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may with small cost purchase the dear acquaintance of the boys, have a good stool for sixpence, at any time know what particular part any of the infants present, get your match lighted, examine the playsuits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper; etc. And to conclude, whether you be a fool or a justice of peace, a cuckold or a captain, a Lord Mayor's son or a dawcock, a knave or an under-sheriff, of what stamp soever you be, current or counterfeit, the stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light and lay you open. Neither are you to be hunted from thence though the scarecrows in the yard hoot at you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea, throw dirt even in your teeth; 'tis most gentlemanlike patience to endure all this and to laugh at the silly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, cry "Away with the fool!" you were worse

than a madman to tarry by it, for the gentleman and the fool should never sit on the stage together.

Marry, let this observation go hand in hand with the rest, or rather, like a country serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quaking Prologue hath by rubbing got colour into his cheeks and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he's upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripos or three-footed stool in one hand and a teston mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other; for, if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the Counter amongst the poultry: avoid that as you would the bastone. It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy, and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring of it; your lords use it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too; your inn-o'-court man is zany to the knights, and (many very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it. Be thou a beagle to them all and never lin snuffing till you have scented them, for by talking and laughing, like a ploughman in a morris, you heap Pelion upon Ossa, glory upon glory as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players and only follow you, the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and, when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you; he'll cry "He's such a gallant," and you pass. Secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite, but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two

because you can do nothing else. Thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author; marry, you take up, though it be at the worst hand, a strong opinion of your own judgment and enforce the poet to take pity of your weakness, and, by some dedicated sonnet, to bring you into a better paradise, only to stop your mouth.

If you can, either for love or money, provide yourself a lodging by the water-side, for, above the convenience it brings to shun shoulder-clapping and to ship away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it adds a kind of state unto you to be carried from thence to the stairs of your playhouse. Hate a sculler—remember that—worse than to be acquainted with one o' th' scullery. No, your oars are your only sea-crabs. Board them, and take heed you never go twice together with one pair; often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen and that dividing of your fare will make the poor water-snakes be ready to pull you in pieces to enjoy your custom. No matter whether, upon landing, you have money, or no; you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket. Marry, when silver comes in, remember to pay treble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thanks after you when you do not draw than when you do, for they know it will be their own another day.

Before the play begins, fall to cards. You may win or lose, as fencers do in a prize, and beat one another by confederacy, yet share the money when you meet at supper. Notwithstanding, to gull the ragamuffins that stand aloof gaping at you, throw the cards, having first torn four or five of them, round about the stage, just, upon the third sound, as though you had lost. It skills not if the four knaves lie on their backs and outface the audience; there's none such fools as dare take exceptions at them, because, ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now, sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought

either your feather or your red beard, or your little legs, etc. on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket or giving him the bastinado in a tavern if, in the middle of his play, be it pastoral or comedy, moral or tragedy, you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone. No matter whether the scenes be good, or no; the better they are, the worse do you distaste them. And, being on your feet, sneak not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the rushes or on stools about you; and draw what troop you can from the stage after you. The mimics are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room; their poet cries, perhaps, "a pox go with you," but care not you for that,—there's no music without frets.

Marry, if either the company or indisposition of the weather bind you to sit it out, my counsel is then that you turn plain ape: take up a rush and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants to make other fools fall a laughing; mew at passionate speeches; blare at merry; find fault with the music; whew at the children's action; whistle at the songs; and, above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embroidered felt and feather, Scotch fashion, for your mistress in the court, or your punk in the city, within two hours after you encounter the very same block on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

To conclude: hoard up the finest play-scrap you can get, upon which your lean wit may most savourily feed for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you. That quality, next to your shittlecock, is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of compliment. The next places that are filled, after the playhouses be emptied, are, or ought to be, taverns; into a tavern then let us next march, where the brains of one hogshead must be beaten out to make up another.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

LETTER TO LADY RALEIGH

You shall receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, with my last will, present you with sorrows, dear Besse. Let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this life, bear my destruction gently and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my pen express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which — though they have not taken effect as you wished — yet my debt is to you nevertheless; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travel seek to help your miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust.

You shall understand that my lands were conveyed to my child, *bona fide*. The writings were drawn at midsummer was twelvemonths, as divers can witness. My honest cousin Brett can testify so much, and Dalberie, too, can remember somewhat therein. And I trust my blood will quench their malice that desire my slaughter, and that they will not also seek to kill you and yours with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial, and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am as God knoweth, that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you no better estate. I meant you all mine office of wines, or that I could purchase by selling it; half my stuff and jewels, but some few for my boy. But God hath prevented all my determinations; the great God that worketh all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more

for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on Him; therein shall you find true and lasting riches and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have traveled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God, while he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him. Then will God be a husband unto you and a father unto him; a husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

Bayly oweth me two hundred pounds, and Adrion six hundred pounds. In Jersey, also, I have much owing me. The arrearages of the wines will pay my debts. And, howsoever, for my soul's health, I beseech you pay all poor men. When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought unto by many, for the world thinks that I am very rich; but take heed of the pretences of men and of their affections, for they last but in honest and worthy men. And no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and after to be despised. I speak it, God knows, not to dissuade you from marriage, for that will be best for you both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world and you from me.

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, that comforted you and loved you in his happiest times. Get those letters, if it be possible, which I writ to the Lords, wherein I sued for my life, but God knoweth that it was for you and yours that I desired it, but it is true that I disdain myself for begging it. And know it, dear wife, that your son is the child of a true man, and who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms.

I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I stole this time, when all sleep, and it is time to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it at Sherborne if the land continue, or in Exeter church by my father and mother.

I can write no more. Time and death call me away.

The everlasting, infinite powerful, and inscrutable God, that Almighty God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers; and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy; pray for me. My true God hold you both in His arms.

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now (alas!) overthrown.

Yours that was; but now not my own,
W. Raleigh.

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

THE Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark *Raleigh* and two or three pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton, of the approach of the Spanish armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight: many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island; some providing ballast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof, our ships being all pestered and romaging, everything was out of order and very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly un-serviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her main sail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's,

his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was admiral, the *Revenge* vice-admiral, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captain Cross, the *Lion* by George Fenner, the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour, and the *Crane* by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships, only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Raleigh* commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand, as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his main sail, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship: for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die, than to dishonour himself, his country and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them: and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm: so huge and high charged was the Spanish

ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons, who afterlaid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up also laid him aboard: of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscaines*, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittan Dona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her; two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbar-shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armados, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force. Sir Richard bid him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada and the *Admiral*

of the *Hulks* both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship of Lima from the islands, examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket as he was a dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his chirurgurgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination, the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day, far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success: but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast: a small

troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence. Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armados, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea; commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men of war to perform it withal. And persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but, as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them: alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition. as they

were willing to offer the same: and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty's, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered, that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was conveyed aboard the General *Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville: whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away

aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armados, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the armada was Don Alfonso Bassan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruce. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron was Britan Dona, of the squadron of Seville, Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Cutino. There were slain and drowned in this fight, well near two thousand of the enemies, and two especial commanders Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The *Admiral of the Hulks* and the *Ascension* of Seville were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the road of Saint Michels, and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not: the

comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

THE DISCOVERY OF VIRGINIA

From THE GENERALL HISTORIE OF VIRGINIA

THE most famous, renowned and ever worthy of all memory for her courage, learning, judgment and virtue, Queen Elizabeth granted her letters patent to Sir Walter Raleigh for the discovering and planting new lands and countries, not actually possessed by any Christians. This patentee got to be his assistants Sir Richard Grenville the valiant, Master William Sanderson, a great friend to all such noble and worthy actions, and divers other gentlemen and merchants, who with all speed provided two small barks, full furnished with all necessaries, under the command of Captain Philip Amidas and Captain Barlow. The twenty-seventh of April they set sail from the Thames, the tenth of May passed the Canaries, and the tenth of June the West Indies: which unneedful southerly course (but then no better was known) occasioned them in that season much sickness.

The second of July they fell with the coast of Florida in shoal water, where they felt a most delicate sweet smell, though they saw no land, which ere long they espied, thinking it the continent: an hundred and twenty miles they sailed not finding any harbour. The first that appeared with much difficulty they entered, and anchored; and after thanks to God they went to view the next land adjoining, to take possession of it for the Queen's most excellent Majesty: which done, they found their first landing place very sandy and low, but so full of grapes that the very surge of the sea sometimes overflowed them: of which they found such plenty in all places, both on the sand, the green soil

and hills, as in the plains as well on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops of high cedars, that they did think in the world were not the like abundance.

We passed by the sea-side towards the tops of the next hills being not high: from whence we might see the sea on both sides, and found it an isle of twenty miles in length and six in breadth, the valleys replenished with goodly tall cedars. Discharging our muskets, such a flock of cranes, the most white, arose by us, with such a cry as if an army of men had shouted all together. This isle hath many goodly woods and deer, conies, and fowl in incredible abundance, and using the author's own phrase, the woods are not such as you find in Bohemia, Muscovy, or Hercynia, barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars of the world, bettering those of the Azores, Indies, or Libanus: pines, cypress, sassafras, the lentisk that beareth mastic, and many other of excellent smell and quality. Till the third day we saw not any of the people, then in a little boat three of them appeared. One of them went on shore, to whom we rowed, and he attended us without any sign of fear; after he had spoke much though we understood not a word, of his own accord he came boldly aboard us. We gave him a shirt, a hat, wine and meat, which he liked well; and after he had well viewed the barks and us, he went away in his own boat; and within a quarter of a mile of us in half an hour, had laden his boat with fish, with which he came again to the point of land, and there divided it in two parts, pointing one part to the ship, the other to the pinnacle, and so departed.

The next day came divers boats, and in one of them the king's brother, with forty or fifty men, proper people, and in their behaviour very civil; his name was Granganameo, the king is called Wingina, the country Wingandacoa. Leaving his boats a little from our ships, he came with his train to the point, where spreading a mat he sat down. Though we came to him well armed, he made signs to us to sit down without any show of fear, stroking his head and breast, and also ours, to

express his love. After he had made a long speech unto us, we presented him with divers toys, which he kindly accepted. He was greatly regarded by his people, for none of them did sit nor speak a word, but four, on whom we bestowed presents also, but he took all from them, making signs all things did belong to him.

The king himself, in a conflict with a king, his next neighbour and mortal enemy, was shot in two places through the body and the thigh, yet recovered: whereby he lay at his chief town six days' journey from thence.

A day or two after showing them what we had, Granganameo taking most liking to a pewter dish, made a hole in it, hung it about his neck for a breastplate: for which he gave us twenty deer skins, worth twenty crowns: and for a copper kettle, fifty skins, worth fifty crowns. Much other truck we had, and after two days he came aboard, and did eat and drink with us very merrily. Not long after he brought his wife and children; they were of mean stature, but well favoured and very bashful. She had a long coat of leather, and about her forehead a band of white coral, and so had her husband; in her ears were bracelets of pearl, hanging down to her middle, of the bigness of great peas. The rest of the women had pendants of copper, and the noblemen five or six in an ear; his apparel as his wives', only the women wear their hair long on both sides, and the men but on one; they are of colour yellow, but their hair is black, yet we saw children that had very fair chestnut coloured hair.

After that these women had been here with us, there came down from all parts great store of people, with leather, coral, and divers kind of dyes, but when Granganameo was present, none durst trade but himself and them that wore red copper on their heads, as he did. Whenever he came, he would signify by so many fires he came with so many boats, that we might know his strength. Their boats are but one great tree, which is but burnt in the form of a trough with gins and fire, till it be as they would have it. For an armour he

would have engaged us a bag of pearl, but we refused, as not regarding it, that we might the better learn where it grew. He was very just of his promise, for oft we trusted him, and he would come within his day to keep his word. He sent us commonly every day a brace of bucks, conies, hares and fish, sometimes melons, walnuts, cucumbers, peas, and divers roots. This author saith, their corn groweth three times in five months; in May they sow, in July reap; in June they sow, in August reap; in July sow, in August reap. We put some of our peas in the ground, which in ten days were fourteen inches high.

The soil is most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all other; there are about fourteen several sorts of sweet smelling timber trees; the most parts of the underwood, bays and such like, such oaks as we, but far greater and better.

This discovery was so welcome into England that it pleased her Majesty to call this country of Wingandacoa, Virginia.

SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

BUT our comedies never endured long without a tragedy; some idle exceptions being muttered against Captain Smith, for not discovering the head of Chickahamania River, and taxed by the Council, to be too slow in so worthy an attempt. The next voyage he proceeded so far that with much labour by cutting of trees asunder he made his passage; but when his barge could pass no farther, he left her in a broad bay out of danger of shot, commanding none should go ashore till his return: himself with two English and two savages went up higher in a canoe; but he was not long absent, but his men went ashore, whose want of government gave both occasion and opportunity to the savages to surprise one George Cassen, whom they slew, and much failed not to have cut off the boat and all the rest.

Smith little dreaming of that accident, being got to the marshes at the river's head, twenty miles in the desert, had his

two men slain (as is supposed) sleeping by the canoe, whilst himself by fowling sought them victual: who finding he was beset with two hundred savages, two of them he slew, still defending himself with the aid of a savage his guide, whom he bound to his arm with his garters, and used him as a buckler, yet he was shot in his thigh a little, and had many arrows that stuck in his clothes but no great hurt, till at last they took him prisoner.

When this news came to Jamestown, much was their sorrow for his loss, few expecting what ensued.

Six or seven weeks those barbarians kept him prisoner, many strange triumphs and conjurations they made of him, yet he so demeaned himself amongst them, as he not only diverted them from surprising the fort, but procured his own liberty, and got himself and his company such estimation amongst them, that those savages admired him more than their own Quiyouckosucks.

The manner how they used and delivered him, is as followeth.

The savages having drawn from George Cassen whether Captain Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with three hundred bowmen, conducted by the king of Pamaunkee, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fireside: these they shot full of arrows and slew. Then finding the Captain, as is said, that used the savage that was his guide as his shield (three of them being slain and divers other so galled) all the rest would not come near him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more than his way, slipped up to the middle in an oozy creek and his savage with him; yet durst they not come to him till being near dead with cold, he threw away his arms. Then according to their composition they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slain. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs.

He demanding for their captain, they showed him Opechankanough, king of Pamaunkee, to whom he gave a round

ivory double compass dial. Much they marvelled at the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly, and yet not touch it because of the glass which covered them. But when he demonstrated by that globelike jewel, the roundness of the earth, and skies, the sphere of the sun, moon, and stars, and how the sun did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood amazed with admiration.

Notwithstanding, within an hour after they tied him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him: but the king holding up the compass in his hand, they all laid down their bows and arrows, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted and well used.

Their order in conducting him was thus; drawing themselves all in file, the king in the midst had all their pieces and swords borne before him. Captain Smith was led after him by three great savages, holding him fast by each arm: and on each side six went in file with their arrows nocked. But arriving at the town (which was but only thirty or forty hunting houses made of mats, which they remove as they please, as we our tents) all the women and children staring to behold him, the soldiers first all in file performed the form of a Bissone so well as could be; and on each flank, officers as sergeants to see them keep their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dancing in such several postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of arrows, and at his back a club; on his arm a fox or an otter's skin, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with oil and pocones mingled together, which scarletlike colour made an exceeding handsome show; his bow in his hand, and the skin of a bird with her wings abroad dried, tied on his head,

a piece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tails of their snakes tied to it, or some suchlike toy. All this while Smith and the king stood in the middle guarded, as before is said: and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirty or forty tall fellows did guard him; and ere long more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twenty men. I think his stomach at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tied over his head. About midnight they set the meat again before him, all this time not one of them would eat a bite with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more; and then did they eat all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him think they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gown, in requital of some beads and toys Smith had given him at his first arrival in Virginia.

Two days after a man would have slain him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his son, to whom they conducted him to recover the poor man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at Jamestown he had a water would do it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that: and made all the preparations they could to assault Jamestown, craving his advice; and for recompence, he should have life, liberty, land, and women. In part of a table book he wrote his mind to them at the fort, what was intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the messengers, and without fail send him such things as he wrote for. And an inventory with them. The difficulty and danger, he told the savages, of the mines, great guns, and other engines exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to Jamestown, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three days returned with an answer.

But when they came to Jamestown, seeing men sally out as he had told them

they would, they fled; yet in the night they came again to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them: which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speak.

Then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients upon the rivers of Rapahanock and Patawomek; over all those rivers and back again by divers other several nations, to the king's habitation at Pamaunkee: where they entertained him with most strange and fearful conjurations;

As if near led to hell,
Amongst the devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coal, mingled with oil; and many snakes and weasels skins stuffed with moss, and all their tails tied together, so as they met on the crown of his head, in a tassel; and round about the tassel was as a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, back, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voice, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meal; which done, three more suchlike devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted half black, half red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red strokes like mutchatoes along their cheeks: round about him those fiends danced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white strokes over their black faces, at last they all sat down right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chief priest, and three on the other. Then all with

their rattles began a song, which ended, the chief priest laid down five wheat corns: then straining his arms and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veins swelled, he began a short oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groan; and then laid down three grains more. After that, began their song again, and then another oration, ever laying down so many corns as before, till they had twice encircled the fire; that done, they took a bunch of little sticks prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and oration, they laid down a stick betwixt the divisions of corn. Till night, neither he nor they did either eat or drink; and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three days they used this ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meal signified their country, the circles of corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks his country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher; and they in the middle.

After this they brought him a bag of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corn; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seed.

Opitchapam the king's brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, fowl, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him welcome; but not any of them would eat a bite with him, but put up all the remainder in baskets.

At his return to Opechancanoughs, all the king's women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts; as a due by custom, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hideous dreams
did oft see wondrous shapes,
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth,
and of stupendous makes.

At last they brought him to Meronomoco, where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of

those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of rarowcun skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either side did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red: many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two days after, Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the

woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noise he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns, and a grindstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and forever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But Almighty God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverings and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles the ice and branches came so tumbling down, that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toys; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, as gave them in general full content.

SIR FRANCIS BACON

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

HE that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that

those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges.

Some there are who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer; for, perhaps, they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it, "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children," as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects, for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates, for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*" (He preferred his aged wife to immortality). Chaste women are often proud and forward, as presum-

ing upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses, so as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives, whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

OF TRAVEL

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well, so that he be such a one that hath the language and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth, for else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it, as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein

extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them: yet are they not to be neglected.

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said; let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry; let him keep also a diary; let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth: let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know; thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors, for so in travelling in one country he shall

suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture, and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories. And let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF EXPENSE

RICHES are for spending, and spending for honour and good actions. Therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion, for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven. But ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard, as it be within his compass and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants, and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts, and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.

It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken. But wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, had need both

choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often, for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behooveth him to turn all to certainties. A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other: as if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable; and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay.

In clearing of a man's estate, he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long, for hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse, for, finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his customs; but he that cleareth by degrees induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind as upon his estate. Certainly, who hath a state to repair may not despise small things, and, commonly, it is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

OF DISCOURSE

SOME in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest, for it is a dull thing to tire,

and, as we say now, to jade anything too far.

As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick. That is a vein which would be bridled: "Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris" (Spare the whip, lad, and hold the reins tighter). And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much, shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh, for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser. And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and to bring others on, as musicians used to do with those that dance to long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not.

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself." And there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used, for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the

other's table, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?" To which the guest would answer, "Such and such a thing passed." The lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness, and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A MAN that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time, but that happeneth rarely. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second, for there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years, as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus, of the latter of whom it is said, "*Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus plenam*" (He spent a youth full of errors, indeed full of acts of madness). And yet he was the ablest emperor almost of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth, as it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within

the compass of it, directeth them, but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will not neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young man may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections.

There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes. These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned, — such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle, who afterward waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions, which

have better grace in youth than in age, such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age; so Tully saith of Hortensius, "Idem manebat, neque idem decebat" (He remained the same, when it was no longer seemly). The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold; as was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith, in effect, "Ultima primis cadebant" (His end fell short of his beginning).

OF STUDIES

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them. For they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;—that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort

of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little he had need have a great memory, if he confer little he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores" (Studies result in habits). Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be brought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are "cymini sectores" (hair-splitters). If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

RICHARD HOOKER

THE LAW OF NATURE

From THE LAW OF ECCLESIASTICAL
POLITY

MOSES in describing the work of Creation attributeth speech unto God: "God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this the only intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemed that God had herein besides this a further purpose,

namely, first, to teach that God did not work as a necessary but as a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with himself that which did outwardly proceed from him; secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenor and course which they do, importeth the establishment of Nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world; since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will. He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea that the waters should not pass his commandment. Now if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which they now have; if the frame of the heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disorder and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their

last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mothers, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom all these things do now serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

JOHN DONNE

COSMETICS

From LXXX SERMONS

CERTAINLY the limits of adorning and beautifying the body are not so narrow, so strict, as by some sour men they are sometimes conceived to be. Differences of ranks, of ages, of nations, of customs, make great differences in the enlarging, or contracting of these limits, in adorning the body; and that may come near sin at some time, and in some places, which is not so always, nor everywhere. Amongst the women there, the Jewish women, it was so general a thing to help themselves with aromatical oils, and liniments, as that that which is said by the prophet's poor widow, to the prophet Elisha, that she had nothing in the house but a pot of oil, is very properly by some collected from the original word, that it was not oil for meat, but oil for unction, aromatical oil, oil to make her look better; she was but poor, but a widow, but a prophet's widow, (and likely to be the poorer for that) yet she left not that. We see that even those women, whom the kings were to take for their wives, and not for mistresses, (which is but a later name for concubines) had a certain, and a long time assigned to be prepared by these aromatical unctions, and liniments for beauty. Neither do those that consider, that when Abraham was afraid to lose his wife Sara in Egypt, and that every man that saw her, would fall in love with her, Sara was then above threescore, and when the king Abimelech did fall in love with her, and take her from Abraham, she was fourscore and ten, they

do not assign this preservation of her complexion, and habitude to any other thing, than the use of those unctions, and liniments, which were ordinary to that nation. But yet though the extent and limit of this adorning the body, may be larger than some austere persons will allow, yet it is not so large, as that it should be limited only, by the intention and purpose of them that do it; so that if they that beautify themselves, mean no harm in it, therefore there should be no harm in it; for, except they could as well provide, that others should take no harm, as that they should mean no harm, they may participate of the fault. And since we find such an impossibility in rectifying and governing our own senses, (we cannot take our own eye, nor stop our own ear, when we would) it is an unnecessary, and insupportable burden, to put upon our score, all the lascivious glances, and the licentious wishes of other persons, occasioned by us, in over-adorning ourselves.

EDMUND SPENSER

FAYRE ELISA

*From THE APRIL ECLOGUE OF
THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER*

Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed
brooke

Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether
looke

At my request:
And eke you virgins, that on Parnasse
dwell,

Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of virgins: may she flourish
long

In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her
begot:

So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grasse greene,
O seemly sight!
Yclad in scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and daffadillies set:
Bay leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The redde rose medled with the white
yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze:
But, when he sawe how broad her beames
did spredde,
It did him amaze.

He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out shewe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver
rayes,
And be not abasht:

When shee the beames of her beauty dis-
playes,
O, how art thou dasht!

But I will not match her with Latonaes
seede,
Such follie great sorrow to Niobe did
breede:

Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a bellibone;



From the painting in possession of Earl of Kinmoull

EDMUND SPENSER

And Syrinx rejoyse that ever was her lot
 To bear such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
 To her will I offer a milkewhite lamb :
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
 Where my goddesse shines ;
 And after her the other Muses trace,
 With their violines.
 Bene they not bay braunches which they
 do beare,
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo ! how finely the Graces can it foote
 To the instrument :
 They dauncken deffly, and singen soote,
 In their meriment.
 Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the
 daunce even?
 Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven :
 She shal be a Grace,
 To fyll the fourth place,
 And reigne with the rest in heaven.

And whither rennes this bevie of ladies
 bright,
 Raunged in a rowe?
 They bene all ladyes of the lake behight,
 That unto her goe.
 Chloris, that is the chieftest nymph of all,
 Of olive braunches beares the coronall :
 Olives bene for peace,
 When wars doe surcease :
 Such for a princess bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on
 the greene,
 Hye you there apace :
 Let none come there but that virgins bene,
 To adorne her grace :
 And, when you come whereas shee is in
 place,
 See that your rudenesse doe not you
 disgrace :
 Binde your fillets faste,
 And gird in your waste,
 For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the pinke and purple cul-
 lambine,
 With gelliflowres ;
 Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
 Worne of paramoures :
 Strowe me the ground with daffadown-
 dillies,
 And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved
 lillies :
 The pretie pawnee,
 And the chevisaunce
 Shall match with the fayre flowre delice.

Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art
 In royall arrày ;
 And now ye daintie damsells may depart
 Eche one her way.
 I feare I have troubled your troupes to
 longe :
 Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song :
 And if you come hether
 When damsines I gether,
 I will part them all you among.

A THRENODY

*From THE NOVEMBER ECLOGUE OF THE
 SHEPHEARDES CALENDER*

Up, then, Melpomene ! thou mournefulst
 Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore ;
 Up, grieslie ghostes ! and up my rufull
 ryme !
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no
 more ;
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of
 yore.
 Dido, my deare, alas ! is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
 O heavie herse !
 Let streaming teares be poured out in
 store ;
 O carefull verse !

Shepheards, that by your flocks on
 Kentish downes abyde,
 Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures
 warke ;
 Waile we the wight whose presence was
 our pryde ;
 Waile we the wight whose absence is our
 carke ;

The sonne of all the world is dimme and
darke :

The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavie herse!

Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde
as larke ;

O carefull verse!

Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we
so long?)

Whose better dayes death hath shut up in
woe?

The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.

Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing
no moe

The songs that Colin made you in her
praise,

But into weeping turne your wanton
layes.

O heavie herse!

Nowe is time to dye: nay, time was long
ygoe:

O carefull verse!

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field
doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in winters bale;

Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath dis-
playde,

It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?

But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties

budde,

Reliven not for any good.

O heavie herse!

The braunch once dead, the budde eke
needes must quaille;

O carefull verse!

She, while she was, (that was, a woful word
to sayne!)

For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no
peere;

So well she couth the shepheards enter-
tayne

With cakes and cracknells, and such
country chere:

Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards
swaine;

For she wold cal him often heame,

And give him curds and clouted
creame.

O heavie herse!

Als Colin Cloute she would not once
disdayne;

O carefull verse!

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to
heavie chaunce,

Such plesaunce now displast by dolours
dint:

All musick sleepes, where death doth
leade the daunce,

And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in black, the greene in gray is
tinct;

The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrace.

O heavie herse!

Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with
teares besprint;

O carefull verse!

O thou great shepheard, Lobbin, how great
is thy grieve!

Where bene the nosegayes that she dight
for thee?

The coloured chaplets wrought with a
chiefe,

The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt rose-
marée?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for
thee.

Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;

One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heavie herse!

Thereof nought remaynes but the
memoree;

O carefull verse!

Ay me! that dreerie death should strike
so mortall stroke,

That can undoe Dame Natures kindly
course;

The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The fouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr

source,

And fouds of teares flowe in theyr stead
perforce:

The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.

O heavie herse!

The heavens doe melt in teares without
remorse;
O carefull verse!

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former
foode,
And hang theyr heads as they would learne
to weepe;
The beastes in forest wayle as they were
woode,
Except the wolves, that chase the wand-
ring sheepe,
Now she is gone that safely did hem
keepe:

The turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wound that death did
launch.
O heavie herse!
And Philomele her song with teares doth
steepe;
O carefull verse!

The water nymphs, that wont with her to
sing and daunce,
And for her girland olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of cypres doen
advauce;
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes
to weare,
Now bringen bitter eldre braunches seare;
The fatall sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heavie herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with
heavy cheare,
O carefull verse!

O! trustlesse state of earthly things, and
slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate
for nought,
And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked
scope;
Now have I learnd, a lesson derely
bought,
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought;
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heavie herse!
Yet saw I on the beare when it was
brought;
O carefull verse!

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters
deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyre furies forse,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous
corpse.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without
remorse?
O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happye herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy
sorrowes sourse;
O joyfull verse!

Why wayle we then? why weary we the
Gods with playnts,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the
saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards
light,
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.
I see thee, blessed soule, I see
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happye herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I
might!)

O joyfull verse!
Unwise and wretched men, to weete whats
good or ill,
We deeme of death as doome of ill
desert;
But knewe we, fooles, what it us brings
until,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!
No daunger there the shepherd can
astert;
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there
bene;
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay
greene.
O happy herse!
Make haste, ye shepheards, thether to
revert:
O joyfull verse!

Dido is gone afore; whose turn shall be the
next?
There lives shee with the blessed Gods in
blisse,

There drincks she nectar with ambrosia
mixt,
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe
misse.

The honour nowe of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepherds
prydē,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse!
Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted
is;
O joyfull verse!

PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOUSALL VERSE MADE BY
EDM. SPENSER

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE
OF THE TWO HONOURABLE & VERTUOUS
LADIES, THE LADIE ELIZABETH AND
THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET,
DAUGHTERS TO THE RIGHT HONOUR-
ABLE THE EARLE OF WORCESTER AND
ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE
GENTLEMEN MASTER HENRY GILFORD,
AND MASTER WILLIAM PETER, ESQUYERS

CALME was the day, and through the trem-
bling ayre
Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster
fayre:

When I, whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse
stay

In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my
brayne,

Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming
Themmes;

Whose ruty bancke, the which his river
hemmes,

Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with daintie
gemmes,

Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours,

Against the brydale day, which is not
long:

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose un-
tyde,

As each had bene a bryde:
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their
flasket;

And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.

Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet pallid
blew,

The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To decke their bridegromes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not
long:

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly
hewe

Come softly swimming downe along the
lee;

Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
The snow which doth the top of Pindus
strew

Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would
be

For love of Leda, whiter did appear:
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing
neare:

So purely white they were,
That even the gentle streame, the which
them bare,

Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes
spare

To wet their silken feathers, least they
might

Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so
fayre,

And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not
long :

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
end my song.

Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had
flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the christal
flood ;

Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed
still,

Their wondring eyes to fill.

Them seem'd they never saw a sight so
fayre,

Of fowles so lovely, that they sure did
deeme

Them heavenly borne, or to be that same
payre

Which through the skie draw Venus silver
teeme ;

For sure they did not seeme

To be begot of any earthly seede,

But rather angels or of angels breede :

Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they
say,

In sweetest season, when each flower and
weede

The earth did fresh aray ;

So fresh they seem'd as day,

Even as their brydale day, which was not
long :

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets
drew

Great store of flowers, the honour of the
field,

That to the sense did fragrant odours
yield,

All which upon those goodly birds they
threw,

And all the waves did strew,

That like old Peneus waters they did
seeme,

When downe along by pleasant Tempes
shore,

Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly
they streeme,

That they appeare, through lillies plente-
ous store,

Like a brydes chamber flore.

Two of those nymphes, meane while, two
garlands bound

Of freshest flowres which in that mead
they found,

The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they
crownd,

Whil'st one did sing this lay,

Prepar'd against that day,

Against their brydale day, which was not
long :

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

" Ye gentle birdes, the worlds faire orna-
ment,

And heavens glorie, whom this happie
hower

Doth leade unto your lovers blissful bower,
Joy may you have and gentle hearts con-
tent

Of your loves couplement :

And let faire Venus, that is Queene of
Love,

With her heart-quelling sonne upon you
smile,

Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to
remove

All loves dislike, and friendships faultie
guile

For ever to assoile.

Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts
accord,

And blessed plentie wait upon your bord ;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste
abound,

That fruitfull issue may to you afford,

Which may your foes confound,

And make your joyes redound,

Upon your brydale day, which is not long :

Sweete Themmes, run softlie, till I end
my song."

So ended she ; and all the rest around

To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their bridale daye should not
be long.

And gentle Eccho from the neighbour
ground

Their accents did resound.
 So forth those joyous birdes did passe
 along,
 Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde
 low,
 As he would speake, but that he lackt
 a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow.
 And all the foule which in his flood did
 dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did
 excell
 The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser starres. So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend,
 Against their wedding day, which was not
 long:
 Sweete Themmes, run softly, till I end
 my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
 That to me gave this lifes first native
 source;
 Though from another place I take my
 name,
 An house of auncient fame.
 There when they came, whereas those
 bricky towres,
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe
 doe ryde,
 Where now the studious lawyers have
 their bowers,
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights
 to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride:
 Next whereunto there standes a stately
 place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly
 grace
 Of that great lord which therein wont to
 dwell,
 Whose want too well now feeles my
 freendles case:
 But ah! here fits not well
 Olde woes, but joyes to tell,
 Against the bridale daye, which is not
 long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
 end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 Great Englands glory and the worlds wide
 wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all
 Spaine did thunder,
 And Hercules two pillors standing neere
 Did make to quake and feare.
 Faire branch of honor, flower of cheval-
 rie,
 That fillest England with thy triumphes
 fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlesse happinesse of thine owne
 name
 That promiseth the same:
 That through thy prowess and victorious
 armes
 Thy country may be freed from forraine
 harmes;
 And great Elisaes glorious name may
 ring
 Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide
 alarmes,
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following,
 Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
 end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord
 issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper when his golden
 hayre
 In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed
 fayre,
 Descended to the rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and
 feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of anie queene,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature:
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
 sight,
 Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens
 bright.
 They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
 Received those two faire brides, their
 loves delight,
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his bryde,

Against their brydale day, which is not
long :

Sweet Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

EPITHALAMION

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull
rymes,

That even the greatest did not greatly
scorne

To heare theyr names sung in your simple
layes,

But joyed in theyr praise ;

And when ye list your owne mishaps to
mourne,

Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck
did rayse,

Your string could soone to sadder tenor
turne,

And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment :

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with girlands
crown'd,

Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to
resound ;

Ne let the same of any be envie :

So Orpheus did for his owne bride !

So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;

The woods shall to me answer, and my
eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving
lampe

His golden beame upon the hils doth spred.
Having disperst the nights unchearefull
dampe.

Doe ye awake : and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love.

My truest turtle dove :

Bid her awake : for Hymen is awake.

And long since ready forth his maske to
move.

With his bright tead that flames with many
a flake.

And many a bachelor to waite on him.

In theyr fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soone her
dight,

For lo ! the wishèd day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes

past,

Pay to her usury of long delight :

And, whylest she doth her dight,

Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you
can heare

Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her
neare :

Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.

And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland

For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke

riband.

And let them make great store of bridale
poses.

And let them eeke bring store of other
flowers,

To deck the bridale bowers.

And let the ground whereas her foot shall
tread,

For feare the stones her tender foot should
wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

Which done, doe at her chamber dore
awayt,

For she will waken strayt ;

The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your
eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull
heed

The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to
feed —

Those trouts and pikes all others doo
excell —

And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy
lake.

Where none doo fishes take :

Bynd up the locks the which hang scat-
tered light,

And in his waters, which your mirror
make.

Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth
lie.

No blemish she may spie.

And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe
the deere.

That on the hoary mountayne used to
towre :

And the wylde wolves, which seeke them
to devoure,

With your steale darts doo chace from
comming neer ;

Be also present heere,

To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake ! for it is time ;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones
bed.

All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt
theyr laies

And carroll of loves praise.

The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft ;

The thrush replies ; the mavis descant
playes ;

The ouzell shrills ; the ruddock warbles
soft ;

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this dayes merriment.

Ah ! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus
long ?

When meeter were that ye should now
awake,

T' awayt the comming of your joyous
make,

And hearken to the birds love-learnèd song,
The dewy leaves among !

Nor they of joy and pleasance to you
sing.

That all the woods them answer, and theyr
eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmèd
were

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr
goodly beams

More bright than Hesperus his head doth
rere.

Come now, ye damzels, daughters of
delight,

Helpe quickly her to dight :

But first come ye fayre houres, which were
begot

In Joves sweet paradice of Day and Night ;
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre :

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian
Queene,

The which doe still adorne her beauties
pride,

Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride :
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene ;

And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,

The whiles the woods shal answer, and
your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :

Let all the virgins therefore well awayt :

And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her
groome,

Prepare your selves ; for he is comming
strayt.

Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day :

The joyfult day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,

And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,

For feare of burning her sunshyny face,

Her beauty to disgrace.

O fayrest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !

If ever I did honour thee aright,

Or sing the thing that mote thy mind
delight,

Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be myne ;

Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil
sing,

That all the woods shal answer, and theyr
eccho ring.

Harke ! how the minstrils gin to shrill
aloud

Their merry musick that resounds from far.
The pipe, the tabour, and the trembling
croud,

That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the damzels doe delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol
sweet,

That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe
the street,

Crying aloud with strong confusèd noyce,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, iō Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the heavens theyr shouting
shrill

Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr
eccho ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly
pace,

Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the
East,

Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would
weene

Some angell she had beene.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden
wyre,

Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres
atweene,

Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crownèd with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden queene.

Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so
loud,

So farre from being proud.

Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses
sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye
see

So fayre a creature in your towne before;

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues
store?

Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining
bright,

Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun
hath rudded,

Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame un-
crudged,

Her paps lyke lylies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble
towre;

And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high
degree,

Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,

And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusæes mazedful hed.

There dwels sweet love, and constant
chastity,

Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty;

There vertue raynes as queene in royal
throne,

And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,

And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seene these her celestial
treasures,

And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses
sing,

That al the woods should answer, and your
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,

And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands
trim,

For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps, and humble rever-
ence,

She commeth in, before th' Almightyes
view;

Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make ;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the joyous antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their
eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill
stayne

Like crimsin dyde in grayne :
That even th' angles, which continually
About the sacred altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more
fayre,

The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the
ground,

Are governèd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your
hand,

The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your
eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the bride
again ;

Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine ;
With joyance bring her and with jollity.

Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long
day ;

This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or
stay,

Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with
wine,

That they may sweat, and drunken be
withall.

Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of
vine ;

And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best :

The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll
sing,

To which the woods shall answer, and theyr
eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day :
This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.

This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he
sees.

But for this time it ill ordainèd was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter
weare :

Yet never day so long, but late would
passe.

Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day ;
And daunce about them, and about them
sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
eccho ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have
end,

And lende me leave to come unto my
love ?

How slowly do the houres theyr numbers
spend ?

How slowly does sad Time his feathers
move?

Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
Within the westerne fome:

Thy tyrèd steedes long since have need of
rest.

Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden
creast

Appeare out of the east.

Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of
love!

That all the host of heaven in rankes doost
lead,

And guydest lovers through the nights sad
dread,

How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling
light,

As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights
fore-past;

Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bryde into the brydall
boures.

The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odour sheetes, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answere, nor your
echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so long
expected,

That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love col-
lected,

Hast sumd in one, and cancellèd for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and
me,

That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;

But let the night be calme, and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afay:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena
lay,

When he begot the great Tiryntian
groome:

Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie
And begot majesty.

And let the mayds and yong men cease to
sing;

Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr
eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden
feares,

Breake gentle sleepe with misconceivèd
dout.

Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull
sights,

Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse
harmes,

Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr
charmes,

Ne let hob goblins, names whose sence we
see not,

Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shrieck oule nor the storke be
heard,

Nor the night raven, that still deadly
yels;

Nor damnd ghosts, cald up with mighty
spels,

Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still
croking

Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr
eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches
keepe,

That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to
 sleepe,

May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant
playne:

The whiles an hundred little wingèd loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none re-
 proves,

Their pretty stealthes shal worke, and
snares shal spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at
will!

For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your
toyes,

Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.

All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:

Now none doth hinder you, that say or
sing;

Ne will the woods now answer, nor your
eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window
peepes?

Or whose is that faire face that shines so
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleepest,
But walkes about high heaven al the
night?

O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:

For thou likewise didst love, though now
unthought,

And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee
brought,

His pleasures with thee wrought.

Therefore to us be favorable now;

And sith of wemens labours thou has
charge,

And generation goodly dost enlarge,

Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chaste wombe informe with timely
seed,

That may our comfort breed:

Till which we cease our hopefull hap to
sing;

Ne let the woods us answer, nor our
eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful
might

The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites has taught to solemnize;
And eke for comfort often callèd art
Of women in their smart;

Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.

And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle
hand

The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;

And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves
delight

With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen
free!

Grant that it may so be.

Til which we cease your further prayse to
sing;

Ne any woods shall answer, nor your
eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the
gods,

In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly
clods

In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same
remayne,

More then we men can fayne!

Poure out your blessing on us plentifully,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may
long possesse

With lasting happinesse,

Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious
merit,

May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,

And cease till then our tymely joyes to
sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our
eccho ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been
deckt,*

*Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse monument.*

NICHOLAS BRETON

PHYLLIDA AND CORYDON

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side
When as May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not.
She said, Never man was true;
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use.
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE BARGAIN

My true love hath my heart, and I have
his,
By just exchange one for another given:

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I
have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides:

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I
have his.

HIS LADY'S CRUELTY

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st
the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly
place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
case:

I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of
wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they
be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
possess?

Do they call "virtue" there — ungrate-
fulness?

THE HIGHWAY

HIGHWAY, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not un-
sweet,

Tempers her words to trampling horses'
feet

More oft than to a chamber-melody, —
Now bless'd you bear onward bless'd me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall
meet;

My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thank-
fully;

Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed ;
 By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time
 forgot ;
 Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sin-
 ful deed ;
 And that you know I envy you no lot
 O highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
 Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may
 kiss !

THOMAS NASHE

SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's
 pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
 in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do
 sing —
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses
 gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
 all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry
 lay —
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
 our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do
 greet —
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
 Spring, the sweet Spring !

MICHAEL DRAYTON

AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnish'd in warlike sort,

Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopp'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 Unto him sending ;
 Which he neglects the while
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 "Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazèd :
 Yet have we well begun ;
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself (quoth he)
 This my full rest shall be :
 England ne'er mourn for me
 Nor more esteem me :
 Victor I will remain
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell :
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vanward led ;
 With the main Henry sped
 Among his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there ;
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder;
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake:
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces!
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilbos drew,
 And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went —
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother;
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honour still pursue;
 Go and subdue!
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long:
 Quickly aboard bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretch'd sail
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
 West and by south forth keep!
 Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
 When Eolus scowls
 You need not fear;
 So absolute the deep.

And cheefully at sea
 Success you still entice
 To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold
Virginia,
 Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
 Fowl, vension, and fish,
 And the fruitfull'st soil
 Without your toil

Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land
Above the seas that flows
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere
Apollo's sacred tree —
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy Voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

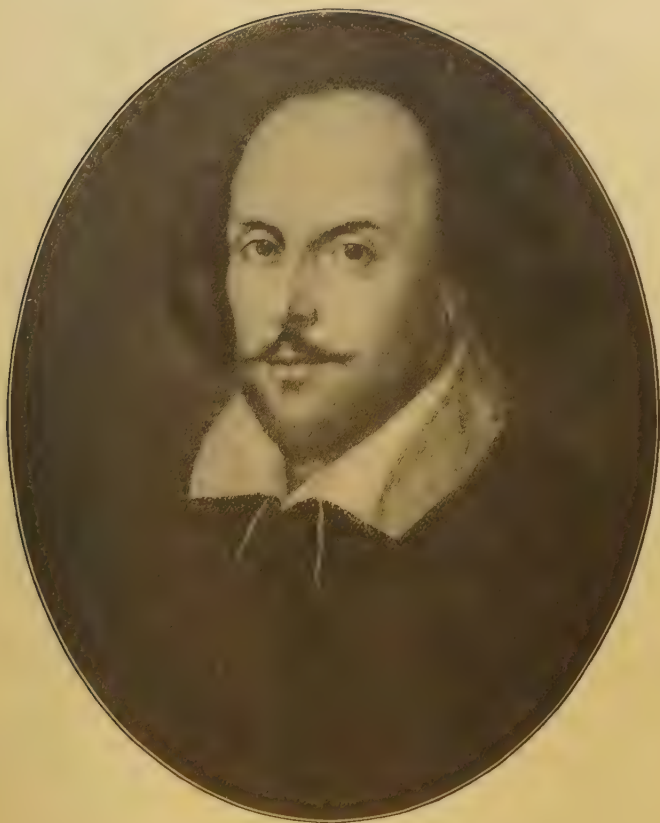
SPRING

From LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo! — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,



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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer
smocks,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo! — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER

From LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit!

To-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green
holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly.
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

From AS YOU LIKE IT

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino,
How that a life was but a flower

In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,

When birds do sing, hye ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

O MISTRESS MINE

From TWELFTH NIGHT

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

From MEASURE FOR MEASURE

TAKE, O take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn!

But my kisses bring again,

Bring again;

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,

Seal'd in vain!

SILVIA

From TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

WHO is Silvia? What is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she:

The heaven such grace did lend her,

That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:

Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

FANCY

From MERCHANT OF VENICE

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourishèd?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:

Let us all ring fancy's knell;

I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

Ding, dong, bell.

AUBADE

From CYMBELINE

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With everything that pretty bin,

My lady sweet, arise!

Arise, arise!

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

From THE TEMPEST

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough.

A SEA DIRGE

From THE TEMPEST

FULL fathom five thy father lies,
 Of his bones are coral made,
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong,
 Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

SONNETS

XXX

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent
 thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear
 time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless
 night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd
 woe,
 And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd
 sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear
 friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXIII

FULL many a glorious morning have I
 seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
 eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows
 green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly
 al-
 theme;
 Anon permit the base clouds ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the flock, like baits of orange birds,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine

With all-triumphant splendour on my
 brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour
 mine:
 The region cloud hath masked him from
 me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
 daineth:
 Suns of the world may stain, when
 heaven's sun staineth.

LX

LIKE as the waves make towards the peb-
 bled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes
 before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
 crowned,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift
 confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on
 youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to
 mow:
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall
 stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel
 hand.

LXXIII

THAT time of year thou may'st in me be-
 hold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
 hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against
 the cold —
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet
 birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of each day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take
 away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in
 rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd
by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy
love more strong

To love that well which thou must leave
ere long.

CXVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never
shaken;

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of
doom:—

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

BEN JONSON

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss but in the cup

And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise

Doth ask a drink divine;

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,

I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,

Not so much honouring thee

As giving it a hope that there

It could not wither'd be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

And sent'st it back to me;

Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,

Not of itself but thee!

THOMAS DEKKER

SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poor, yet has thou golden
slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd

To add to golden numbers golden num-
bers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet
content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny
nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd
spring?

O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine
own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden
bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet
content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny
nonny!

JOHN FLETCHER

HYMN TO PAN

SING his praises that doth keep

Our flocks from harm,

Pan, the father of our sheep;

And arm in arm

Tread we softly in a round,

Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground

Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee

Thus do we sing!

Thou who keep'st us chaste and free

As the young spring:

Ever be thy honour spoke

From that place the morn is broke
To that place day doth unyoke!

MELANCHOLY

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy —
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,

A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and
owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan —
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely
melancholy.

MILTON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

THE characteristic prose of Caroline and Commonwealth days is ornate, involved, ponderous, and laden with instance and quotation from the classics.

It is a prose rich and leisurely, full-toned in its phrasing, pleasant to the ear, with a grave and stately music. Essentially, it is Gothic. Much of this prose is metaphysical or theological in character, from the pens of grave and thoughtful men, — Anglicans, Presbyterians, Platonists, or advocates of that natural theology which was to eventuate in deism and Unitarianism on the one hand, and on the other in the romantic nature poetry of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. This prose is at its best in such works as Browne's *Religio Medici* and *Urn-Burial*.

Less rotund and pretentious is the prose of such intimate personal records as Lady Hutchinson's biography of her husband and Pepys's inimitable diary, and altogether unique is the homely, straightforward prose of Bunyan, a man who had no ambitions as a stylist other than to be understood by all readers.

With the Restoration a perceptible change takes place in prose style, and simplicity, directness, and terseness begin to supplant the florid and rotund phrases of the declining school. This change was of course due to the French example, and it is worthy of note that the Royal Society, founded in 1662, originally undertook as one of its purposes the reformation of English prose, passes "a resolution to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style," and, according to its formal declaration, "exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking, positive expressions, clear senses, a native easiness, bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can." This new ideal in line with the growing spirit of rationalism, found its full realization in the prose of the writers of Queen Anne.

The Life of Colonel Hutchinson (1664-1671), one of the regicide judges, by his wife, Lucy Apsley Hutchinson, furnishes a unique picture of the home life and of the characteristic modes of thought of an upper-class Puritan family. It introduces the reader to a home which combined domestic tenderness, grave but gracious deportment, learning, godliness, and a high sense of civic obligation. The figure of Colonel Hutchinson himself, in the words of Green, the historian, "stands out from his wife's canvass with the grace and tenderness of a portrait by Van Dyck."

Mrs. Hutchinson and Margaret Newcastle anticipate the intellectual emancipation of women, and show how readily woman was to achieve distinction in letters when equipped with education.

Margaret Cavendish (?1624-1674), Duchess of Newcastle, was considered impossible by the Court of Charles II, — that is, as nearly impossible as it was possible for a duchess to be considered. In the first place she was irritatingly moral. In the second place she was naively enthusiastic over her *own* husband, the handsome Duke, thirty years her senior. Again, she was so clever that in her presence other women felt mortifyingly conscious of their own stupidity. And finally, she persisted in wearing, with evident satisfaction, strange and uncouth garments of her own devising, preferably theatrical in design. The court nicknamed her "the Mad Duchess," and she ultimately exiled herself from a society that disgusted her.

As a writer she was most prolific, producing innumerable poems and plays, not to mention volumes of philosophical opinions. The poems are frequently graceful and fanciful, but the plays are stilted to a degree, for the characters are mere abstrac-

tions who philosophize endlessly. Her works of permanent value are the masterly biography of her husband, an intimate and picturesque sketch, and her clever letters.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) was one of the few English writers of his day to enjoy an international audience. The appearance of an unauthorized edition of the *Religio Medici* in 1642 and of an authorized version in 1643, was followed by no less than four Latin editions in 1644, two published at Leyden and two at Paris. In Paris, if a letter of Guy Patin under date of April 7, 1645 is to be trusted, the book was nothing short of a sensation. Moreover, so consistently did it gain in prestige upon the continent that Dutch, French, and German translations appeared respectively in 1695, 1698, and 1680.

How account for the vogue of this book? Its popularity could not reside in that for which we especially prize it to-day, the incomparably rich and sonorous diction, for this was necessarily sacrificed in translation. Rather it is to be explained on the ground that here, as opposed to other theological treatises, was an intimate document of personal religious belief, natural, free from philosophical esotericism, and essentially human, and that the author, while essentially a religious man, yet dared to confess frank distrust of much that was traditional, and recognized his own heart as the final seat of spiritual authority.

John Selden is one of those scholars whose fame, like that of Charles L. Dodgson, the Oxford mathematician and author of *Alice in Wonderland*, rests upon an incidental by-product of his life. He was a man of vast erudition, the foremost English student of the century in the fields of antiquities, orientology, and law, but he is popularly known to-day through his *Table Talk*, the chance sparks of his intellect, which a faithful secretary, Richard Milward, who played Boswell to this Johnson, jotted down for preservation. The *Table Talk* was not published till 1680, thirty-five years after Selden's death, when the revolution had given freedom to the press. While his scholarly writings are overweighted with learning and tough reading at the best, the conversations are characterized by a directness and lucidity which bear out the contemporary impression that he talked better than he wrote. They touch upon a very wide range of subjects. A contemporary relates that Selden attended the Westminster assembly of divines in 1643, with the intent "to humble the jure-divinoship of presbytery," and that when some divine would cite a passage of scripture to prove an assertion, Selden would scornfully remark, "Perhaps in your little pocket-bibles with gilt leaves the translation may be thus, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies thus or so." It is just such a scornful intellect, equipped with a vast knowledge of history and of life, that Selden displays in *Table Talk*.

Edward Herbert (1583-1633), First Baron Herbert of Cherbury, 'The black Lord Herbert' as he was admirably called because of his dark coloring, was one of the dashing bloods of the courts of Elizabeth and James. Gallants were kept busy gratifying his jealous and exacting sense of honor or dodging his challenges at arms, and even married women secured his miniature to worship in secret. Queen Elizabeth sighed that so fair a youth was wasted on an early marriage, and Queen Anne embarrassed him with her importunities. Herbert, for his part, had an eye for the ladies, so much so, in fact, that when engaged upon an urgent commission which took him from Turin to Lyons, he interrupted his journey to catch sight of a famous beauty, the daughter of an innkeeper, who had aroused the enthusiasm of certain friends. Years after he was able to catalogue her charms and to describe the color and design of her costume with the particularity of the connoisseur.

Although saddled with a wife four years his senior who was imposed upon him at the gentle age of sixteen, at Oxford Lord Herbert gained proficiency in French, Spanish, Italian, music, horsemanship, and fencing, outside of the curriculum. From the age of twenty-five to the age of forty-one he was much abroad, travelling for travel's sake, serving as a soldier of fortune under various banners, and from 1619 to 1624 representing

England as Ambassador at the French court. Vanity and love of adventure kept him constantly at the centre of the stage. At the fall of Juliers he was the first to set foot within the city, and when serving under the Dutch against the Spanish, was quick to accept a challenge — subsequently withdrawn — to decide the war by single combat.

But eager as he was for courts and knightly exploits, Herbert was also the scholar, and at intervals he withdrew from the active life to pursue that study of philosophy which eventuated in his *De Veritate* (*Of Truth*), the most considerable English philosophical work between Bacon and Hobbes.

The *Autobiography* is the nearest approach to the *Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini* that the English Renaissance produced.

Edward Hyde (1609-1674), Earl of Clarendon, councilor for Charles II and premier after the Restoration, was conspicuous in a profligate court for his morality and grave adherence to the national church and the theory of a constitutional monarchy. That the ultimate reward for his service was exile and death in a foreign land only enhances his dignity. His literary works, pursued with the same thoroughness that characterized his official conduct, embrace a *History of the Rebellion* and an autobiography. The style of these books is marked by a simplicity that allows no place to pedantry and ornamentation, and a diction strikingly modern. His name is permanently associated with the great university which he served as Chancellor, for the Clarendon Press was created from the profits on the sale of his history, on which the university has the perpetual copyright.

The bull fight, described in the selections, was witnessed in 1649 when Clarendon was in Spain seeking assistance for Charles II, then an exile.

In 1888 a statue of Izaak Walton (1593-1683), subscribed by "The Fishermen of England," was placed in the great screen of Winchester Cathedral. It was in part a tribute to the perennial freshness and charm of a rare personality. It was also a vote of confidence by Englishmen in themselves and in their land, for this book is instinct with the spirit of rural England — sun-drenched, flower-pied meadows, quiet streams, cool copses, and kindly country-folk —, and instinct with the English love of sport.

Walton was a country boy, of yeoman parentage, and received but slender schooling. At an early age he went up to London, in a very few years established himself comfortably in business, and devoted the leisure hours of a long life — he died in his ninety-first year — to companionship with interesting men, to literature, and to the enjoyments of out-of-doors.

Although he had well-defined royalist sympathies and followed with much anxiety the events of the civil war, and although his domestic life was sown with much bereavement, he did not allow his spirit to be warped or embittered by the political acerbities of his day, or by his own private adversities.

His genial spirit, his enthusiasm for letters, and his sensitive response to all beauty and excellence won him the friendship of learned scholars, literati and divines — such men as Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Ben Jonson, and the poet Drayton — and it was more as a solicitation of friendship than an act of charity that the Bishop of Winchester offered him, in his declining years, permanent asylum in his palace.

Walton's books were the products of his riper years, and they display the gentle humor, the kindly philosophy, and the spiritual composure of a man who grew old gracefully. The biographies of Donne and Wotton were written in later middle life, *The Compleat Angler* was not finished until the author had reached the serenity of sixty, in a life that from the first was more than ordinarily serene, and the lives of Hooker and Herbert were products of his seventies.

Of *The Compleat Angler*, Andrew Lang has remarked: "Our angling literature is copious, practical, full of anecdote; Walton alone gave it style. He is not so much unrivalled as absolutely alone. Heaven meant him for the place he fills, as it meant the

cowslip and the Mayfly." Of the lives it is no exaggeration to say that they inaugurated the modern style of intimate and friendly biography.

John Milton (1608-1674) is the most complete exponent of cultured and educated — as opposed to vulgar and illiterate — Puritanism. The facts of his life are briefly these: reared in an atmosphere of music, art, literature, and godliness; fitted at the best preparatory school in London — St. Paul's; trained at Christ College, Cambridge; after graduation, nearly six years for quiet study and the writing of poetry; abroad for extensive continental travel and contact with distinguished foreigners, Galileo among the rest; recalled by the revolution; for two decades putting poetry aside to act as Latin Secretary to the Council of State and to write potent, if at times intemperate, pamphlets in behalf of private and civic liberty — on divorce, on the freedom of the press, against Episcopacy, in defense of the execution of Charles I and the establishment of the Commonwealth; twice married in the meantime, first to a frivolous girl of seventeen who ran away for a season but returned to leave him three light-headed and obstreperous daughters, and then to a woman of more congenial qualities who shortly died in childbirth; blind: in hiding for his life when the Restoration upset the Commonwealth; three years of relative obscurity and poverty in which he returned to poetry and wrote *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, great "spiritual summaries of his life of lost ideals"; incidentally a third marriage to a young woman who may have helped him to hold the balance of power against his stubborn daughters; and then seven final years of inactivity and poor health, though "he would be very cheerful in his gout fits, and sing." It is not an enviable biography, as we customarily look at life. Yet, despite all adversities, Milton produced the immortal epic of the English race, and established the boundaries of public and private liberty.

Milton's *Second Defence* (1654) was written in Latin and strictly speaking is not a part of English literature at all, but the translation of a considerable portion is nevertheless included in the selections because it furnishes a more comprehensive understanding of the mind and heart of Milton than any of his English prose writings. In this document he reviews much of his own life and in a high and excellent spirit lays down principles of good citizenship applicable to any society and peculiarly pertinent to present-day American life.

The son of a tinker, and himself a tinker; slenderly schooled; in church Sunday morning, playing ball and swearing on the green Sunday afternoon, tormented with visions of hell Sunday evening; converted by a woman who reproved him for his blasphemy; married to a girl as poor as himself, who brought for a dowry only *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Piety*; a Baptist preacher holding spellbound the crowds who gathered in fields or in chapels and who affectionately dubbed him "Bishop Bunyan"; a prisoner in Bedford jail for twelve years, groaning aloud at the thought of his destitute family and especially of his little blind daughter, yet making shoe laces for their support, reading the Bible and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and writing *The Pilgrim's Progress*; a free man again, tinkering and preaching; and overtaken by death as a consequence of a hard ride in a storm to reconcile a stubborn father and a stubborn son; — such are some of the high points in the life of John Bunyan (1628-1688). Yet it is a life not to be sketched in a few lines; rather it should be read in his own inimitable record, *Grace Abounding*. Bunyan is, *par excellence*, the exponent of the Puritan spirit in prose, as Milton in verse. Editions in seventy-five languages testify that here was a man who speaks straight to the hearts of men.

One derives the same furtive pleasure from Samuel Pepys's *Diary* (1660-1669) as from reading another's private correspondence or peering under the neighbor's shades. Pepys wrote with the utmost frankness, relying upon the cipher which he employed to protect him from curious eyes, whether of his wife or of future generations. This diary came to assume almost the reality of a human companion, and with it he not only

reviewed the events of the day and chuckled over the latest bit of scandal, but to it confided those personal vanities, foibles and small hypocrisies which most men are not honest enough to confess even to themselves.

The *Diary* covers the years from January 1, 1660 to May 31, 1669, when Pepys was between the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-six. It was a period in his life when he was daily gaining in prestige and influence as the ablest of the naval officials, cultivating friendship in high places, building up a goodly fortune, and indulging his leisure hours in much-relished diversions, ordinarily quite harmless, but at times over-convivial, or sufficiently irregular to be hidden from the inquisitorial eyes of his pretty, though rather tiresome, young wife. There is not a dry passage in the *Diary*, and it is a richly human document as well as a most precious reflection of contemporary life.

It is to be regretted that Pepys did not continue the *Diary* through the remaining thirty-four years of his eventful career. Samuel Pepys of sixty, his blood cooled by age, sagely experienced, the august President of the Royal Society, a virtuoso of distinction, the intimate friend of scientists, poets, and artists—Sir Issac Newton, Dryden, Sir Christopher Wren, Godfrey Kneller, the court painter—, we would fain know this Samuel Pepys as intimately as his younger counterpart.

The *Diary* of John Evelyn gives picturesque chronicles of the events of his life from 1641—when he was twenty-one years of age, to 1706, the year of his death. Since its publication in 1818, it has been one of the most important source books for the contemporary history. Evelyn did not have so good a nose for scandal as his friend, Pepys, and he does not keep the reader on the *qui vive* for risque situations, but he was an interesting man, nevertheless, who wrote treatises on a wide variety of subjects—engraving, numismatics, forestation, salads, and the history of religion—, made proposals for eliminating the smoke of London and removing cemeteries to the suburbs, cultivated gardens, collected curios, and played enough of a part in public affairs to keep the reader in touch with the drift of events.

MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

SOCIABLE LETTERS

AGE, WRINKLES, RUIN, AND DEATH

MADAM,—The Lady C. E. ought not to be reproved for grieving for the loss of her beauty, for beauty is the light of our sex, which is eclipsed in middle age, and benighted in old age, wherein our sex sits in melancholy darkness, and the remembrance of beauty past, is as a displeasing dream. The truth is, a young beautiful face is a friend, whereas an old withered face is an enemy; the one causes love, the other aversion: yet I am not of Mrs. U. R.'s humour, which had rather die before her beauty, than that her beauty should die before her: for I had rather live with wrinkles, than die with youth; and had rather my face clothed with time's sad mourning, than with death's white hue;

and surely it were better to follow the shadow of beauty, than that beauty should go with the corpse to the grave; and I believe that Mrs. U. R. would do, as the tale is of a woman, that did wish, and pray she might die before her husband, but when death came, she entreated him to spare her, and take her husband; so that she would rather live without him, than die for him. But leaving this sad discourse of age, wrinkles, ruin and death.

I rest, Madam,

Your very faithful friend and servant.

THE LADY PURITAN AND THE PREACHERS

MADAM,—The pure lady, or Lady Puritan, is so godly, as to follow all those ministers she thinks are called and chosen by the Holy Spirit, to preach the word of God, whereas those ministers preach more their own words, than God's, for they interpret the Scripture to their own sense,

or rather to their factious humours and designs; and after their sermons, their female flocks gossip Scripture, visiting each other to confer notes and make repetitions of the sermons, as also to explain and expound them. For, first the minister expounds the Scripture, and then the women-hearers expound the sermon; so that there are expoundings upon expoundings, and preaching upon preaching, inasmuch as they make such a medley or hash of the Scripture, as certainly the right and truth is so hidden and obscured that none can find it; and surely the Holy Spirit, whom they talk so much of, knows not what they mean or preach, being so much and such nonsense in their sermons, as God Himself cannot turn to sense. But howsoever, it works on some to a good effect, and causes as much devotion amongst many, as if they preached learnedly, eloquently, and interpreted rightly, and to the true sense and meaning; for many sorrowful and penitent tears are shed. But whether they be bottled up in heaven, I know not: certainly Mary Magdalen could not weep faster for the time, or fetch deeper sighs, or stronger groans for her sins, than they do, which shows that they have been grievous sinners; but whether their sins were of the same kind as hers were, I cannot tell, and I think they would not confess, for confession they account popish. But truly, and verily, the Lady Puritan who hath been to visit me this afternoon, hath so tired me with her preaching discourse, as I think I shall not recover my weary spirits and deafened ears, this two days, unless a quiet sleep cure me. Nay, she hath so filled my head with words, as I doubt it will hinder my silent repose; howsoever I'll try: and so taking my leave as going to bed, I rest, Madam,

Your faithful fr. and s.

ON FEATHERS, MUFFS, AND SWORDS

MADAM, — I shall not trouble you now to buy the round of feathers that came out of France, for I have one made here in this town both cheaper and better than those

were; but I have sent as many several messages, or letters, concerning the cap and feathers, as I have heard a lady did to her husband, being in the chief city, and she in the country, who sent to him to buy her a hat and feather, the next week she sent to buy her a hat, but not a feather, the third week, to buy her a feather but not a hat, the fourth week she would have neither hat nor feather. But I have bought a cap, and many feathers, not only that they are in fashion, but for use, for the hanging, or falling feathers shadow my face from the burning sun, and fan a gentle air on my face, that cools the sultry heat, so that were it not a general fashion, it should be my particular fashion in summer time. Indeed, feathers, in my opinion, become women better than men, for women are more of the nature of birds than beasts, not only for their hopping and dancing, which resembles flying, but because they are more useless creatures, for most birds are of no use but to sing, and some to prate, they are neither useful for labor nor war, as most beasts are; 'tis true, vultures, ravens, crows, and such like birds, will be at the end of a battle, but 'tis only to feed on the dead carcasses slain in the battle, like those that feed on the slanders of their sex; also feathers are light, not for shining, but in weight, and so women have light natures; feathers are unsteady and restless, so are women both in body and mind; indeed feathers and muffs are not so seemly for men as for women, for how can a man guide his horse, or use his sword, when his hands are in a muff? Yet it was all the fashion the last winter for men to wear muffs, tied to a long string about their necks, the muffs hanging at the lower end of the string, and when they had an occasion to lay by their muffs, they flung them behind their backs, which seems like as poor, beggarly soldiers' knapsacks, or as tinkers' budgets, and the string about their neck seems like as if they were going to be hanged for stealing some bread and cheese, or for robbing an apple-orchard, or for stealing ragged linen off the hedges, or some such petty, or worthless things.

A WINTER CITY

MADAM, — If you were here in this city, now all the ground of the streets is covered with snow, you would see the young men and their mistresses ride in sleds by torch-light, the women and the men dressed anticly, as also their horses that draw their sleds; and then every sled having a fair lady, at least to her lover's thinking, sitting at one end of the sled, dressed with feathers and rich clothes, and her courting servant like a coachman, or rather a carter, bravely accoutred, driving the horses with a whip, which draw the sled upon the snow with a galloping pace, whilst footmen run with torches to light them. But many of these lovers, not using to drive horses so often as court mistresses, for want of skill overturn the sled, and so tumble down their mistresses in the snow, whereupon they being in a frightened haste, take them up from that cold bed, and then the mistress appears like a pale ghost, or dead body in a winding sheet, being all covered with white snow; and the sled, when the mistress is seated again, instead of a triumphant chair, seems like a virgin's funeral herse, carried, and buried by torch-light; and her feathers seem like a silver crown, that usually is laid thereon, also the sled is drawn then in a slow, funeral pace, for fear of a second fall. By this custom and practice you may know, we have here recreations for every season of the year, and as the old saying is, that pride in winter is never cold, so it may here be said, that love in winter is never cold; indeed, I have heard say, that love is hot, and to my apprehension it must be a very hot amorous love that is not cold this weather. But leaving the hot lovers in the cold snow, I rest, by the fireside, Madam,

Your very faithful friend and servant.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

THE EXCELLENCY OF NATURE

From RELIGIO MEDICI

Natura nihil agit frustra, (nature makes nothing in vain) is the only indisputable

axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces. In the most imperfect creatures, and such as were not preserved in the ark, but, having their seeds and principles in the womb of nature, are everywhere, where the power of the sun is, — in these is the wisdom of his hand discovered. Out of this rank Solomon chose the object of his admiration; indeed, what reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants, and spiders? What wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us? Ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels; these, I confess, are the colossus and majestic pieces of her hand; but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not Regio Montanus his fly beyond his eagle; or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature which, without farther travel, I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns, in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of his servant, nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other: this was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel. The

ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them than, in the other, all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not, with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts; but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work, that, with the self-same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a word, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created; — for God is like a skilful geometrician, who, when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore, to ascribe his actions unto her is to devolve the honour of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writing. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an

elephant ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms; and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or mis-shapen, but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form; nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

JOHN SELDEN

DEVILS

From TABLE-TALK

WHY have we none possessed with devils in England? The old answer is, the Protestants the Devil hath already, and the Papists are so holy he dares not meddle with them. Why then beyond seas where a nun is possessed, when a Huguenot comes into the Church, does not the Devil hunt them out? The priest teaches him you never saw the Devil throw up a nun's coats; mark that, the priest will not suffer it, for then the people will spit at him.

Casting out devils is mere juggling; they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it where for reverence no man shall dare to examine it; they do it in a corner, in a mortise-hole, not in the market place. They do nothing but what may be done by art; they make the Devil fly out of the window in the likeness of a

bat or a rat: why do they not hold him? Why in the likeness of a bat or a rat or some creature? That is, why not in some shape we paint him in, with claws or horns? By this trick they gain much, gain upon men's fancies, and so are revered; and certainly, if the priest deliver me from him that is my most deadly enemy, I have all the reason in the world to reverence him. *Objection:* But, if this be juggling, why do they punish impostures? *Answer:* For great reason, because they do not play their part well, and for fear others should discover them; and so all of them ought to be of the same trade.

A person of quality came to my chamber in the temple, and told me he had two devils in his head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me: with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me and that 'twas only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him if he would follow my directions to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the meantime I got a card, and lapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta, and, when he came gave it him to hang about his neck. - Withal charged him that he should not disorder himself neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better but not perfectly well, or in truth he had not dealt clearly with me. He had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. "Well," said I, "I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the

other two likewise." So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the same like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years and was never troubled after.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

A BULL-FIGHT

From the LIFE OF EDWARD HYDE

HERE the place was very noble, being the market-place, a very large square, built with handsome brick houses, which had all balconies, which were adorned with tapestry and very beautiful ladies. Scaffolds were built round to the first story, the lower rooms being shops, and for ordinary use: and in the division of these scaffolds, all the magistrates and officers of the town knew their places. The pavement of the place was all covered with gravel, which in summer time was upon these occasions watered by carts charged with hogs-heads of water. As soon as the king comes, some officers clear the whole ground from the common people, so that there is no man seen upon the plain but two or three alguazils, magistrates with their small white wands. Then one of the four gates which leads into the streets is opened, at which the toreadors enter, all persons of quality richly clad, and upon the best horses of Spain, every one attended by eight or ten or more lackeys, all clinkant with gold and silver lace, who carry the spears, which their masters are to use against the bulls; and with this entry many of the common

people break in, for which sometimes they pay very dear. The persons on horseback have all cloaks folded upon their left shoulder, the least disorder of which, much more the letting it fall, is a very great disgrace; and in that grave order they march to the place where the king sits, and after they have made their reverences, they place themselves at a good distance from one another, and expect the bull. The bulls are brought in the night before from the mountains by the people used to that work, who drive them into the town when nobody is in the streets, into a pen made for them, which hath a door, which opens into that large space; the key whereof is sent to the king, which the king when he sees everything ready, throws to an alguazil, who carries it to the officer that keeps the door, and he causes it to be opened, when a single bull is ready to come out. When the bull enters, the common people, who sit over the door or near it, strike him, or throw short darts with sharp points of steel, to provoke him to rage. He commonly runs with all his fury against the first man he sees on horseback, who watches him so carefully, and avoids him so dexterously, that when the spectators believe him to be even between the horns of the bull, he avoids by the quick turn of his horse, and with his lance strikes the bull upon a vein that runs through his pole, with which in a moment he falls down dead. But this fatal stroke can never be struck, but when the bull comes so near upon the turn of the horse, that his horn even touches the rider's leg, and so is at such a distance that he can shorten his lance, and use the full strength of his arm in the blow. And they who are the most skilful in the exercise do frequently kill the beast with such an exact stroke, insomuch as in a day two or three fall in that manner: but if they miss the vein, it only gives a wound that the more enrages him. Sometimes the bull runs with so much fierceness, (for if he escapes the first man, he runs upon the rest as they are in his way), that he gores the horse with his horns, and his guts come out, and he falls before the rider can get from his

back. Sometimes, by the strength of his neck, he raises horse and man from the ground, and throws both down, and then the greatest danger is another gore upon the ground. In any of these disgraces, or any other by which the rider comes to be dismounted, he is obliged in honour to take his revenge upon the bull by his sword, and upon his head, towards which the standers by assist him by running after the bull and hocking him, by which he falls upon his hinder legs; but before that execution can be done, a good bull hath his revenge upon many poor fellows. Sometimes he is so unruly that nobody dares to attack him, and then the king calls for his mastiffs, whereof two are let out at a time, and if they cannot master him, but are themselves killed, as frequently they are, the king then, as a last refuge, calls for the English mastiffs, of which they seldom turn above one at a time; and he rarely misses of taking the bull and holding him by the nose till the men run in; and after they have hocked him, they quickly kill him. In one of those days there were no fewer than sixteen horses, as good as any in Spain, the worst of which would that very morning have yielded three hundred pistoles, killed, and four or five men, besides many more of both hurt: and some men remain perpetually maimed: for after the horsemen have done as much as they can, they withdraw themselves, and then some accustomed nimble fellows, to whom money is thrown when they perform their feats with skill, stand to receive the bull, whereof the worst are reserved to the last: and it is a wonderful thing to see with what steadiness those fellows will stand a full career of the bull, and by a little quick motion upon one foot avoid him, and lay a hand upon his horn, as if he guided him from him; but then the next standers by, who have not the same activity, commonly pay for it, and there is no day without much mischief. It is a very barbarous exercise and triumph, in which so many men's lives are lost, and always ventured; but so rooted in the affections of that nation, that it is not in the king's power,

they say, to suppress it, though, if he disliked it enough, he might forbear to be present at it. There are three festival days in the year, whereof midsummer is one, on which the people hold it to be their right to be treated with these spectacles, not only in great cities, where they are never disappointed, but in very ordinary towns, where there are places provided for it. Besides those ordinary annual days, upon any extraordinary accident of joy, as at this time for the arrival of the queen, upon the birth of the king's children, or any signal victory, these triumphs are repeated, which no ecclesiastical censures or authority can suppress or discountenance. For pope Pius the Fifth, in the time of Philip the Second, and very probably with his approbation, if not upon his desire, published a bull against the *toros* in Spain, which is still in force, in which he declared, that nobody should be capable of Christian burial who lost his life at those spectacles, and that every clergyman who should be present at them stood excommunicated *ipso facto*; and yet there is always one of the largest galleries assigned to the office of the inquisition and the chief of the clergy, which is always filled; besides that many religious men in their habits get other places; only the Jesuits, out of their submission to the supreme authority of the pope, are never present there, but on those days do always appoint some solemn exercise to be performed, that obliges their whole body to be together.

IZAACK WALTON

TROUT AND TROUT FISHING

From THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

THE trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says his name is of a German

offspring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go further in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice that in several countries, as in Germany and in other parts, compared to ours, fish differ much in their bigness and shape, and other ways, and so do trouts: it is well known that in the Lake Lemman, the Lake of Geneva, there are trouts taken of three cubits long, as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit; and Mercator says the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know that there be certain waters that breed trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a gudgeon: there are also in divers rivers, especially that relate to or be near to the sea, as Winchester or the Thames about Windsor, a little trout called a samlet or skegger trout (in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing), that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows; these be by some taken to be young salmon; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a trout called there a Fordidge trout, a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of salmon, but known by

their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white; and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me, he thought *that* trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived, and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice that it is reported by good authors that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by dew, or worms that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we mortals know not; and this may be believed of the Fordidge trout, which, as it is said of the stork (Jerem. viii. 7), that "he knows his season," so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea, where he lives, and, it is like, feeds nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them, and boast much that their river affords a trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish: as namely, a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerly trout.

And now for some confirmation of the Fordidge trout: you are to know that this trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be better believed, because it is well known that swallows and bats and wagtails, which are called hali-year birds, and not seen

to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a better climate than this; yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves; where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat; and so Albertus observes, that there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter; and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these Fordidge trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly got in the sea (not unlike the swallow or frog), or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the chameleon are said to live by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a trout called a bull trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in the southern parts. And there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, salmon trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool. And certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is that the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice that he lives not so long as the perch and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And now you are to take notice that he is not like the crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death; but 'tis not so with the trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know that he

will about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get almost miraculously through weirs and floodgates against the streams; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and the water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the trout, that he is like the buck or the ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pasture that horses do, which will be fat in one month; and so you may observe that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season, than the trout doth.

And next you are to note that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the trout is sick and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall in winter find him to have a big head, and then to be lank, and thin, and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them sugs, or trout-lice, which is a kind of worm, in shape like a clove or pin, with a big head, and sticks close to him and sucks his moisture: those I think the trout breeds himself, and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead, still water, into the sharp streams and the gravel, and there rubs off these worms or lice; and then as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm or caddis; and these make the trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at that end of that month [May] than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed that usually the best trouts are either red or yellow; though some (as the Fordidge trout) be white and yet good; but that

is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female trout hath usually a less head and a deeper body than the male trout, and is usually the better meat. And note that a hogback and a little head to either trout, salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some trouts be in rivers sooner in season; and as some hollies or oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some trouts in rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note that there are several kinds of trouts; but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of trouts; just as pigeons do in most places; though it is certain there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmets and runts, and carriers and coppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of trouts especially, which differ in their bigness and shape and spots and color. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens. And, doubtless, there is a kind of small trout, which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size; which you may rather believe if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk or the musical thrassel or blackbird exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR [The HUNTER]. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR [The ANGLER]. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three more turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing-net; so, sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? is not this worth all my labor and your patience?

VEN. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout: what shall we do with him?

PISC. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time, without offense to God or man.

VEN. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISC. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you, sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed chub; come hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fish-

ing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder; on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK-W. Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you

come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God. I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads: for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men: in the meantime will you drink a draft of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

PISC. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILK-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it Come, shepherds, deck your heads? or, As at noon *Dulcina* rested? or, *Philida* flouts me? or, *Chevy Chase*? or, *Johnny Armstrong*? or, *Troy Town*?

PISC. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sang the first part, and you sang the answer to it.

MILK-W. Oh, I know it now. I learned it the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies.

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VEN. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, and sing sweetly all the day and sleep securely all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.

A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Pisc. Well sung, good woman; I
thank you. I'll give you another dish
of fish one of these days, and then beg
another song of you. Come, scholar, let
Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil
her voice. Look, yonder comes mine
hostess, to call us to supper. How now?
Is my brother Peter come?

Host. Yes, and a friend with him,
they are both glad to hear that you are
in these parts, and long to see you, and
long to be at supper, for they be very
hungry.

JOHN MILTON

HYMN ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

It was the winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun her lusty para-
mour.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent
snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,
The saintly vail of maiden white to
throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul de-
formities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace:
She crown'd with olive green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall peace through sea
and land.

No war, or battails sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up
hung;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armèd
throng,
And kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord
was by.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde
Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmèd wave.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them
thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid
them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself with-held his wonted
speed,
And hid his head for shame.
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more
should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright throne, or burning axletree
could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep.
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busie keep

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each
heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrill-
ing.
Now was almost won
To think her part was don,
And that her reign had here its last ful-
filling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier
union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac't
night array'd,
The helm'd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
displaid.
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-
born Heir.

Such musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set.
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges
hung.
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy
channel keep.

Ring out ye crystall spears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of heav'n's deep organ
blow
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th'angelike 'sym-
phony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly
mould,
And Hell it self will pass away.
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th'enameld arras of the rain-bow wear-
ing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in celestially sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
down stearing,



From a painting by Kramer

JOHN MILTON

And Heav'n as at som festivall,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds
out brake:
The agèd Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center
shake;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle air shall
spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy
day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd
sway
And wrath to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his fouled
tail.

The Oracles are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the archèd roof in words
deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of Delphos
leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd priest from the
prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud
lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The nimphe in twilight shade of tangled
thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with mid-
night plaint,
In urns, and altars round,
A drear, and dying sound
Affrights the flamins at their service
quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his
wonted seat.

Peor, and Baalim,
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Pales-
tine,
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heav'ns queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine,
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thamuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dred
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismall dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis hast.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshowr'd grasse with
lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his
shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipt
ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dredged Infants hand,
 The rayes of Bethlehem blind his dusky
 eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky
 twine:
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the
 damnéd crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th'infernall jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his severall
 grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fayes,
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
 moon-lov'd maze.

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious song should here
 have ending:
 Heav'ns youngest teemèd star,
 Hath fixt her polisht car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp
 attending.
 And all about the courtly stable,
 Bright-harnest angels sit in order service-
 able.

LYCIDAS

A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND DROWNED IN
 HIS PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE
 IRISH SEAS, 1637

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sear,
 I com to pluck your berries harsh and
 crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
 year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bear
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
 spring,

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
 string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may som gentle muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and
 rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
 pear'd

Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry
 horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of
 night,

Oft till the star that rose, at ev'ning, bright
 Toward heav'ns descent had slop'd his
 westerling wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th'oaten flute;
 Rough satyrs danc'd, and fauns with
 clov'n heel,

From the glad sound would not be absent
 long,

And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art
 gon,

Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert
 caves,

With wilde thyme and the gadding vine
 o'regrown,

And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazle copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
 layes.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
 graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrop
 wear,

When first the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids
ly,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard
stream:

Ay me, I fondly dream!

Had ye bin there — for what could that
have don?

What could the muse her self that Orpheus
bore,

The muse her self, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous
roar,

His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherds
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankles Muse:
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred
shears,

And slits the thin spun life. But not the
praise,

Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling
ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour
lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
eyes,

And perfet witnes of all judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy
meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd
flood,

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with
vocall reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oate proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea.

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellow
winds,

What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle
swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promon-
tory,

They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon
stray'd,

The ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing
slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with
woe.

Ah; who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest
pledge?

Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keyes he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

He shook his miter'd locks, and stern be-
spoke:

How well could I have spar'd for thee,
young swain,

Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to scramble at the shearers
feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves
know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els
the least

That to the faithfull herdsmans art belongs !
What reck's it them ? What need they ?

They are sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy
songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw :

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy
paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams ; Return Sicilian
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither
cast

Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers
use,

Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely
looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enameld
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honied
showres,

And purple all the ground with vernal
flowres.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
dies.

The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
The white pink, and the pansie freakt with
jeat,

The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd wood-
bine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
hed,

And every flower that sad embroidery
wears :

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid
lies.

For so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false
surmise.

Ay me ! Whilst thee the shores, and
sounding seas

Wash far away, where ere thy bones are
hurld,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming
tide

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great vision of the guarded
Mount

Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
hold ;

Look homeward angel now, and melt with
ruth.

And, O ye dolphins, waft the haples youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds weep no
more,

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new
spangled ore,

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd
the waves

Where other groves, and other streams
along,

With nectar pure his oozy lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptiall song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
love.

There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas the shepherds weep no more :
Hence forth thou art the genius of the
shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'okes
and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals
gray ;

He touch'd the tender stops of various
quills,

With eager thought warbling his doric
lay :
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the
hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay ;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle
blew :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures
new.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world
and wide,
And that one talent which is death to
hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning
chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light
deny'd,
I fondly ask ; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who
best
Bear his milde yoaik, they serve him best,
his state
Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding
speed
And post o're land and ocean without
rest :
They also serve who only stand and
waite.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints,
whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains
cold ;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of
old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and
stones,
Forget not : In Thy book record their
groans

Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway

The triple Tyrant : that from these may
grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy
way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight
born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-
browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic Wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles.

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as ye go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin;
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorne in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new
 pleasures,
 Whilst the landskip round it measures:
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of hearbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holyday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat:
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by Friar's lanthorn led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubbar fend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop Queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain.
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come; but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I heard the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
 And of those dæmons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bow ;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar King did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the
 ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownc'd, as she was
 wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,

Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute-drops from off the eaves.
 And, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed
 haunt.

There, in close covert, by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antick pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blōw,
 To the full voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine
 ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell,
 Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
 And every hearb that sips the dew ;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

TRUE LIBERTY

*From THE SECOND DEFENCE OF
THE PEOPLES OF ENGLAND*

If you leave the church to its own government, and relieve yourself and the other public functionaries from a charge so onerous, and so incompatible with your functions; and will no longer suffer two powers, so different as the civil and the ecclesiastical, to commit fornication together, and by their mutual and delusive aids in appearance to strengthen, but in reality to weaken and finally to subvert, each other; if you shall remove all power of persecution out of the church (but persecution will never cease, so long as men are bribed to preach the gospel by a mercenary salary, which is forcibly extorted, rather than gratuitously bestowed, which serves only to poison religion and to strangle truth), you will then effectually have cast those money-changers out of the temple, who do not merely truckle with doves but with the Dove itself, with the Spirit of the Most High. Then, since there are often in a republic men who have the same itch for making a multiplicity of laws, as some poetasters have for making many verses, and since laws are usually worse in proportion as they are more numerous, if you shall not enact so many new laws as you abolish old, which do not operate so much as warnings against evil, as impediments in the way of good; and if you shall retain only those which are necessary, which do not confound the distinctions of good and evil, which while they prevent the frauds of the wicked, do not prohibit the innocent freedoms of the good, which punish crimes, without interdicting those things which are lawful only on account of the abuses to which they may occasionally be exposed. For the intention of laws is to check the commission of vice; but liberty is the best school of virtue, and affords the strongest encouragements to the practice. Then, if you make a better provision for the education of our youth than has hitherto been made, if you prevent the promiscuous instruction of the docile and the indocile,

of the idle and the diligent, at the public cost, but reserve the rewards of learning for the learned, and of merit for the meritorious. If you permit the free discussion of truth without any hazard to the author, or any subjection to the caprice of an individual, which is the best way to make truth flourish and knowledge abound, the censure of the half-learned, the envy, the pusillanimity, or the prejudice which measures the discoveries of others, and in short every degree of wisdom, by the measure of its own capacity, will be prevented from doling out information to us according to their own arbitrary choice. Lastly, if you shall not dread to hear any truth, or any falsehood, whatever it may be, but if you shall least of all listen to those who think that they can never be free till the liberties of others depend on their caprice, and who attempt nothing with so much zeal and vehemence as to fetter, not only the bodies but the minds of men, who labour to introduce into the state the worst of all tyrannies, the tyranny of their own depraved habits and pernicious opinions; you will always be dear to those who think not merely that their own sect or faction, but that all citizens of all descriptions, should enjoy equal rights and equal laws. If there be any one who thinks that this is not liberty enough, he appears to me to be rather inflamed with the lust of ambition or of anarchy, than with the love of a genuine and well-regulated liberty; and particularly since the circumstances of the country, which has been so convulsed by the storms of faction, which are yet hardly still, do not permit us to adopt a more perfect or desirable form of government.

For it is of no little consequence, O citizens, by what principles you are governed, either in acquiring liberty, or in retaining it when acquired. And unless that liberty which is of such a kind as arms can neither procure or take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance, and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your minds and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by treachery

what you have acquired by arms. War has made many great whom peace makes small. If after being released from the toils of war, you neglect the arts of peace, if your peace and your liberty be a state of warfare, if war be your only virtue, the summit of your praise, you will, believe me, soon find peace the most adverse to your interests. Your peace will be only a more distressing war; and that which you imagined liberty will prove the worst of slavery. Unless by the means of piety, not frothy and loquacious, but operative, unadulterated, and sincere, you clear the horizon of the mind from those mists of superstition which arise from the ignorance of true religion, you will always have those who will bend your necks to the yoke as if you were brutes, who, notwithstanding all your triumphs, will put you up to the highest bidder, as if you were mere booty made in war; and will find an exuberant source of wealth in your ignorance and superstition. Unless you will subjugate the propensity to avarice, to ambition, and sensuality, and expel all luxury from yourselves and from your families, you will find that you have cherished a more stubborn and intractable despot at home, than you ever encountered in the field; and even your very bowels will be continually teeming with an intolerable progeny of tyrants. Let these be the first enemies whom you subdue; this constitutes the campaign of peace; these are triumphs, difficult indeed, but bloodless; and far more honourable than those trophies which are purchased only by slaughter and by rapine.

Unless you are victors in this service, it is in vain that you have been victorious over the despotic enemy in the field. For if you think that it is a more grand, a more beneficial, or a more wise policy, to invent subtle expedients for increasing the revenue, to multiply your naval and military force, to rival in craft the ambassadors of foreign states, to form skilful treaties and alliances, than to administer unpolluted justice to the people, to redress the injured, and to succour the distressed, and speedily to restore to every

one his own, you are involved in a cloud of error; and too late will you perceive, when the illusion of those mighty benefits has vanished, that in neglecting these, which you now think inferior considerations, you have only been precipitating your own ruin and despair. The fidelity of enemies and allies is frail and perishing, unless it be cemented by the principles of justice; that wealth and those honours, which most covet, readily change masters; they forsake the idle, and repair where virtue, where industry, where patience flourish most. Thus nation precipitates the downfall of nation; thus the more sound part of one people subverts the more corrupt; thus you obtained the ascendant over the royalists. If you plunge into the same depravity, if you imitate their excesses, and hanker after the same vanities, you will become royalist as well as they, and liable to be subdued by the same enemies, or by others in your turn; who, placing their reliance on the same religious principles, the same patience, the same integrity and discretion which made you strong, will deservedly triumph over you who are immersed in debauchery, in the luxury and the sloth of kings. Then, as if God was weary of protecting you, you will be seen to have passed through the fire, that you might perish in the smoke; the contempt which you will then experience will be great as the admiration which you now enjoy; and, what may in future profit others, but cannot benefit yourselves, you will leave a salutary proof what great things the solid reality of virtue and of piety might have effected, when the mere counterfeit and varnished resemblance could attempt such mighty achievements, and make such considerable advances towards the execution. For, if either through your want of knowledge, your want of constancy, or your want of virtue, attempts so noble, and actions so glorious, have had an issue so unfortunate, it does not therefore follow that better men should be either less daring in their projects or less sanguine in their hopes. But from such an abyss of corruption into which you so readily fall, no one, not even

Cromwell himself, nor a whole nation of Brutuses, if they were alive, could deliver you if they would, or would deliver you if they could. . . . For who would vindicate your right of unrestrained suffrage, or of choosing what representatives you liked best, merely that you might elect the creatures of your own faction, whoever they might be, or him, however small might be his worth, who would give you the most lavish feasts, and enable you to drink to the greatest excess? Thus not wisdom and authority, but turbulence and gluttony, would soon exalt the vilest miscreants from our taverns and our brothels, from our towns and villages, to the rank and dignity of senators. For, should the management of the republic be entrusted to persons to whom no one would willingly entrust the management of his private concerns; and the treasury of the state be left to the care of those who had lavished their own fortunes in an infamous prodigality? Should they have the charge of the public purse, which they would soon convert into a private, by their unprincipled speculations? Are they fit to be the legislators of a whole people who themselves know not what law, what reason, what right and wrong, what crooked and straight, what licit and illicit means? who think that all power consists in outrage, all dignity in the parade of insolence? who neglect every other consideration for the corrupt gratification of their friendships, or the prosecution of their resentments? who disperse their own relations and creatures through the provinces, for the sake of levying taxes and confiscating goods; men, for the greater part, the most profligate and vile, who buy up for themselves what they pretend to expose for sale, who thence collect an exorbitant mass of wealth, which they fraudulently divert from the public service; who thus spread their pillage through the country, and in a moment emerge from penury and rags to a state of splendour and of wealth? Who could endure such thievish servants, such vicegerents of their lords? Who could believe that the masters and the patrons of a banditti

could be the proper guardians of liberty? or who would suppose that he should ever be made one hair more free by such a set of public functionaries (though they might amount to five hundred elected in this manner from the counties and boroughs), when among them who are the very guardians of liberty, and to whose custody it is committed, there must be so many, who know not either how to use or to enjoy liberty, who neither understand the principles nor merit the possession?

But, what is worthy of remark, those who are the most unworthy of liberty are wont to behave most ungratefully towards their deliverers. Among such persons, who would be willing either to fight for liberty, or to encounter the least peril in its defence? It is not agreeable to the nature of things that such persons ever should be free. However much they may brawl about liberty, they are slaves, both at home and abroad, but without perceiving it; and when they do perceive it, like unruly horses that are impatient of the bit, they will endeavour to throw off the yoke, not from the love of genuine liberty (which a good man only loves and knows how to obtain), but from the impulses of pride and little passions. But though they often attempt it by arms, they will make no advances to the execution; they may change their masters, but will never be able to get rid of their servitude. This often happened to the ancient Romans, wasted by excess, and enervated by luxury: and it has still more so been the fate of the moderns; when, after a long interval of years, they aspired, under the auspices of Crescentius, Nomentanus, and afterwards of Nicolas Rentius, who had assumed the title of Tribune of the People, to restore the splendour and re-establish the government of ancient Rome. For, instead of fretting with vexation, or thinking that you can lay the blame on any one but yourselves, know that to be free is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be temperate and just, to be frugal and abstinent, and lastly, to be magnanimous and brave; so to be the opposite of all these is the same as to be a slave; and it

usually happens, by the appointment, and as it were retributive justice, of the Deity, that that people which cannot govern themselves, and moderate their passions, but crouch under the slavery of their lusts, should be delivered up to the sway of those whom they abhor, and made to submit to an involuntary servitude. It is also sanctioned by the dictates of justice and by the constitution of nature, that he who from the imbecility or derangement of his intellect, is incapable of governing himself, should, like a minor, be committed to the government of another; and least of all should he be appointed to superintend the affairs of others or the interest of the state. You, therefore, who wish to remain free, either instantly be wise, or, as soon as possible, cease to be fools; if you think slavery an intolerable evil, learn obedience to reason and the government of yourselves; and finally bid adieu to your dissensions, your jealousies, your superstitions, your outrages, your rapine, and your lusts. Unless you will spare no pains to effect this, you must be judged unfit, both by God and mankind, to be entrusted with the possession of liberty and the administration of the government; but will rather, like a nation in a state of pupillage, want some active and courageous guardian to undertake the management of your affairs.

With respect to myself, whatever turn things may take, I thought that my exertions on the present occasion would be serviceable to my country; and as they have been cheerfully bestowed, I hope that they have not been bestowed in vain. And I have not circumscribed my defence of liberty within any petty circle around me, but have made it so general and comprehensive, that the justice and the reasonableness of such uncommon occurrences, explained and defended, both among my countrymen and among foreigners, and which all good men cannot but approve, may serve to exalt the glory of my country, and to excite the imitation of posterity. If the conclusion do not answer to the beginning, that is their concern; I have delivered my testimony,

I would almost say, have erected a monument, that will not readily be destroyed, to the reality of those singular and mighty achievements which were above all praise. As the epic poet, who adheres at all to the rules of that species of composition, does not profess to describe the whole life of the hero whom he celebrates, but only some particular action of his life, as the resentment of Achilles at Troy, the return of Ulysses, or the coming of Æneas into Italy; so it will be sufficient, either for my justification or apology, that I have heroically celebrated at least one exploit of my countrymen; I pass by the rest, for who could recite the achievements of a whole people? If after such a display of courage and of vigour, you basely relinquish the path of virtue, if you do anything unworthy of yourselves, posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct. They will see that the foundations were well laid; that the beginning (nay, it was more than a beginning) was glorious; but with deep emotions of concern will they regret, that those were wanting who might have completed the structure. They will lament that perseverance was not conjoined with such exertions and such virtues. They will see that there was a rich harvest of glory, and an opportunity afforded for the greatest achievements, but that men only were wanting for the execution; while they were not wanting who could rightly counsel, exhort, inspire, and bind an unfading wreath of praise round the brows of the illustrious actors in so glorious a scene.

EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

AN AFFAIR BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

*From the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD,
LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY*

THERE was a lady also, wife to Sir John Ayres, knight, who finding some means to get a copy of my picture from Karkin, gave it to Mr. Issac Oliver, the painter in Blackfriars, and desired him to draw it

in little after his manner; which being done, she caused it to be set in gold and enamelled, and so wore it about her neck, so low that she hid it under her breasts, which, I conceive, coming afterwards to the knowledge of Sir John Ayres, gave him more cause of jealousy than needed, had he known how innocent I was from pretending to any thing which might wrong him or his lady; since I could not so much as imagine that either she had my picture, or that she bare more than ordinary affection to me. It is true that she had a place in court, and attended Queen Anne, and was beside of an excellent wit and discourse, she had made herself a considerable person; howbeit little more than common civility ever passed betwixt us, though I confess I think no man was welcomer to her when I came, for which I shall allege this passage:—

Coming one day into her chamber, I saw her through the curtains lying upon her bed with a wax candle in one hand, and the picture I formerly mentioned in the other. I coming thereupon somewhat boldly to her, she blew out the candle, and hid the picture from me; myself thereupon being curious to know what that was she held in her hand, got the candle to be lighted again, by means whereof I found it was my picture she looked upon with more earnestness and passion than I could easily have believed, especially since myself was not engaged in any affection towards her. I could have willingly omitted this passage, but that it was the beginning of a bloody history which followed: howsoever, yet I must before the Eternal God clear her honour.

And now in court a great person (Queen Anne) sent for me divers times to attend her, which summons though I obeyed, yet God knoweth I declined coming to her as much as conveniently I could, without incurring her displeasure; and this I did not only for very honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because that affection passed betwixt me and another lady (who I believe was the fairest of her time) as nothing could divert it. I had not been long in London, when a violent

burning fever seized upon me, which brought me almost to my death, though at last I did by slow degrees recover my health.

Being thus upon my amendment, the Lord Lisle, afterwards Earl of Leicester, sent me word that Sir John Ayres intended to kill me in my bed, and wished me keep a guard upon my chamber and person. The same advertisement was confirmed by Lucy, Countess of Bedford, and the Lady Hobby shortly after. Hereupon I though fit to entreat Sir William Herbert, now Lord Powis, to go to Sir John Ayres, and tell him that I marvelled much at the information given me by these great persons, and that I could not imagine any sufficient ground hereof; howbeit, if he had anything to say to me in a fair and noble way, I would give him the meeting as soon as I had got strength enough to stand upon my legs. Sir William hereupon brought me so ambiguous and doubtful an answer from him, that whatsoever he meant, he would not declare yet his intention, which was really as I found afterwards, to kill me any way that he could, since, as he said, though falsely, I had duped his wife. Finding no means thus to surprise me, he sent me a letter to this effect; that he desired to meet me somewhere, and that it might so fall out as I might return quietly again. To this I replied, that if he desired to fight with me upon equal terms, I should upon assurance of the field and fair play, give him meeting when he did any way specify the cause, and that I did not think fit to come to him upon any other terms, having been sufficiently informed of his plots to assassinate me.

After this, finding he could take no advantage against me, then, in a treacherous way, he resolved to assassinate me in this manner; hearing I was to come to Whitehall on horseback, with two lackeys only, he attended my coming back in a place called Scotland Yard, at the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed, on purpose to kill me.

I took horse at Whitehall Gate, and

passing by that place, he being armed with a sword and dagger, without giving me so much as the least warning, ran at me furiously, but instead of me, wounded my horse in the brisket, as far as his sword could enter for the bone. My horse hereupon starting aside, he ran him again in the shoulder, which, though it made the horse more timorous, yet gave me time to draw my sword. His men thereupon encompassed me, and wounded my horse in three places more; this made my horse kick and fling in that manner, as his men durst not come near me; which advantage I took to strike at Sir John Ayres with all my force, but he warded the blow both with his sword and dagger; instead of doing him harm, I broke my sword within a foot of the hilt. Hereupon some passenger that knew me, and observing my horse bleeding in so many places, and so many men assaulting me, and my sword broken, cried to me several times, "Ride away, ride away"; but I, scorning a base flight upon what terms soever, instead thereof, alighted as well as I could from my horse.

I had no sooner put one foot upon the ground, but Sir John Ayres pursuing me, made at my horse again, which the horse perceiving, pressed on me on the side I alighted, in that manner that he threw me down, so that I remained flat upon the ground, only one foot hanging in the stirrup, with that piece of a sword in my right hand. Sir John Ayres hereupon ran about the horse, and was thrusting his sword into me, when I, finding myself in this danger, did with both my arms reaching at his legs, pull them towards me, till he fell down backwards on his head. One of my footmen hereupon, who was a little Shropshire boy, freed my foot out of the stirrup; the other, which was a great fellow, having run away as soon as he saw the first assault. This gave me time to get upon my legs, and to put myself in the best posture I could with that poor remnant of a weapon.

Sir John Ayres by this time likewise was got up, standing betwixt me and some part of Whitehall, with two men on each

side of him, and his brother behind him, with at least twenty or thirty persons of his friends, or attendants of the Earl of Suffolk. Observing thus a body of men standing in opposition against me, though to speak truly I saw no swords drawn, but by Sir John Ayres and his men, I ran violently against Sir John Ayres; but he knowing my sword had no point, held his sword and dagger over his head, as believing I could strike rather than thrust; which I no sooner perceived but I put a home thrust to the middle of his breast, that I threw him down with so much force, that his head fell first to the ground, and his heel upwards. His men hereupon assaulted me; when one, Mr. Mansel, a Glamorganshire gentleman, finding so many set against me alone, closed with one of them; a Scotch gentleman also closing with another, took him off also. All I could well do to those two which remained was, to ward their thrusts, which I did with that resolution, that I got ground upon them.

Sir John Ayres was now got up a third time, when I was making towards him with the intention to close, thinking that there was otherwise no safety for me, put by a thrust of his with my left hand, and so coming within him, received a stab with his dagger on my right side, which ran down my ribs as far as my hip, which I feeling, did with my right elbow force his hand, together with the hilt of the dagger, so near the upper part of my right side, that I made him leave hold. The dagger now sticking in me, Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord of Falkland, and Lord Deputy of Ireland, finding the dagger thus in my body, snatched it out. This while I being closed with Sir John Ayres, hurt him on the head, and threw him down a third time, when, kneeling on the ground, and bestriding him, I struck at him as hard as I could with my piece of a sword, and wounded him in four several places, and did almost cut off his left hand. His two men this while struck at me; but it pleased God even miraculously to defend me; for when I lifted up my sword to strike at Sir John Ayres, I bore off their

blows half a dozen times. His friends, now finding him in this danger, took him by the head and shoulders, and drew him from betwixt my legs, and carried him along with them through Whitehall, at the stairs whereof he took boat. Sir Herbert Croft (as he told me afterwards) met him upon the water, vomiting all the way, which I believe was caused by the violence of the first thrust I gave him. His servants, brother, and friends being now retired also, I remained master of the place and his weapons; having first wrested his dagger from him, and afterwards struck his sword out of his hand.

JOHN EVELYN

OXFORD DEDICATES THE THEATRE

From the DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN

IN the morning (July 9, 1669), was celebrated the Encaenia of the New Theatre, so magnificently built by the munificence of Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, in which was spent £25,000, as Sir Christopher Wren, the architect (as I remember), told me; and yet it was never seen by the benefactor, my Lord Archbishop having told me that he never did or ever would see it. It is, in truth, a fabric comparable to any of its kind of former ages, and doubtless exceeding any of the present, as this University does for colleges, libraries, schools, students, and order, all the Universities in the world. To the theatre is added the famous Sheldonian printing-house. This being at the Act and the first time of opening the Theatre (Acts being formerly kept in St. Mary's church, which might be thought indecent, that being a place set apart for the immediate worship of God, and was the inducement for building this noble pile), it was now resolved to keep the present Act in it, and celebrate its dedication with the greatest splendour and formality that might be; and, therefore, drew a world of strangers, and other company, to the University, from all parts of the nation.

The Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses,

and Doctors, being seated in magisterial seats, the Vice-Chancellor's chair and desk, Proctors, etc. covered with brocatelle (a kind of brocade) and cloth of gold; the University Registrar read the founder's grant and gift of it to the University for their scholastic exercises upon these solemn occasions. Then followed Dr. South, the University's orator, in an eloquent speech, which was very long, and not without some malicious and indecent reflections on the Royal Society, as underminers of the University; which was very foolish and untrue, as well as unseasonable. But, to let that pass from an ill-natured man, the rest was in the praise of the Archbishop and the ingenious architect. This ended, after loud music from the corridor above, where an organ was placed, there followed divers panegyric speeches, both in prose and verse, interchangeably pronounced by the young students placed in the rostrums, in Pindarics, Eclogues, Heroics, etc., mingled with excellent music, vocal and instrumental, to entertain the ladies and the rest of the company. A speech was then made in praise of academical learning. This lasted from eleven in the morning till seven at night, which was concluded with ringing of bells, and universal joy and feastings.

The next day began the more solemn lectures in all the faculties, which were performed in the several schools, where all the Inceptor-Doctors did their exercises, the Professors having first ended their reading. The assembly now returned to the Theatre, where the *Terrae filius* (the *University Buffoon*) entertained the auditory with a tedious, abusive, sarcastical rhapsody, most unbecoming the gravity of the University, and that so grossly, that unless it be suppressed, it will be of ill consequence, as I afterwards plainly expressed my sense of it both to the Vice-Chancellor and several Heads of Houses, who were perfectly ashamed of it, and resolved to take care of it in future. The old facetious way of rallying upon the questions was left off, falling wholly upon persons, so that it was rather licentious lying and railing than genuine and noble

wit. In my life, I was never witness of so shameful entertainment.

After this ribaldry, the Proctors made their speeches. Then began the music art, vocal and instrumental, above in the balustrade corridor opposite to the Vice-Chancellor's seat. Then, Dr. Wallis, the mathematical Professor, made his oration, and created one Doctor of music according to the usual ceremonies of gown (which was of white damask), cap, ring, kiss, etc. Next followed the disputations of the Inceptor-Doctors in Medicine, the speech of their Professor, Dr. Hyde, and so in course their respective creations. Then disputed the Inceptors of Law, the speech of their Professor, and creation. Lastly, Inceptors of Theology: Dr. Compton (brother to the Earl of Northampton) being junior, began with great modesty and applause; so the rest. After which, Dr. Tillotson, Dr. Sprat, etc., and then Dr. Allestree's speech, the King's Professor, and their respective creations. Last of all, the Vice-Chancellor, shutting up the whole in a panegyric oration, celebrating their benefactor and the rest, apposite to the occasion.

Thus was the Theatre dedicated by the scholastic exercises in all the Faculties with great solemnity; and the night, as the former, entertaining the new Doctor's friends in feasting and music. I was invited by Dr. Barlow, the worthy and learned Professor of Queen's College.

JOHN BUNYAN

CHRISTIAN'S FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

From THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

So in the morning they all got up, and after some more discourse, they told him that he should not depart till they had showed him the rarities of that place. And first they had him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity; in which, as I remember my dream, they showed him first the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the son of the Ancient of Days, and

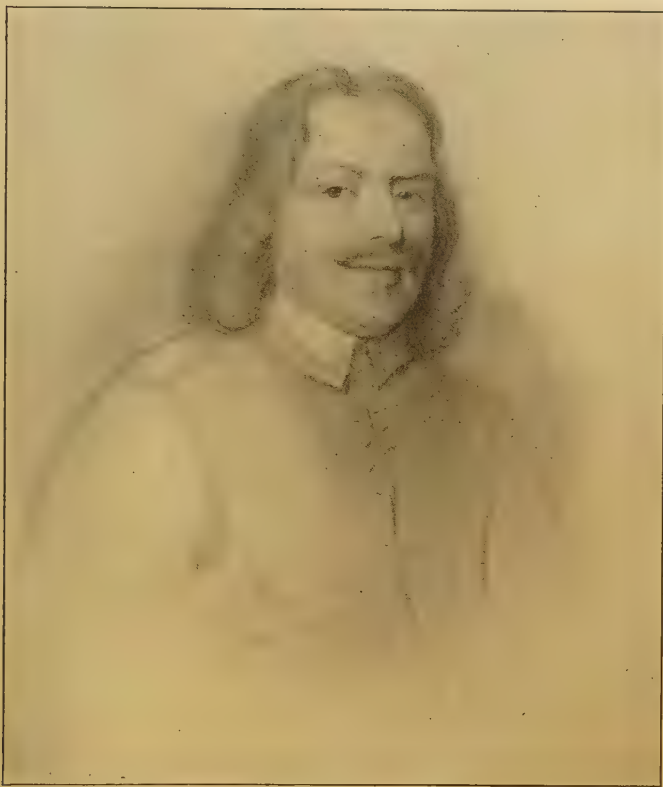
came by an eternal generation. Here also was more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service; and how he had placed them in such habitations that could neither by length of days nor decays of nature be dissolved.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of his servants had done: as, how they had subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword; out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Then they read again in another part of the records of the house, where it was showed how willing their Lord was to receive into his favour any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his person and proceedings. Here also were several other histories of many other famous things, of all which Christian had a view. As of things both ancient and modern: together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.

The next day they took him and had him into the armory, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which their Lord had provided for pilgrims, as sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.

They also showed him some of the engines with which some of his servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera, the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats: they showed him moreover the sling and stone



After a drawing from life by R. White. In the British Museum

JOHN BUNYAN

with which David slew Goliath of Gath; and the sword also with which their Lord will kill the man of sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey. They showed him besides many excellent things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forwards, but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains, which, they said, would yet further add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was: so he consented and stayed. When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so he did; and behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains, very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country: they said it was Immanuel's Land; and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go into the armory. So they did; and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot, with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He being therefore thus accoutred walketh out with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered, Yes.

CHR. Pray did you know him? said he.

POR. I asked his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

CHR. Oh, said Christian, I know him; he is my townsman, my near neighbour, he comes from the place where I was born: how far do you think he may be before?

POR. He is got by this time below the hill.

CHR. Well, said Christian, good porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me.

Then he began to go forward, but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, As it was difficult coming up, so (so far as I can see) it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream, that these good companions, when Christian was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now in this Valley of Humiliation poor Christian was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back, or to stand his ground. But he considered again, that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him, might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts; therefore he resolved to venture, and stand his ground. For, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him:

APOL. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine; and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHR. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death"; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee: but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this, according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those who have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand, is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee: and besides (O thou destroying Apollyon), to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country better than thine; and therefore leave off to persuade

me further, I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider again when thou art in cold blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of our hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them, and so I will deliver thee.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end: and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account: For for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his, and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice thing; thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more, which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honour is merciful, and ready to forgive; but besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for

there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

APOL. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness, therefore take heed to yourself.

APOL. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now! and with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise"; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one

that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling, and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight, — he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give him so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion; to him that did help me against Apollyon: and so he did, saying —

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harness'd out, and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage:
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly;
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand, for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon, quite through this valley.

CHRISTIAN AND MR. BY-ENDS

From THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone, for there was one

whose name was Hopeful (being made so by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behaviour in their sufferings at the fair), who joined himself unto him, and, entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus, one died to bear testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with Christian in his pilgrimage. This Hopeful also told Christian that there were many more of the men in the fair that would take their time and follow after.

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the fair they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends: so they said to him, What countryman, Sir? and how far go you this way? He told them that he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the Celestial City (but told them not his name).

From Fair-speech! said Christian; is there any that be good that lives there?

BY-ENDS. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

CHR. Pray, Sir, what may I call you? said Christian.

BY-ENDS. I am a stranger to you, and you to me: if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

CHR. This town of Fair-speech I have heard of, and, as I remember, they say it's a wealthy place.

BY-ENDS. Yes, I will assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there.

CHR. Pray, who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

BY-ENDS. Almost the whole town; and, in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name): also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother, by father's side; and to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another; and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

CHR. Are you a married man?

BY-ENDS. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman; She was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honorable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. 'Tis true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: First, we never strive against wind and tide: Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud him.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends of Fair-speech, and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, Sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth, and if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you: Is not your name Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech?

BY-ENDS. This is not my name, but indeed it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me; and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

CHR. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

BY-ENDS. Never, never! the worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name was, That I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing, but let not the malicious load me therefore with reproach.

CHR. I thought indeed that you were the man that I heard of, and to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

BY-ENDS. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it. You shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

CHR. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide, the which, I perceive, is against your opinion: You must also own Religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

BY-ENDS. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

CHR. Not a step further, unless you will do in what I propound, as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him; but one of them looking back, saw three men following Mr. By-ends, and behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low *congee*, and they also gave him a compliment. The men's names were Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all; men that Mr. By-ends had formerly been acquainted with; for in their minority they were school-fellows, and taught by one Mr. Gripe-man, a schoolmaster in Love-gain, which is a market-town in the county of Coveting, in the north. This schoolmaster taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion; and these four gentlemen had attained much of the art of their master, so that they could each of them have kept such a school themselves.

Well, when they had, as I said, thus saluted each other, Mr. Money-love said to Mr. By-ends, Who are they upon the road before us? (For Christian and Hopeful were yet within view.)

BY-ENDS. They are a couple of far countrymen, that after their mode are going on pilgrimage.

MONEY-LOVE. Alas! why did not they stay, that we might have had their good company? for they, and we, and you, Sir, I hope, are all going on a pilgrimage.

BY-ENDS. We are so indeed, but the men before us are so rigid, and love so much their own notions, and do also so lightly esteem the opinions of others, that let a man be never so godly, yet if he jumps not with them in all things, they thrust him quite out of their company.

SAVE-ALL. That's bad; but we read of some, that are righteous overmuch; and such men's rigidity prevails with them to judge and condemn all but themselves. But I pray, what, and how many, were the things wherein you differed?

BY-ENDS. Why they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is duty to rush on their journey all weathers, and I am for waiting for wind and tide. They are for hazarding all for God at a clap, and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men be against them; but I am for religion in what, and so far as, the times and my safety will bear it. They are for religion when in rags and contempt; but I am for him when he walks in his golden slippers, in the sunshine, and with applause.

HOLD-THE-WORLD. Ay, and hold you there still, good Mr. By-ends; for, for my part, I can count him but a fool, that, having the liberty to keep what he has, shall be so unwise as to lose it. Let us be wise as serpents: 'tis best to make hay when the sun shines; you see how the bee lieth still all winter, and bestirs her only when she can have profit with pleasure. God sends sometimes rain, and sometimes sunshine; if they be such fools to go through the first, yet let us be content to take fair weather along with us. For my part, I like that religion best that will stand with the security of God's good blessings unto us; for who can imagine, that is ruled by his reason; since God has bestowed upon us the good things of this life, but that he would have us keep them for his sake? Abraham and Solomon grew rich in religion. And Job says, that a good

man shall lay up gold as dust. But he must not be such as the men before us, if they be as you have described them.

SAVE-ALL. I think that we are all agreed in this matter, and therefore there needs no more words about it.

MONEY-LOVE. No, there needs no more words about this matter indeed; for he that believes neither Scripture nor reason (and you see we have both on our side) neither knows his own liberty nor seeks his own safety.

BY-ENDS. My brethren, we are, as you see, going all on pilgrimage; and for our better diversion from things that are bad, give me leave to propound unto you this question:

Suppose a man, a minister or a tradesman, etc., should have an advantage lie before him to get the good blessings of this life, yet so as that he can by no means come by them, except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinary zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before; may he not use this means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest man?

MONEY-LOVE. I see the bottom of your question, and with these gentlemen's good leave, I will endeavour to shape you an answer. And first to speak to your question as it concerneth a minister himself: Suppose a minister, a worthy man, possessed but of a very small benefice, and has in his eye a greater, more fat and plump by far; he has also now an opportunity of getting of it, yet so as by being more studious, by preaching more frequently and zealously, and, because the temper of the people requires it, by altering of some of his principles; for my part I see no reason but a man may do this (provided he has a call), ay, and more a great deal besides, and yet be an honest man. For why—

1. His desire of a greater benefice is lawful (this cannot be contradicted), since it is set before him by providence; so then, he may get it if he can, making no question for conscience sake.

2. Besides, his desire after that benefice makes him more studious, a more zealous

preacher, etc., and so makes him a better man; yea, makes him better improve his parts, which is according to the mind of God.

3. Now as for his complying with the temper of his people, by dissenting, to serve them, some of his principles, this argueth, 1. That he is of a self-denying temper; 2. Of a sweet and winning deportment; 3. And so more fit for the ministerial function.

4. I conclude then, that a minister that changes a small for a great, should not for so doing be judged as covetous; but rather, since he is improved in his parts and industry thereby, be counted as one that pursues his call, and the opportunity put into his hand to do good.

And now to the second part of the question which concerns the tradesman you mentioned: Suppose such an one to have but a poor employ in the world, but by becoming religious, he may mend his market, perhaps get a rich wife, or more and far better customers to his shop; for my part I see no reason but this may be lawfully done. For why—

1. To become religious is a virtue, by what means soever a man becomes so.

2. Nor is it unlawful to get a rich wife, or more custom to my shop.

3. Besides, the man that gets these by becoming religious, gets that which is good, of them that are good, by becoming good himself: so then here is a good wife, and good customers, and good gain, and all these by becoming religious, which is good: therefore to become religious to get all these is a good and profitable design.

This answer, thus made by this Mr. Money-love to Mr. By-ends' question, was highly applauded by them all; wherefore they concluded upon the whole, that it was most wholesome and advantageous. And because, as they thought, no man was able to contradict it, and because Christian and Hopeful were yet within call, they jointly agreed to assault them with the question as soon as they overtook them, and the rather because they had opposed Mr. By-ends before. So they called after them, and they stopped and stood still

till they came up to them; but they concluded as they went, that not Mr. By-ends, but old Mr. Hold-the-world, should propound the question to them, because, as they supposed, their answer to him would be without the remainder of that heat that was kindled betwixt Mr. By-ends and them, at their parting a little before.

So they came up to each other, and after a short salutation, Mr. Hold-the-world propounded the question to Christian and his fellow, and bid them to answer it if they could.

CHR. Then said Christian, Even a babe in religion may answer ten thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves, as it is, how much more abominable is it to make of him and religion a stalking-horse, to get and enjoy the world? Nor do we find any other than heathens, hypocrites, devils, and witches, that are of this opinion.

1. Heathens: for when Hamor and Shechem had a mind to the daughter and cattle of Jacob, and saw that there was no way for them to come at them but by becoming circumcised, they say to their companions: If every male of us be circumcised, as they are circumcised, shall not their cattle, and their substance, and every beast of theirs, be ours? Their daughter and their cattle were that which they sought to obtain, and their religion the stalking-horse they made use of to come at them. Read the whole story.

2. The hypocritical Pharisees were also of this religion; long prayers were their pretense, but to get widows' houses was their intent; and greater damnation was from God their judgment.

3. Judas the devil was also of this religion; he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein; but he was lost, cast away, and the very son of perdition.

4. Simon the witch was of this religion too: for he would have had the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith, and his sentence from Peter's mouth was according.

5. Neither will it out of my mind, but that that man that takes up religion for

the world, will throw away religion for the world; for so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same. To answer the question therefore affirmatively, as I perceive you have done, and to accept of as authentic such answer, is both heathenish, hypocritical, and devilish, and your reward will be according to your works. Then they stood staring one upon another, but had not wherewith to answer Christian. Hopeful also approved of the soundness of Christian's answer; so there was a great silence among them. Mr. By-ends and his company also staggered and kept behind, that Christian and Hopeful might outgo them. Then said Christian to his fellow, If these men cannot stand before the sentence of men, what will they do with the sentence of God? And if they are mute when dealt with by vessels of clay, what will they do when they shall be rebuked by the flames of a devouring fire?

SAMUEL PEPYS

THE LONDON FIRE

From the DIARY, September 2, 1666.

SEPTEMBER 1ST. Up and at the office all the morning, and then dined at home. Got my new closet made mighty clean against to-morrow. Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to "Polichinelly," but were there horribly frightened to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us. By and by they went away, and then we were at rest again; and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry; and so home singing, and, after a letter or two at the office, to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be

on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their

goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I go to White Hall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chappel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oil, and wines,

and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Issake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard-street, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcase and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping

it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James' Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bank-side, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin.

So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-streete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down the goods.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-green. Which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then and all this day she and I, and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them (myself some) over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter,

which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbor's wife, Mrs. —, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with anything through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York come this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the city to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all). This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a "prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad," my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she came home, bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, fear of coming into in a little time of being less able to keep one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

From the DIARY, April 8-11, 1667

8th. Up early, my Lady Batten knocking at her door that comes into one of my chambers. I did give directions to my people and workmen, and so about 8 o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler and I. A very pleasant passage and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them and me, and Mr. Fowler with some others came from Rochester to meet us, on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's and there drank and had good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill-house at Chatham, where I never was before, and

I found a pretty pleasant house and am pleased with the arms that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborough, his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber, did make me somewhat afeard, but not so much as for mirth's sake I did seem. So to bed in the treasurer's chamber.

9th. And lay and slept well till 3 in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afeard, but sleep overcame all and so lay till high morning, at which time I had a candle brought me and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I staid here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which at the beginning I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock and there viewed all the store-houses and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and among other strangers that come, there was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner, we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater being this morning come to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's arms, which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronacion night. The sale being done, the ladies and I and Captain Pett and Mr. Castle took barge and down we went to see the Sovereign, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and, among other pleasures, I

put my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens into the lanthorn and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine and neat's tongue, etc. Then back again home and so supped, and after much mirth to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dock-houses. First, Mr. Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot, the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks to see how neat and rich everything is (and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome), saying that she would get it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board the Prince, now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that back home, and there eat a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedral, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church, which, they say, was covered with the skins of the Danes, and also had much mirth at a tomb, on which was "Come sweet Jesu," and I read "Come sweet Mall," etc., at which Captain Pett and I had good laughter. So to the Salutacion tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the town came and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things, and hither come Sir John Minnes to us, who is come to-day to see "the Henery," in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and

rarely furnished, only it had a most ill access on all sides to it, which is a greatest fault that I think can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a base viol, on which he that played, played well some *lyra* lessons, but both together made the worst music that ever I heard. We had a fine collation, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the music and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About 9 o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing for an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favours and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we were last night, and heard him play on the harpsicon, and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I staid there till 2 o'clock in the morning and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

11th. At 2 o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till 7, and then called up by Sir W. Batten, so I arose and we did some business, and then Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew and sang a song or two, and among others took pleasure in "Go and be hanged, that's good-bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca,

and about 9 o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester, calling and taking leave of Mr. Alcock at the door, Capt'n. Cuttance going with us. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink some of one of them and give him two pence. By and by we come to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was, so she kneeled down and very simply called, "Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places, I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home and I found all well, and a deal of work done since I went. I sent to see how my wife do, who is well, and my brother John come from Cambridge. To Sir W. Batten's and there supped, and very merry with the young ladies. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

THE MINOR POETS

BROADLY speaking, there are two types of mid-seventeenth century verse: *vers de société* and reflective lyrics. The polite verse, facile, graceful, and insouciant, was cultivated by a school of Cavalier poets, who, always a little the worse for wine, for several decades paid valiant homage to the ladies. The reflective verse is at times poignantly sensitive to the transiency of the fast-passing years, sad even in its gayety, and sometimes searchingly mystical, divining new depths of religious experience, hidden aspects of Christian faith which the study of Platonic philosophy had made possible. Catholic, Anglican, and Protestant, driven by the very conflicts of spiritual strife, pierced through the formal dressings of their faiths to the great mysteries that lie at the heart of all faith.

If the verse of this period loses much of the fragrance of out-of-doors, much of the high-pulsed, carefree abandonment of the Elizabethan school, it gains in subtlety and personal intimacy, and when this subtlety does not run to ultra refinements of mood and expression, it produces poetry that is exquisite and precious.

These Caroline and Commonwealth poets served to establish and confirm the intensely personal note in English lyricism.

Toward the close of the century the verse begins to display the classical tendencies of the next age.

Robert Herrick (1591-1634) could not refrain from observing that

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness,

and yet he withstood matrimony, and was compelled to forego the pleasures of the town society which he craved and to spend most of his life as a village parson in Devonshire. This wild and beautiful country, which Blackmore has immortalized in *Lorna Doone*, made little appeal to Herrick, yet he lent himself to the merry-makings of his humble parishioners and wrote with amused affection of his household companions: an ancient dame named Prudence, a cock and a hen, a goose, a tame lamb, a cat, a spaniel, and a pet pig. Tradition has it that he taught the pig to drink beer from a tankard, and another tradition, that he flung a sermon at his congregation and cursed them roundly for not paying attention. We would have enjoyed him. His verse is graceful and polished, but never labored.

Sir John Suckling (1609-1640) and Richard Lovelace (1618-1658) were Cavalier poets, *par excellence*. Suckling was educated at Cambridge, fell heir at eighteen to his father's fortune, traveled extensively, incidentally fighting under Gustavus Adolphus at Leipzig and Magdeburg, returned to become a court favorite, squandered much of his fortune in extravagant display and in gambling, fell out with the King, was received back into favor through the friendly offices of a certain "merry wench," fitted out a troop of horsemen in white doublets and scarlet breeches and feathers to support the King in the civil war, was subsequently involved in a royalist plot, fled to Paris and poisoned himself. All this at the age of thirty-one. He was dangerous and fascinating, and lived like his verse.

Lovelace was, if anything, even more of a court favorite. Oxford trained, wealthy, and handsome, he gave himself without stint to the King's cause. His charming lyric, "Stone walls do not a prison make," instinct with the indomitable spirit of a high-bred Cavalier, was actually written in prison where he was confined for his royalist sym-

pathies. The execution of Charles I broke his spirit, and he spent ten unhappy years in ill-health and poverty, ragged, and lodged like a beggar.

Henry Vaughan (1622-1695) was a Welshman, who after studying at Oxford and later qualifying as a physician, returned to Wales and spent his unostentatious life in the good works of a country physician and in writing poetry and prose in a vein of religious mysticism. He was essentially a pantheist. His poetry attracted little notice in his own day, but Wordsworth's employment of "the Retreat" in his famous *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, called attention to Vaughan in a more sympathetic period, and such poems as *They are all gone into the world of light* and *The Retreat* now rank among the finest of English lyrics.

Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) was a juvenile prodigy. He began composing poetry at twelve, and before his entrance to Cambridge at sixteen had published two volumes. The civil wars played havoc with him, however, for though he had no taste for affairs, he was forced to take sides and threw in his lot with the royal family.

Henceforth political events robbed him of his leisure and largely frustrated his literary ambition, yet before he died he was the most popular living poet, revered equally for his verse and for his pure character. He was buried beside Chaucer and Spenser in Westminster Abbey.

The affectations, subtleties, and Pindaric pomp of most of Cowley's verse have robbed it of permanence, but he wrote a little that is lasting because simple and genuine.

John Dryden (1631-1700) was the forerunner of the eighteenth century poets. He firmly established the heroic couplet as the proper verse form, encouraged the taste for didactic and satiric poetry, and made polish and precision the stylistic desiderata.

In his political and religious professions Dryden appears decidedly shiftily. He was brought up a Puritan and his earliest poem of distinction was prompted by the death of Cromwell. With the return of the monarchy, however, he forthwith became a royalist, wrote fulsome poems of welcome to Charles II and for twenty years, though decent in his own life, supplied the stage with the corrupt plays which the court society required. Then in 1682 he published *Religio Laici* (*The Religion of a Layman*), defending the Established Church, and in 1685 when James II came to the throne, wrote *The Hind and the Panther* in support of Roman Catholicism. He did not again change front, however, and refused allegiance to William and Mary. It is therefore a question to what extent his earlier movements were governed by policy.

Dryden enjoyed great vogue, was virtually the literary dictator, received the laureateship and, like Cowley, was buried near Chaucer and Spenser in the Abbey. His finest ode, *Alexander's Feast*, was written when he was sixty-seven.

ROBERT HERRICK

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! The bloom-
ing morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree!

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward
the east

Above an hour since, yet you not drest;

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

When all the birds have matins said

And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch
in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh
and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair:

Fear not; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has
kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls
unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth ! Wash, dress, be brief
in praying :
Few beads are best when once we go
a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming,
mark

How each field turns a street, each street
a park,

Made green and trimm'd with trees !
see how

Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch ! each porch, each door,
ere this,

An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying ;

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth ere this is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and
cream,

Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept and woo'd, and
plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast
off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd : yet we're
not a-Maying !

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.

And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.

Then, while time serves, and we are but
decaying,

Come, my Corinna, come, let's go
a-Maying.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the evensong ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;

As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die

As your hours do, and dry

Away

Like to the summer's rain ;

Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

CHERRY-RIPE

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones ; come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer : There
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

THE BRACELET: TO JULIA

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this silken twist ;
For what other reason is't
But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art ?
But thy bond-slave is my heart :
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread and thou art free ;
But 'tis otherwise with me :
— I am bound and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go ;
If I could, I would not so.

A CHILD'S GRACE

HERE a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand ;
Cold as paddocks though they be.
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,

And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

THE CONSTANT LOVER

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together !
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover

In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me :
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame ! This will not move ;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

TO AMARANTHA, THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVEL HER HAIR

AMARANTHA sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair !
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly !

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best ;
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun in's early ray ;
But shake your head, and scatter day !

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free —
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

HENRY VAUGHAN

A VISION

I SAW Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright: —
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours,
 days, years,
 Driven by the spheres,
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which
 the World
 And all her train were hurl'd.

FRIENDS DEPARTED

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit ling'ring here;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill
 is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days:
 My days, which are at best but dull and
 hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above!
 These are your walks, and you have show'd
 them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of
 the just,
 Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's
 nest may know,
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in
 now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
 So some strange thoughts transcend our
 wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn
 there;
 But when the hand that lock'd her up
 gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee!
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of
 thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot
 and fill
 My perspective still as they pass:
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
 Shined in my Angel-infancy!
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white celestial thought:
 When yet I had not walk'd above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back — at that short space —
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face:
 When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity:
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to ev'ry sense,

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees.
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

JOHN DRYDEN

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
NOVEMBER 22, 1687

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high :
"Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell !
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could
not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell !

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries : "Hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat !"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling
lute.
Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre ;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
higher :
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE
POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, .

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne :

His valiant peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles
 bound:

(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy
 breast;

Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sover-
 eign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty
 sound,

"A present deity," they shout around;
 "A present deity," the vaulted roofs
 rebound:

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
 musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the
 drums;

Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes,
 he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew
 vain;

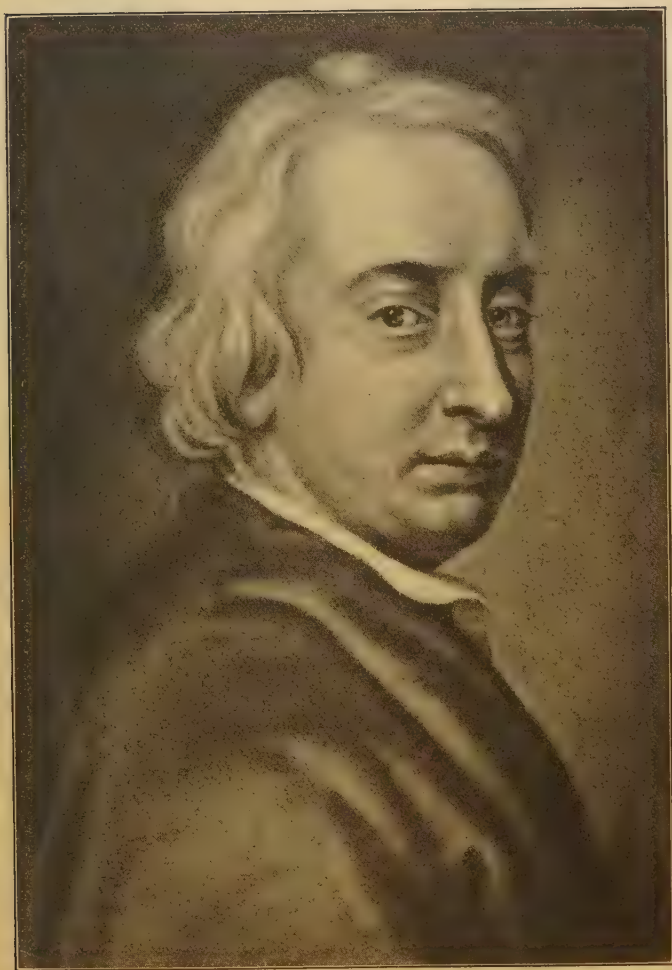
Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and
 thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his
 pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor
 sate,

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance
 below;



JOHN DRYDEN

And, now and then, a sigh he
stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance
below;
And, now and then, a sigh he
stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

"War," he sung, "is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, oh think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide
thee."

The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crowned, but Music won the
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his
pain,

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and
looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

At length, with love and wine at once
oppressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her
breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:

At length, with love and wine at once
oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her
breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head;

As awaked from the dead,

And, amazed, he stares around.

"Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus
cries,

"See the Furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain:

Give the vengeance due

To the valient crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian
abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile
gods!"

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal

to destroy;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And like another Helen, fired another
Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
to destroy;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy.

Thus, long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

THE MEN OF QUEEN ANNE

THE eighteenth century is the goodly garret of the modern house of life. It has about it the pleasant atmosphere of the attic — the aroma of antique silks and brocades, of high-heeled slippers and silver buckles, of powdered wigs and patches, of jeweled fans and gold snuff-boxes, of lace ruffles and cockades, of small-clothes and farthingales, of all the heirlooms, in fact, which have come down from the days of sedan chairs and stage coaches, link boys and sleepy watchmen, artificial grottoes and box-bush swans, red-coated squires and baying hounds, tea tables and coffee houses, and Whigs and Tories and election riots. It is the earliest period, indeed, to which we may retire and yet retain the sense of kinship.

This is primarily because the eighteenth century marked the ascendancy to power in virtually every phase of national life — political, economic, social, and intellectual — of that aspiring middle class which determined the character and activities of nineteenth century society. The literature of the early eighteenth century — the age of Anne — still addresses itself in part to the declining cavalier class; the literature of the middle and late eighteenth century — the age of Johnson — frankly seeks its audience in the bourgeoisie.

The wits of the earlier period — Pope, Addison, Steele, Swift — each made his own contribution to the liberation of middle class society. Pope aimed to present society with a rational and practical philosophy — superficially optimistic — such as merchants and men of practical affairs would understand and accept. Addison and Steele taught this new society to be urbane, gentle, tolerant, and catholic in its tastes and interests. Swift, on the other hand, cynic and misanthrope though he was, and madly elated at his supposed drawing of the meanness of human nature, yet forced society to self-analysis and criticism when he confronted it with disgusting pictures of its own littleness and stupidity.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744) described himself as follows: "a lively little creature, with long legs and arms, a spider is no ill emblem of him; he has been taken at a distance for a small windmill." Scarcely four feet and a half in height, laced into a canvas bodice to hold his rickety frame in place, his spindle shanks vainly enforced with three pairs of stockings, and his bright eyes peering out of a sharp-featured, pinched little face, he seems the very incarnation of those impish grotesques which adorn the Gothic cathedrals. No one, however, would have resented the association of his name with things mediæval more than Pope himself, for he was the most complete exponent of an age which prided itself upon its restrained taste, its rational thinking, good judgment and common sense, and its complete liberation from scholasticism and all its works.

For thirty years Pope was without a serious rival among English poets, and so supreme was his position that the first half of the eighteenth century is commonly known among literary historians as *The Age of Pope*. Yet his writing is practically confined to two forms, satire and didactic verse, the only forms compatible with a society so self-contained and critical. Keeness of wit and pure and felicitous phrasing are the distinguishing excellencies of his poetry.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was the greatest satirist that England has produced, but he paid a fearful price for the distinction. Whereas a humorist, like Mark Twain, who laughed with people, grew gentler and more humane to the very end of his life, Swift, who laughed at people, increasingly cut himself off from human sympathies and grew

more and more bitter with the passing years until, poisoned with his own cynicism, he became the victim of insanity. Perhaps the modern psychopathist would say that the brain disease which ultimately fastened its terrible hold, like an octopus, upon him, was more the cause than the result of his misanthropy.

Swift was born in Ireland, of English parentage. After graduating from the University of Dublin, serving for ten humiliating years as private secretary to a distant relative, Sir William Temple, the essayist, who kept him at the servants' table, and holding a small clerical charge in Ireland, he suddenly jumped into prominence with the publication of *The Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books* in 1704. Straightway he became the foremost political pamphleteer of the day. The Whigs quailed under the lash of his satire and the oldest Tories of the realm bent the knee in obsequious homage to his arrogance.

Upon the fall of the Tories he accepted the deanship of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, a mortifying office for a man of his parts, but the best living open to a man who had penned so scorching a satire on religion as *The Tale of a Tub*. Swift spent his remaining years in Ireland, very lonely after the death of Esther Johnson, the Stella of his *Journal*, a beautiful woman who had sacrificed her life upon the altar of his arrogance, yet producing his most popular work, *Gulliver's Travels*. Be it said to his credit that he always ministered faithfully to the humble folk in his charge and that he compassionately left his fortune to found St. Patrick's Asylum for his fellow-sufferers, the insane. It is a curious paradox that Swift should have originated the phrase "sweetness and light."

"A life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death; an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name," such is Thackeray's tribute to Addison. One fortunate though dubious simile made Joseph Addison (1672-1719) famous almost overnight. In the summer of 1704 he was a quiet young university graduate traveling on the continent to prepare himself for diplomacy. Then came the battle of Blenheim and Addison accepted the invitation of the Tories to celebrate the victory in verse. The result was *The Campaign*, in which he likened Marlborough, the commander of the English forces, to an avenging angel:

So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Addison was made, and he successively became undersecretary, Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State. Henceforth he was equally the statesman and the man of letters.

Addison's gentleness and courtesy made him a favorite at the coffee houses. That his later years were marred by quarrels with Pope, Swift, and Steele, is evidence that even the most self-contained of men could not avoid offense in so acrimonious an age. The age of Anne made a fetish of reason, but in all practical matters was curiously subservient to its emotions.

Richard Steele (1672-1729) — "Dick" Steele as he was affectionately called — was a sensitive, warm-hearted, optimistic Irishman. His father died when he was five and his mother shortly thereafter. Of his father's death he has left the following infinitely touching account: "I remember I went into the room where his body lay and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin and calling 'Papa,' for, I know not how, I had some slight idea he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent

grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him underground whence he could never come to us again."

At the proper age the lad was placed by an uncle in the famous Charterhouse school in London. There he met Addison and then began a friendship which was to bear rich fruit in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and to be broken only by an unfortunate political quarrel.

After school Steele took to the army and rose to the rank of Captain, but in the meantime was trying his hand at writing. His first work, a treatise on the *Christian Hero*, was prompted by the moral looseness that he saw in the army, and was an appeal for Puritan standards of living, in reality an expression of middle class Christian ethics. Next he attempted comedies. These proved to be rather pedantic, commending virtue, but stiff and stilted. Then for a time he edited *The Gazette*, the official new sheet of the court, and finally hit upon the proper outlet for his genius in *The Tatler*. Straightway he had all London for his audience. Under the thin disguise of Isaac Bickerstaff, "Steele touched on all those questions of breeding, good taste, courtesy, and chivalry where the middle class had discarded old aristocratic ideals, without having yet learnt to trust entirely to their own. No wonder *The Tatler* became immensely popular when its readers found their half-formed notions confirmed and proclaimed." *The Spectator*, with a purer and more human intellectual and moral tone, made still more complete the definition of the new and more democratic culture. This was the great service which Steele, with Addison, rendered to English society.

In his personal life Steele did not altogether measure up to the standards which he advocated. He loved his friends, drank over freely, quarreled with his handsome but petulant wife — his "dear lovely Prue" —, spent his money with a lavish hand, ventured in wild-cat speculations, and "retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last."

Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) was one of the most prolific writers that England has produced. He was the author of innumerable pamphlets and short papers and at times turned out several novels a year. Moreover he was the first English journalist in the modern sense, the author of the interview and the special editorial.

Defoe was the son of a London butcher by the name of Foe. At the age of forty he added the aristocratic French prefix to boost himself socially. He was a low-bred Englishman, yet with marked literary gifts, and this accounts for the seeming contradictions and paradoxes in his conduct and writings. As a matter of fact, he ran true to form: the stamp of the cockney is on all that he did and wrote. He apparently had a real interest in uplifting the lower classes, of which he was a product, but he also itched for gentility. He had not the pride and self respect of the man of breeding, and, with no regard to his own convictions, unblushingly wrote political pamphlets for whichever party chanced to be in power. He championed the cause of the underdog, and yet for twenty years was a secret service agent, spying on criminals and outcasts. He had the characteristic morality of low-class Puritanism and was forever preaching against the obvious sins, yet was insensible to the finer moral feelings that demand consistency and honor.

In 1702, himself a radical non-conformist, he wrote a pamphlet on *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, in which he drolly proposed to get rid of such a nuisance as the non-conformist by hanging all the ministers and sending the lay members into exile. Both Anglicans and Dissenters took him seriously and he was placed in the pillory. Thereupon he scattered all over London a waggish *Hymn to the Pillory*, in doggerel verse, which brought crowds of good-natured burghers to comfort him and so nettled his persecutors that they removed him to Newgate prison. Nothing daunted, he went blithely on with his journalism, putting out a paper, *The Review*, and, through his association with criminals and adventurers of all sorts, gaining that rich store of incident which

enabled him, between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, to turn out novels with astonishing rapidity. He was already sixty when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, a romance which took England and all Europe, in fact, by storm.

His last years were most unhappy, for the discovery that he had long been in the secret employ of the government turned the popular mind against him, and he died a real or fancied fugitive from the public.

ALEXANDER POPE

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

I

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offense

To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;

A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'T is with our judgments as our watches,
none

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share:
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,

These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,

And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find

Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:

Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced;
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,

And then turn critics in their own defense;
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets passed,

Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.

Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,

As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned wittlings, numerous in our isle,

As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;

Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,

Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,

Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,

And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,

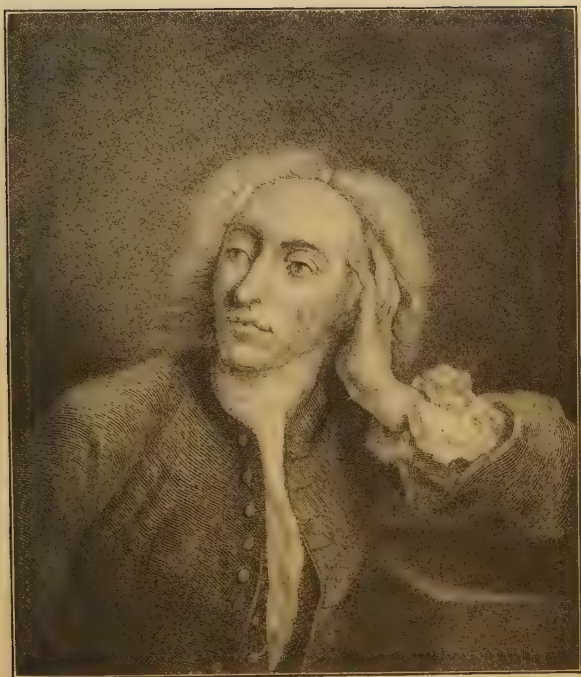
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,

And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;



ALEXANDER POPE

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But out in those confined to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gained
 before,

By vain ambition still to make them more;
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same:

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides:

In some fair body thus the informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;

Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains.
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,

Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;

Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discovered, not devised,

Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
 By the same laws which first herself ordained.

Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights:

High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;

Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples given,

She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.

The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.

Then criticism the Muses' handmaid proved,

To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:

But following wits from that intention strayed,

Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;

Against the poets their own arms they turned,

Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.

So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.

Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts, how poems may be made.

These leave the sense, their learning to display,

And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,

Know well each ancient's proper character;
 His fable, subject, scope in every page;
 Religion, country, genius of his age:

Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence form your judgment, thence your
maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their
spring.

Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan
Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless
mind

A work to outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorned
to draw:

But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the
same.

Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold de-
sign;

And rules as strict his laboured work con-
fine,

As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just es-
teem;

To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can de-
clare,

For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods
teach,

And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote
their end)

Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common
track;

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder
part,

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without passing through the judg-
ment, gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our
eyes,

Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously of-
fend,

And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

But though the ancients thus their rules in-
vade,

(As kings dispense with laws themselves
have made)

Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its
end;

Let it be seldom and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in
force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts

Those freer beauties, even in them, seem
faults.

Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped
appear,

Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or
place,

Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with the occasion and the place com-
ply,

Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to
fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors
seem,

Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar
stands,

Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer
rage,

Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learned their in-
cense bring!

Hear, in all tongues, consenting peans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier
days;

Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they
flow;

Nations unborn your mighty names shall
sound,

And worlds applaud that must not yet be
found!

Oh, may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues
 your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he
 writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 To admire superior sense, and doubt their
 own!

II

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the
 mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias
 rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swelled
 with wind:
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our de-
 fence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud
 away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend — and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the
 brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse im-
 parts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of
 arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths
 behind;
 But more advanced, behold with strange
 surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we
 try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the
 sky,

The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem
 the last;
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened
 way,
 The increasing prospect tires our wander-
 ing eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps
 arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of
 wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to
 find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms
 the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charmed with
 wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor
 keep;
 We cannot blame indeed, but we may
 sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-pro-
 portioned dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and e'en thine,
 O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to the admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length
 appear;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.
 Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall
 be.
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they
 intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less com-
 mit:
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.

Most critics; fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight,
they say,

A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as
sage,

As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage ;
Concluding all were desperate sots and
fools,

Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's
advice :

Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not ?
All which, exact to rule, were brought
about,

Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What ! leave the combat out ?" exclaims
the knight ;

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so, by Heaven" (he answers in a
rage),

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter
on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er con-
tain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics, of less judgment than
caprice,

Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas ; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine.
And glittering thoughts struck out at every
line ;

Pleased with a work where nothing's just
or fit ;

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
pressed ;

Something, whose truth convinced at sight
we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind

As shades more sweetly recommend the
light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does
'em good,

As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women, men for dress :
Their praise is still,— the style is excellent :
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves ; and where they
most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely
found ;

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay :
But true expression, like the unchanging
sun,

Clears and improves whate'er it shines
upon,

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and
still

Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed :

For different styles with different subjects
sort,

As several garbs with country, town, and
court.

Some by old words to fame have made
pretense,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their
sense ;

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a
style,

Amaze the unlearned, and make the
learn'd smile.

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best.
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets
dressed.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will
hold ;

Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are
tried,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's
 song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right
 or wrong:
 In the bright Muse though thousand
 charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their
 ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church
 repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull
 line:
 While they ring round the same unvaried
 chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western
 breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers through the
 trees";
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs
 creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with
 "sleep":
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a
 thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow
 length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes,
 and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly
 slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's
 sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not
 chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to
 dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives
 offense,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently
 blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother num-
 bers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding
 shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the
 torrent roar:
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
 to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move
 slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the
 plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims
 along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan
 Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with
 love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury
 glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to
 flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature
 found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by
 sound!
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
 Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of
 such,
 Who still are pleased too little or too much.
 At every trifle scorn to take offense,
 That always shows great pride, or little
 sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the
 best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can di-
 gest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture
 move;
 For fools admire, but men of sense ap-
 prove:
 As things seem large which we through
 mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
 Some foreign writers, some our own de-
 spise;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is ap-
 plied
 To one small sect, and all are damned be-
 side.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sub-
limes,

But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages
past,

Enlights the present, and shall warm the
last;

Though each may feel increases and
decays,

And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the
true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their
own,

But catch the spreading notion of the
town;

They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er
invent.

Some judge of authors' names, not works,
and then

Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the
men.

Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens; how the style re-
fines!

Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with
thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learned by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the
throng

By chance go right, they purposely go
wrong;

So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much
wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame
at night;

But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;

While their weak heads like towns unforti-
fied,

'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change
their side.

Ask them the cause; they're wiser still,
they say;

And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we
grow

Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'er-
spread;

Who knew most Sentences, was deepest
read;

Faith, Gospel, all seemed made to be dis-
puted:

And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace re-
main,

Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck
Lane,

If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take
their turn?

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to
laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side of
mind,

Still make themselves the measure of man-
kind:

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;
But sense survived, when merry jests were
past;

For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our
eyes,

New Blackmores and new Milbourns must
arise:

Nay, should great Homer lift his awful
head,

Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;

But like a shadow, proves the substance
true;

For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes
known

The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams
displays,

It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to defend,
His praise is lost, who stays till all com-
mend.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand
years:

Now length of fame (our second life) is
lost,

And bare threescore is all ev'n that can
boast;

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new word leaps out at his com-
mand,

And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellow years their full perfection
give,

And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost:
Like some fair flower the early spring
supplies,

That gaily blooms, but even in blooming
dies.

What is this wit, which must our cares em-
ploy?

The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most
admired,

And still the more we give, the more re-
quired;

Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose
with ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please;

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous
shun,

By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavoured
well:

Though triumphs were to generals only
due,

Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers
too.

Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty
crown,

Employ their pains to spurn some others
down;

And while self-love each jealous writer
rules,

Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret com-
mend,

For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject
ways,

Are mortals urged through sacred lust of
praise!

Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

Good-nature and good-sense must ever
join;

To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour
disdain;

Discharge that rage on more provoking
crimes,

Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times,
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your
mind;

But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and
ease,

Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with
large increase:

When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:

Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces
writ;

Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords
had wit:

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away :
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed
before.

The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
Then unbelieving priests reformed the
nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of
salvation ;

Where Heaven's free subjects might their
rights dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare
And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the
skies,

And the press groaned with licensed
blasphemies.

These monsters, critics ! with your darts
engage,

Here point your thunder, and exhaust your
rage !

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously
nice,

Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

* * *

JONATHAN SWIFT

GULLIVER AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS

*From THE TRAVELS OF LEMUEL
GULLIVER, 1726*

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand ; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a

good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two foot and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope ; and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer ; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity ; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would



JONATHAN SWIFT

have infallibly broke his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on a table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue colored silk; and red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two foot high, and the thickness of an ordi-

nary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two foot and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two foot from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked, and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left

shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

A PROPOSAL FOR CORRECTING, IMPROVING, AND ASCERTAIN- ING THE ENGLISH TONGUE

IN A LETTER TO THE MOST HONOURABLE
ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD AND MOR-
TIMER, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF
GREAT BRITAIN

... THE period wherein the English tongue received most improvement, I take to commence with the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and to conclude with the great rebellion in forty-two. It is true there was a very ill taste, both of style and wit, which prevailed under King James the First, but that seems to have been corrected in the first years of his successor, who, among many other qualifications of an excellent prince, was a great patron of learning. From the Civil War to this present time, I am apt to doubt whether the corruptions in our language have not at least equaled the refinements of it, and these corruptions very few of the best authors in our age have wholly escaped.

During the usurpation, such an infusion of enthusiastic jargon prevailed in every writing, as was not shaken off in many years after. To this succeeded that licentiousness which entered with the Restoration, and, from infecting our religion and morals, fell to corrupt our language; which last was not likely to be much improved by those who at that time made up the court of King Charles the Second, — either such who had followed him in his banishment, or who had been altogether conversant in the dialect of those fanatic times, or young men, who had been educated in the same country; so that the court, which used to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech, was then, and, I think, has ever since continued, the worst school in England for that accomplishment, and so will remain

till better care be taken in the education of our young nobility, that they may set out into the world with some foundation of literature, in order to qualify them for patterns of politeness. The consequence of this defect upon our language may appear from the plays, and other compositions written for entertainment, within fifty years past, filled with a succession of affected phrases, and new conceited words, either borrowed from the current style of the court, or from those who, under the character of men of wit and pleasure, pretended to give the law. Many of these refinements have already been long antiquated, and are now hardly intelligible, — which is no wonder, when they were the product only of ignorance and caprice.

I have never known this great town without one or more dunces of figure, who had credit enough to give rise to some new word, and propagate it in most conversations, though it had neither humor nor significancy. If it struck the present taste, it was soon transferred into the plays and current scribbles of the week, and became an addition to our language; while the men of wit and learning, instead of early obviating such corruptions, were too often seduced to imitate and comply with them.

There is another set of men who have contributed very much to the spoiling of the English tongue; I mean the poets, from the time of the Restoration. These gentlemen, although they could not be insensible how much our language was already overstocked with monosyllables, yet, to save time and pains, introduced that barbarous custom of abbreviating words to fit them to the measure of their verses; and this they have frequently done so very injudiciously as to form such harsh, unharmonious sounds, that none but a northern ear could endure. They have joined the most obdurate consonants with one intervening vowel, only to shorten a syllable; and their taste in time became so depraved that what was at first a poetical license, not to be justified, they made their choice, alleging that words pronounced at length sounded faint and

languid. This was a pretence to take up the same custom in prose, so that most of the books we see nowadays are full of those manglings and abbreviations. Instances of this abuse are innumerable; what does your lordship think of the words *drudg'd*, *disturb'd*, *rebuk'd*, *fledg'd*, and a thousand others everywhere to be met with in prose as well as verse? — where, by leaving out a vowel to save a syllable, we form so jarring a sound, and so difficult to utter, that I have often wondered how it could ever obtain.

Another cause (and perhaps borrowed from the former) which has contributed not a little to the maiming of our language, is a foolish opinion, advanced of late years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which, beside the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our etymology, would be a thing we should never see an end of. Not only the several towns and counties of England have a different way of pronouncing, but even here in London they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the City, and a third in the suburbs; and in a few years, it is probable, will all differ from themselves, as fancy or fashion shall direct, — all which, reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography. Yet many people are so fond of this conceit that it is sometimes a difficult matter to read modern books and pamphlets, where the words are so curtailed, and varied from their original spelling, that whoever has been used to plain English will hardly know them by sight.

Several young men at the universities, terribly possessed with the fear of pedantry, run into a worse extreme, and think all politeness to consist in reading the daily trash sent down to them from hence; this they call knowing the world, and reading men and manners. Thus furnished, they come up to town, reckon all their errors for accomplishments, borrow the newest set of phrases; and, if they take a pen into their hands, all the odd words they have picked up in a coffee-house, or a gaming ordinary, are produced as flowers of style, — and the orthography refined to the

utmost. . . . To this we owe that strange race of wits who tell us they write to the humour of the age. And I wish I could say these quaint fopperies were wholly absent from graver subjects. In short, I would undertake to show your lordship several pieces where the beauties of this kind are so predominant that, with all your skill in languages, you could never be able to read or understand them. . . .

In order to reform our language, I conceive, my lord, that a free judicious choice should be made of such persons as are generally allowed to be best qualified for such a work, without any regard to quality, party, or profession. These, to a certain number at least, should assemble at some appointed time and place, and fix on rules by which they design to proceed. What methods they will take is not for me to prescribe. Your lordship, and other persons in great employments, might please to be of the number; and I am afraid such a society would want your instruction and example, as much as your protection, for I have, not without a little envy, observed of late the style of some great ministers very much to exceed that of any other productions.

The persons who are to undertake this work will have the example of the French before them, to imitate where these have proceeded right, and to avoid their mistakes. Beside the grammar part, wherein we are allowed to be very defective, they will observe many gross improprieties which, however authorized by practice, and grown familiar, ought to be discarded. They will find many words that deserve to be utterly thrown out of our language, many more to be corrected, and perhaps not a few long since antiquated, which ought to be restored on account of their energy and sound.

But what I have most at heart is, that some method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, after such alterations are made in it as shall be thought requisite. For I am of opinion it is better a language should not be wholly perfect, than that it should be perpetually changing; and we must give

over at one-time, or at length infallibly change for the worse; as the Romans did, when they began to quit their simplicity of style for affected refinements, such as we meet in Tacitus and other authors, which ended by degrees in many barbarities, even before the Goths had invaded Italy.

The fame of our writers is usually confined to these two islands, and it is hard it should be limited in time, as much as place, by the perpetual variations of our speech. It is your lordship's observation, that if it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book in the vulgar tongue, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us a hundred years ago; which is certainly true, for those books, being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that simplicity which is one of the greatest perfections in any language. You, my lord, who are so conversant in the sacred writings, and so great a judge of them in their originals, will agree that no translation our country ever yet produced has come up to that of the Old and New Testament; and by the many beautiful passages which I have often had the honour to hear your lordship cite from thence, I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings, — which I take to be owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greatest part of our liturgy, compiled long before the translation of the Bible now in use, and little altered since, there seem to be in it as great strains of true sublime eloquence as are anywhere to be found in our language, which every man of good taste will observe in the communion service, that of burial, and other parts.

But when I say that I would have our language, after it is duly correct, always to last, I do not mean that it should never

be enlarged. Provided that no word which a society shall give a sanction to, be afterward antiquated and exploded, they may have liberty to receive whatever new ones they shall find occasion for; because then the old books will yet be always valuable according to their intrinsic worth, and not thrown aside on account of unintelligible words and phrases, which appear harsh and uncouth only because they are out of fashion. Had the Roman tongue continued vulgar in that city till this time, it would have been absolutely necessary, from the mighty changes that have been made in law and religion, from the many terms of art required in trade and in war, from the new inventions that have happened in the world, from the vast spreading of navigation and commerce, with many other obvious circumstances, to have made great additions to that language; yet the ancients would still have been read and understood with pleasure and ease. The Greek tongue received many enlargements between the time of Homer and that of Plutarch, yet the former author was probably as well understood in Trajan's time as the latter. What Horace says of words going off and perishing like leaves, and new ones coming in their place, is a misfortune he laments, rather than a thing that he approves. But I cannot see why this should be absolutely necessary; or if it were, what would have become of his *monumentum ære perennius*?

Writing by memory only, as I do at present, I would gladly keep within my depth, and therefore shall not enter into farther particulars. Neither do I pretend more than to show the usefulness of this design, and to make some general observations, leaving the rest to that society, which I hope will owe its institution and patronage to your lordship. Besides, I would willingly avoid repetition, having, about a year ago, communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman who for a long time did thrice a week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers, and is supposed to pursue the same design at present, under the title of

Spectator. This author, who has tried the force and compass of our language with so much success, agrees entirely with me in most of my sentiments relating to it. So do the greatest part of the men of wit and learning whom I have had the happiness to converse with; and therefore I imagine that such a society would be pretty unanimous in the main points. . . .

As barbarous and ignorant as we were in former centuries, there was more effectual care taken by our ancestors to preserve the memory of times and persons, than we find in this age of learning and politeness, as we are pleased to call it. The rude Latin of the monks is still very intelligible; whereas, had their records been delivered down only in the vulgar tongue, so barren and so barbarous, so subject to continual succeeding changes, they could not now be understood, unless by antiquaries who make it their study to expound them. And we must, at this day, have been content with such poor abstracts of our English story as laborious men of low genius would think fit to give us; and even these, in the next age, would be likewise swallowed up in succeeding collections. If things go on at this rate, all I can promise your lordship is, that, about two hundred years hence, some painful compiler, who will be at the trouble of studying old language, may inform the world that, in the reign of Queen Anne, Robert, Earl of Oxford, a very wise and excellent man, was made High Treasurer, and saved his country, which in those days was almost ruined by a foreign war and a domestic faction. Thus much he may be able to pick out, and willing to transfer into his new history; but the rest of your character, which I or any other writer may now value ourselves by drawing, and the particular account of the great things done under your ministry, for which you are already so celebrated in most parts of Europe, will probably be dropped, on account of the antiquated style and manner they are delivered in.

How then shall any man, who has a genius for history equal to the best of the ancients, be able to undertake such a work

with spirit and cheerfulness, when he considers that he will be read with pleasure but a very few years, and, in an age or two, shall hardly be understood without an interpreter? This is like employing an excellent statuary to work upon mouldering stone. Those who apply their studies to preserve the memory of others, will always have some concern for their own; and I believe it is for this reason that so few writers among us, of any distinction, have turned their thoughts to such a discouraging employment; for the best English historian must lie under this mortification, — that when his style grows antiquated, he will be only considered as a tedious relater of facts, and perhaps consulted, in his turn, among other neglected authors, to furnish materials for some future collector.

JOSEPH ADDISON AND RICHARD STEELE

THE CLUB

No. 2. Friday, March 2, 1711

— *Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore.*

— *Juv. Sat. vii. 167.*

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself

a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, inasmuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies; but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was

placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully; but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's, till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered, at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play; for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man, he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by



After a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller

JOSEPH ADDISON

arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation;—and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of

a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part

of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. . . . This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-councillor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

— STEELE

No. 10. Monday, March 12, 1711

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigitis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit abveus amni.*¹
— VIRG.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thoughts, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular

¹ So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream;
But if they slack their hands or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive. — DRYDEN.

manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; But shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, Fellows of the Royal-society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring?

and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to encrease the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of

my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: But to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

— ADDISON

THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

No. 26. Friday, March 30, 1711

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.*

*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos velat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*¹

— HOR. i. Od. iv. 13.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place,

¹ With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

“Τλαῦκόν τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλοχόν τε.”¹

— HOM.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by “the path of an arrow,” which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common

¹ “Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.”
“Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.”
— VIRG.

mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed on him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were, perhaps, buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave, rough, English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it

acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

No. 98. Friday, June 22, 1711

*Tanta est quacrendi cura decoris.*¹

— Juv. Sat. vi. 500.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that "we appeared as grasshoppers before them;" at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside

of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it:

"Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus
altum

Aedificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Post minor est: aliam credas."²

— Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to as great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a Pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, "That these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples; and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers."

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so re-

² "With curls on curls they build her head
before,

And mount it with a formidable tower:
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind."

¹ So studiously their persons they adorn.

nowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "the women, that like snails in a fright had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his *History of Bretagne*, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with the curious organs of sense, giving it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she

seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone-lace.

— ADDISON

No. 181. June 6, 1710

. . . THE first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age, but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa"; for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit, but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed consideration, remorse, and an unmanly

gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We that are very old are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely or unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament, so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men who are cut off by the sword move rather our veneration than our pity, and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make it no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and, instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it,—I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses our souls at once.

Here, were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness, I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! How ignorantly did she charm,

how carelessly excel! O Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of Death become the pretty trifer! I still behold the smiling earth —

A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next at Garraway's Coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits without firing the blood. We commended it till two of the clock this morning, and, having to-day met a little before dinner, we found that, though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

— STEELE

No. 34. Monday, April 9, 1711

— *parcit*

Cognatis maculis similis fera. — Juv.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this



From an engraving by Meadows after a portrait by Richardson

RICHARD STEELE

club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies ("but for your comfort," says Will, "they are not those of the most wit") that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the City, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and farther added that the whole City thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this, my friend, the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the City had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons

might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court, and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a Pish! and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it. I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation, — men of good heads and sound bodies; and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club, and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hair, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who — very luckily for me — was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof. That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He farther added that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned

into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me that, whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pay a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid, ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right, and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the City with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain, who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not

be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in City, court, or country, that shocks modesty, or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said; for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people, or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence or with a love of mankind.

— ADDISON

No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711

Ἐθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διακρίνεται
Τιμᾶ. — PYTHAG.

*First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship the immortal gods.*

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good

churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish,

who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters have come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not

mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

— ADDISON

No. 122. Friday, July 20, 1711

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
Publ. Syr. Frag.

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short he is a very sensible man; shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"That other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determina-

tion, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour

to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

— ADDISON

No. 335. Tuesday, March 25, 1712

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Commitee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this "Distressed Mother" was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles II's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that

we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest, my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't im-

agine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very unluckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax: but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy. "Who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speak but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry,

seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

— ADDISON.

No. 454. Monday, August 11, 1712

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and to be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one some-

times has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of

apricot-boats, at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Darkhouse, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some railery happened between one of the fruit-wenchs and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden, where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Longacre toward St. James's; while he whipped up James Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St. Martin's Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for

way, and be entangled at the end of Newport Street and Longacre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—When she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on, sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers, till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunnors do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity, when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take a coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately, for at the

corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the City; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the center of the City, and center of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, "Only to look at you." I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming, which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said

to myself with a kind of pun in thought, "What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?" In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretense to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure property lodged in and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, "Past two o'clock." This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes, but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything it meets with. This one circumstance will make

every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man an increase of happiness to yourself.

— STEELE

No. 517. Thursday, October 23, 1712

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is *dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONOURED SIR,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for

you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held

up by six of the *quorum*: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old hound, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

"Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT"

"P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry

informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

— ADDISON.

No. 81. Saturday, June 2, 1711

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theater in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were whigs, and those on my left, tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favor. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain,

that there are several women of honor who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which sides she pleases.

I must here take notice that Rosalinda, a famous whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

— She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.

When I was in the theater the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to

count the patches on both sides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-shew filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplish-

ments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favor of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

— ADDISON

DANIEL DEFOE

A TRUE RELATION OF THE APPARATION OF ONE MRS. VEAL THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH, TO ONE MRS. BARGRAVE, AT CANTERBURY, THE EIGHTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1705

THE PREFACE

THIS relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman and kinswoman of the said gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is here related and laid down is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent and publish such a story, nor any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well; to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the unheard-of ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both; so that it was in the power of Mrs. Bargrave to be very much her friend in several instances, which



Daniel Defoe
Author of the *Robinson Crusoe*

mightily endeared Mrs. Veal; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt *Upon Death*, and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there never was any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifference came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though about a twelve-month of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September last, viz., 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me"; and then she took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit; at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," said Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger"; but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her

first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have so fond a brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are one of the best of women." "Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "don't mention such a thing. I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's *Book of Death*, which was the best, she said, on that subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated, wrote upon *Death*, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes upstairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of

God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe" (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's *Ascetic*, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said their conversation was not like this of our age; "for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we might do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called *Friendship in Perfection*, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring *Friendship* Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her

hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does), she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side); and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown-sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave that she must not deny her, and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," said Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman!" "Well," says Mrs. Veal, "I must not be denied." "Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it"; which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting. And so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home. "But if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to send for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door into the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part. As soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her, she asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' sense before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was so mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead,

and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast the gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and skeptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry, and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," says Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broke all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in, for all that." But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone"; and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave — that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's *Book of Death* is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to

satisfy the world of the reality thereof as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her that she should not be affrighted, which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone, and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection, as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it, I can't imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon, supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment, without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered

modestly, "If my senses are to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee. She said she did not remember she did, and she said, "She appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

From AN ESSAY UPON PROJECTS

I HAVE often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to

natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so; and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, what is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for, that is taught no more? I need not give instances, or examine the character of a gentleman, with a good estate, of a good family, and with tolerable parts; and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the luster of it will never appear. And 'tis manifest, that as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why then should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask such, what they can see in ignorance, that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we upbraid women with folly, when 'tis only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them from being made wiser?

The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker than those of the men; and what they might be capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without, which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantages of education, for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements.

They should be taught all sorts of breeding suitable both to their genius and quality. And in particular, music and dancing, which it would be cruelty to bar the sex of because they are their darlings. But besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian, and I would venture the injury of giving a woman more tongues than one. They should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech, and all the necessary air of conversation, which our common education is so defective in that I need not expose it. They should be brought to read books, and especially history; and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them.

To such whose genius would lead them to it, I would deny no sort of learning; but the chief thing, in general, is to cultivate the understandings of the sex, that they may be capable of all sorts of conversation; that their parts and judgments being improved, they may be as profitable in their conversation as they are pleasant.

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education. Tempers, indeed, may in some degree influence them, but the main distinguishing part is their breeding.

The whole sex are generally quick and sharp—I believe, I may be allowed to say, generally so: for you rarely see them lumpish and heavy when they are children, as boys will often be. If a woman be well bred, and taught the proper management of her natural wit, she proves generally very sensible and retentive.

And, without partiality, a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of his singular regard to man, his darling creature, to whom he gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world, to withhold

from the sex the due luster which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows:—

If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative.

Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, the devil! . . .

The great distinguishing difference, which is seen in the world between men and women, is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman, and another.

And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women. For I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men;

and all, to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it. A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of man, as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman. But if the women's souls were refined and improved by teaching, that word would be lost. To say, the weakness of the sex, as to judgment, would be nonsense; for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men.

I remember a passage, which I heard from a very fine woman. She had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women's affairs. And when she came to converse in the world her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself: "I am ashamed to talk with my very maids," says she, "for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need go to school, than be married."

I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice. 'Tis a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing; and I refer the practice to those happy days (if ever they shall be) when men shall be wise enough to mend it.

THE PLAGUE IN LONDON

*From A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE
YEAR*

BUT now the fury of the distemper increased to such a degree, that even the markets were but very thinly furnished with provisions, or frequented with buyers, compared to what they were before; and the Lord mayor caused the country people

who brought provisions, to be stopped in the streets leading into the town, and to sit down there with their goods, where they sold what they brought, and went immediately away; and this encouraged the country people greatly to do so, for they sold their provisions at the very entrances into the town, and even in the fields; as, particularly in the fields beyond Whitechapel, in Spitalfields. Note, those streets, now called Spitalfields, were then, indeed, open fields: also, in St. George's Fields, in Southwark; in Bunhill Fields, and in a great field, called Wood's Close, near Islington; thither the Lord mayor, aldermen, and magistrates, sent their officers and servants to buy for their families, themselves keeping within doors as much as possible, and the like did many other people; and after this method was taken, the country people came with great cheerfulness, and brought provisions of all sorts and very seldom got any harm; which I suppose added also to that report of their being miraculously preserved.

As for my little family, having thus, as I have said, laid in a store of bread, butter, cheese, and beer, I took my friend and physician's advice, and locked myself up, and my family, and resolved to suffer the hardship of living a few months without fresh meat, rather than purchase it by the hazard of our lives.

But, though I confined my family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfied curiosity to stay within entirely myself; and, though I generally came frightened and terrified home, yet I could not restrain; only, that indeed I did not do it so frequently as at first.

I had some little obligations indeed upon me, to go to my brother's house, which was in Coleman Street parish, and which he had left to my care; and I went at first every day, but afterwards only once or twice a week.

In these walks I had many dismal scenes before my eyes; as, particularly, of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who, in their agonies, would throw open their chamber windows, and cry out in a dismal sur-

prising manner. It is impossible to describe the variety of postures in which the passions of the poor people would express themselves.

Passing through Token House Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried, "Oh! death, death, death!" in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell Alley. . . . As this puts me upon mentioning my walking the streets and fields, I cannot omit taking notice what a desolate place the city was at that time. The great street I lived in, which is known to be one of the broadest of all the streets of London, I mean of the suburbs as well as the liberties, all the side where the butchers lived, especially without the bars, was more like a green field than a paved street, and the people generally went in the middle with the horses and carts. It is true, that the farthest end, towards Whitechapel church, was not all paved, but even the part that was paved was full of grass also; but this need not seem strange, since the great streets within the city, such as Leadenhall Street, Bishopsgate Street, Cornhill, and even the Exchange itself had grass growing in them in several places; neither cart nor coach was seen in the streets, from morning till evening, except some country carts to bring roots and beans, or peas, hay, and straw, to the market, and those but very few compared to what was usual. As for coaches, they were scarce used but to carry people to the pest house and to other hospitals, and some few to carry physicians to such places as they thought fit to venture to visit; for really coaches were dangerous things, and people did not care to venture into them, because they did not know who might have been carried in them last; and sick infected people were, as I have said, ordinarily carried in

them to the pest houses, and sometimes people expired in them as they went along. . . . As the desolation was greater during those terrible times, so the amazement of the people increased; and a thousand unaccountable things they would do in the violence of their fright, as others did the same in the agonies of their distemper; and this part was very affecting. Some went roaring, and crying, and wringing their hands along the street; some would go praying and lifting up their hands to heaven, calling upon God for mercy. I cannot say, indeed, whether this was not in their distraction; but, be it so, it was still an indication of a more serious mind, when they had the use of their senses, and was much better, even as it was, than the frightful yellings and cryings that every day, and especially in the evenings, were heard in some streets. I suppose the world has heard of the famous Solomon Eagle, an enthusiast; he, though not infected at all, but in his head, went about, denouncing of judgment upon the city in a frightful manner; sometimes quite naked, and with a pan of burning charcoal on his head. What he said or pretended, indeed, I could not learn.

I will not say whether the clergyman was distracted or not, or whether he did it out of pure zeal for the poor people, who went every evening through the streets of Whitechapel, and, with his hands lifted up, repeated that part of the liturgy of the church, continually, "Spare us, good Lord; spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood;" I say, I cannot speak positively of these things, because these were only the dismal objects which represented themselves to me as I looked through my chamber windows, for I seldom opened the casements, while I confined myself within doors during that most violent raging of the pestilence, when, indeed, many began to think, and even to say, that there would none escape; and, indeed, I began to think so too, and, therefore kept within doors for about a fortnight, and never stirred out. But I could not hold it. Besides, there were some people, who, notwithstanding the danger, did not

omit publicly to attend the worship of God, even in the most dangerous times. And, though it is true that a great many of the clergy did shut up their churches and fled, as other people did, for the safety of their lives, yet all did not do so; some ventured to officiate, and keep up the assemblies of the people by constant prayers, and sometimes sermons or brief exhortations to repentance and reformation; and this as long as they would hear them. And dissenters did the like also, and even in the very churches where the parish ministers were either dead or fled; nor was there any room for making any difference at such a time as this was.

It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go and carry a letter for my brother to the post-house; then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the post-house, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leather purse, with two keys hanging at it, with money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropt it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big, that I had any inclination to meddle with it, or to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up; but so that if the right owner came for it he should be sure to have it. So he went in and fetched a pail of water, and set it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder, and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse; the

train reached about two yards; after this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs red-hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose; and first setting fire to the train of powder, that singed the purse and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that, but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burnt through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water, so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings.

Much about the same time, I walked out into the fields towards Bow; for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and, musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked how people did thereabouts? "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate, all dead or sick: here are very few families in this part, or in that village," pointing at Poplar, "where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick." Then he, pointing to one house, "They are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There," says he, "they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door;" and so, of other houses. "Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why,"

says he, "I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean then," said I "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he "that is my house," pointing to a very little, low, boarded house, "and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and, his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he, "and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?" "Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor," pointing down the river a good way below the town; "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor

yonder," pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such-like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side and they hoist it on board: if I did I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village," said I, "is as it were the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich and buy there; then I go to single farm houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs and butter, and bring to the ships as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man," said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now

with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread, too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopt, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment."

"Oh, sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!"

"Say'st thou so," said I, "and how much less is my faith than thine?" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he stayed in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence, and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man, while these thoughts engaged me; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called, "Robert, Robert;" he answered and bid her stay a few moments, and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to

fetch them away; and he called, and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the end adds, "God has sent it all, give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it, till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her four shillings, too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he, "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again, "Rachel, Rachel," which, it seems was her name, "did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all," and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain from contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him; "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trusts in him as thou dost;" so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have no words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money, and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

JOHNSON AND HIS CIRCLE

THE expression "Johnson and his Circle" precisely describes the literary group of the age succeeding Pope, for the great lexicographer was in reality the center of a group of brilliant men who were held together by the magnet of his outstanding personality. Johnson was preëminent by virtue of his personality, not of his writings. The *Dictionary* was indeed an invaluable contribution to English culture, but as a literary artist Johnson was mediocre, certainly not to be compared with Goldsmith, whose graceful fluency and delicate touch ennobled any commonplace of life, or with Edmund Burke, whose eloquence was of the supreme order. *Irene* is a labored tragedy, *Rasselas* a novel quite devoid of personality or humor, *The Rambler* and *The Idler* colorless and heavy when compared with *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and while the *Lives of the Poets* have stood fairly well the test of time, they are certainly not rich as biographical documents and as criticism are limited by the author's excessive common sense and his distrust of the imagination.

In short, Samuel Johnson (1709-1784) would hardly be recognized to-day as a considerable figure in literary history were it not for one fortunate circumstance, — the surpassingly faithful biography which the vicarious James Boswell has furnished, a biography which records the daily minutiae of Johnson's life and which has preserved the flow of conversation in which Johnson was supreme. It is the picturesque, rugged personality of Johnson, brave, kindly, loyal, intolerant, querulous, and his incomparable familiar talk that, thanks to Boswell, perpetuate the recognition of his supremacy.

The conversations are immortal literary monuments of the spoken word. "He had early laid it down as a fixed rule," he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, "to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible language he could put it in; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him." This flow of incomparable talk from the lips of a self-made commoner attests the full liberation of the bourgeois in letters, just as Johnson's dignified but blunt refusal to dedicate the *Dictionary* to the Earl of Chesterfield marks the passing of literary patronage.

"There is no arguing with Johnson," lamented Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), who was often the victim of the Doctor's hardest knocks, "for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it." Yet Johnson respected the snub-nosed, pock-marked Irish lad, and honored his genius though he ridiculed his vanity and his folly.

Born in a humble Irish parsonage, of which he has left a vivid picture in *The Deserted Village*, pupil of an old soldier who filled his head with fairy tales and ghost stories, a menial sizar at Trinity College, Dublin, indolent and rebellious, the huckster of his own ballads at public-houses, a gambling medical student at Edinburgh and Leyden, an importunate wanderer over the continent, keeping soul and body together with his flute, an actor, chemist's assistant and bookseller's hack in London, and then suddenly a man of fame with the publication of *The Traveller* in 1764, a charter member of the immortal literary club of which Johnson was the dictator, yet ever in debt despite his triumphs and his income, and dying at forty-five with a mind ill at ease, such in brief is the story of Goldsmith's life.

One day during his absence at the club it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him; whereupon Garrick wrote:

Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

If Goldsmith could not talk like Johnson, he could indeed write like an angel, and the charm of his verse and prose has lost none of its potency with the passing years, and delights readers who turn a deaf ear to much that the eighteenth century has to offer.

The one great prose writer of the late eighteenth century was Edmund Burke (1729–1797). Americans will always reverence him because he championed the cause of the colonies and fought our battles in an hostile Parliament. Irish born, educated at Trinity College, he came to London to study law, but could not hold himself to regimen and wandered much, only settling into serious work at thirty-five. He then became a most profound student of political affairs and is the ideal exponent of the scholar in politics. That he became the leader of the Whig party is solely a tribute to his own ability, for he had no backing. For over thirty years his voice was raised on every great public question: the rights of the colonies, political corruption at home, the exploitation of India, England's attitude toward the French Revolution. In all of these outstanding issues he played a leading rôle, ever the consistent champion of national honor, of political and social integrity, and of liberty within the constitution.

Burke's orations have never been equaled in the English tongue. They are the joint product of imaginative genius and of the genius for hard work. "I think I know America," he once remarked. "If I do not, my ignorance is incurable, for I have spared no pains to understand it"; and Matthew Arnold has observed that "what makes Burke stand out so splendidly among politicians is that he treats politics with his thought and imagination." His magnificent invective, his resource of figure and illustration, his swelling periods and the stately music of his prose are unsurpassed.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

From THE RAMBLER

No. 102. Saturday, March 9, 1751

*Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
Non secus ac flumen: neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest; sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur.* — OVID

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave pursued arrives on shore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we descry;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.

— ELPHINSTON

"LIFE," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, — the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamor and confusion, I was told that we were

launching out into the "ocean of life"; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched than the current — which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible — bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk expectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

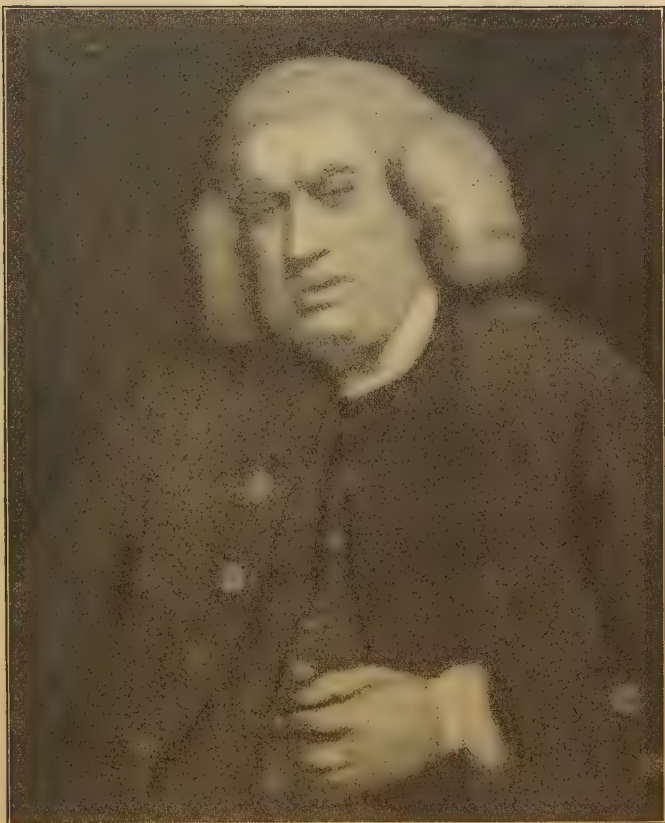
It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he

saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten. The voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain that, how long soever he might, by favorable accidents or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labors; yet, in effect, none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful. They all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by play-



*Copyright by the National Portrait Gallery
Engraved by Doughty from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds*

SAMUEL JOHNSON

ing with HOPE, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the Gulf of INTemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which EASE spread couches of repose, and with shades where PLEASURE warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of PLEASURE that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the Gulf of INTemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome, and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few

whom REASON was able to extricate generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the Gulf of INTemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of PLEASURE commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce HOPE herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking! Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and, seeing the Gulf of INTemperance before me, started and awaked.

No. 161. Tuesday, October 1, 1751

Οὐ γὰρ φύλλων γένεσι, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. — HOMER.

Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

MR. RAMBLER. SIR:

YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and inquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest, than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet, to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action, through obscurity and contradiction, as Tully sought amidst bushes and brambles the tomb of Archimedes.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the Conqueror's survey as its possessor, how often it has been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much increased by an inquiry after the names of those barbarians who destroyed one another, twenty centuries ago, in contests for the shelter of woods or convenience of pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at rest in the enjoyment of a new purchase, till he has learned the history of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the parish, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their ancestors, however bloody, savage, and rapacious.

The same disposition, as different opportunities call it forth, discovers itself in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wise man to slumber in total inactivity, only because

he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius. It is therefore my custom to apply my attention to the objects before me; and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the history and antiquities of the several garrets in which I have resided.

Quantulacunque etis, vos ego magna voco.

How small to others, but how great to me!

Many of these narratives my industry has been able to extend to a considerable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the house, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions, — the plasterer having at her entrance obliterated, by his white-wash, all the smoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon despatched a bargain on the usual terms. I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to inquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress, and was somewhat mortified when I heard that the first tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light, and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was trusted to cut out, and

was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheap-side that she brought the reputation of the house into danger, and was therefore dismissed with good advice.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think she had judged hardly, and often wished for such another lodger. At last, an elderly man of a grave aspect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went out till evening, and then returned early, sometimes cheerful and at other times dejected. It was remarkable that, whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket; and, though cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last — such is the fate of human felicity! — the house was alarmed at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady, assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him up stairs, where he found the tools of a coiner. But the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped, — much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why anybody should be hanged for making money, when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall, for the future, always question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of

a public street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with fresher paper, asked questions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the windows had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her *earnest* the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and, when he had stipulated for two long shelves and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated, —

Ὅς ὑπέρτατα δώματα ναεῖ

(This habitant th'aërial regions boast);

— hard words, to which his neighbors listened so often that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy inquire for "the author." My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months. But, as she was punctually paid, she could not

find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her, by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants, who left the house on Saturday, and, instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had spent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other. She climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks without impatience or lamentation, except for the expense and fatigue which her sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless sorrow, and, returning to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. So true it is that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and willingness to find them, and so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world.

I am sir, &c.

From THE IDLER

No. 85. Saturday, December 1, 1759

ONE of the peculiarities which distinguish the present age is the multiplication of books. Every day brings new advertisements of literary undertakings, and we are flattered with repeated promises of growing wise on easier terms than our progenitors.

How much either happiness or knowledge is advanced by this multitude of authors, it is not very easy to decide. He that teaches us anything which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be revered as a master. He that conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways, may very properly

be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion. But few of those who fill the world with books have any pretensions to the hope either of pleasing or instructing. They have often no other task than to lay two books before them, out of which they compile a third, without any new materials of their own, and with very little application of judgment to those which former authors have supplied.

That all compilations are useless I do not assert. Particles of science are often very widely scattered. Writers of extensive comprehension have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known because they are not promised in the title. He that collects those under proper heads is very laudably employed, for, though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and, by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.

But the collections poured lately from the press have been seldom made at any great expense of time or inquiry, and therefore only serve to distract choice without supplying any real want. It is observed that "a corrupt society has many laws," and I know not whether it is not equally true that an ignorant age has many books. When the treasures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined, and original authors are neglected and forgotten, compilers and plagiaries are encouraged, who give us again what we had before, and grow great by setting before us what our own sloth had hidden from our view.

Yet are not even these writers to be indiscriminately censured and rejected. Truth, like beauty, varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses to different minds; and he that recalls the attention of mankind to any

part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly said to advance the literature of his own age. As the manners of nations vary, new topics of persuasion become necessary, and new combinations of imagery are produced; and he that can accommodate himself to the reigning taste may always have readers who perhaps would not have looked upon better performances. To exact of every man who writes that he should say something new would be to reduce authors to a small number; to oblige the most fertile genius to say only what is new would be to contract his volumes to a few pages. Yet surely there ought to be some bounds to repetition. Libraries ought no more to be heaped forever with the same thoughts differently expressed, than with the same books differently decorated.

The good or evil which these secondary writers produce is seldom of any long duration. As they owe their existence to change of fashion, they commonly disappear when a new fashion becomes prevalent. The authors that in any nation last from age to age are few, because there are very few that have any other claim to notice than that they catch hold on present curiosity, and gratify some accidental desire, or produce some temporary conveniency.

But, however the writers of the day may despair of future fame, they ought at least to forbear any present mischief. Though they cannot arrive at eminent heights of excellence, they might keep themselves harmless. They might take care to inform themselves before they attempt to inform others, and exert the little influence which they have for honest purposes. But such is the present state of our literature, that the ancient sage who thought "a great book a great evil" would now think the multitude of books a multitude of evils. He would consider a bulky writer who engrossed a year, and a swarm of pamphleteers who stole each an hour, as equal wasters of human life, and would make no other difference between them than between a beast of prey and a flight of locusts.

LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February, 7, 1755.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with

help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

JAMES BOSWELL FIRST MEETING WITH DR. JOHNSON

MR. THOMAS DAVIES, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. . . .

At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost: "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that

I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and, recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for, with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country, and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal, and when we had sat down I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on this subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old

acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from ever making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People," he remarked, "may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money, and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth, and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind." . . .

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I

might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday, the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems. Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson, at this time did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartments, and furniture, and morning dress, were, sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a

little old, shriveled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him, and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir," said I, "I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day.

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney. BURNLEY: "How does poor Smart do, sir? Is he likely to recover?" JOHNSON: "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease, for he grows fat upon it." BURNLEY: "Perhaps, sir, that may be from want of exercise." JOHNSON: "No, sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was that he did

not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it."

Johnson continued: "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it."

"The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'" . . .

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings, and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smattered face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks improve:

These were thy charms, sweet village!
 sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along the glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires thy echoes with unvaried cries;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,

Retreats from care, that never must be mine,

How happy he who crowns in shades like these

A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,

And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,

Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,

While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,

His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,

The mingling notes came softened from below;

The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,

The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,

And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,

For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;

She only left of all the harmless train,

The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,

And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;

Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,

More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;

He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain :

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire, and talked the night away.

Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,

Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,

His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,

And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,

His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,

And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest :

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
 the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts
 the way,

With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to
 trace

The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited
 glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
 frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he
 knew:

'Twas certain he could write, and cipher
 too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides
 presage,

And even the story ran that he could
 gauge;

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue
 still;

While words of learned length and thun-
 dering sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder
 grew,

That one small head could carry all he
 knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on
 high,

Where once the sign-post caught the pass-
 ing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown
 draughts inspired,

Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil
 retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks
 profound,
 And news much older than their ale went
 round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive
 place:

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded
 floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind
 the door;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of
 goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the
 day,

With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel
 gay;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
 show,

Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a
 row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not
 all

Reprieve the tottering mansion from its
 fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's
 heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's
 tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall
 prevail;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall
 clear,

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to
 hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go
 round;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud dis-
 dain,

These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of
 art.

Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its
 play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first born
 sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight mas-
 querade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-
 rayed —
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts
 decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who
 survey
 The rich man's joy increase, the poor's
 decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits
 stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of
 freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her
 shore;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish
 abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world
 around.
 Yet count our gains! This wealth is but a
 name
 That leaves our useful products still the
 same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and
 pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended
 bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of
 half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the
 green:
 Around the world each needful product
 flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure
 all
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and
 plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her
 reign,
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress
 supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her
 eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for
 charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
 In nature's simplest charms at first ar-
 rayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourged by famine from the smil-
 ing land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble
 band,
 And while he sinks, without one arm to
 save,
 The country blooms — a garden and a
 grave.
 Where then, ah! where, shall poverty
 reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits
 strayed
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
 divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped — what waits him
 there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn
 pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the
 way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her mid-
 night reign
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous
 train:

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing
square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches
glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'en an-
noy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!

Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah,
turn thine eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female
lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn:

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue
fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking
from the shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless
hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country
brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the
loveliest train, —

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little
bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes
between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd
before,

The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward
ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget
to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuri-
ance crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death
around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to
wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
prey,

And savage men more murderous still
than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
skies.

Far different these from every former
scene,

The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless
love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
that parting day,

That called them from their native walks
away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked
their last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in
vain

For seats like these beyond the western
main,

And shuddering still to face the distant
deep,

Returned and wept, and still returned to
weep.

The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others'
woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the
grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure
rose,

And kist her thoughtless babes with many
a tear

And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly
dear,

Whilst he fond husband strove to lend
relief

In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's
decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these
for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness
grown,

Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large
they grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part
unsound,

Down, down, they sink, and spread a
ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
the sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy
band,

Pass from the shore, and darken all the
strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
maid,

Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest
fame;

Dear charming nymph, neglected and
decried,

My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
woe,

That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
me so;

Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be
tried,

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive
strain;

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of
gain;

Teach him, that states of native strength
possess,

Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
decay,

As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

FROM RETALIATION

* * * * *

Here lies our good Edmund,¹ whose
genius was such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too
much;

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his
mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for
mankind:

Though fraught with all learning, yet
straining his throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend
him a vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on
refining,

And thought of convincing, while they
thought of dining;

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for
a wit;

For a patriot too cool; for a drudge dis-
obedient;

And too fond of the right to pursue the
expedient.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in
place, Sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a
razor.

* * * * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe him
who can?

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in
man;

¹ Edmund Burke.

As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;

Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,

And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,

'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,

He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:

Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick

If they were not his own by finessing and trick;

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,

For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,

And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;

Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,

Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;

If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,¹

What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!

How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,

When he was be-Roscious'd, and you were bepraised!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!

Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;

¹ Dramatists and critics of the time.

Old Shakespeare receive him with praise
and with love.

And Beaumonts and Bens² be his Kellys
above.

* * * * *

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

LETTER XIII

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead. Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all. They have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding that I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. "If adulation like this," continued I, "be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flat-

² Ben Jonson and the like.

tered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage, to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit."

The Man in Black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay. As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument which appeared more beautiful than the rest. "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection."

"It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice."

"What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"

"Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the Man in Black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege."

"This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, — of one whose wit has gained him immortality?"

"No, sir," replied my guide, "the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."

"Pray tell me, then, in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"

"Remarkable, sir?" said my companion. "Why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable, — for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

"But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"

"I suppose," replied the Man in Black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too. So he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great. There are several others in the temple who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, "that is the Poets' Corner. There you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."

"Drayton!" I replied. "I never heard of him before. But I have been told of one Pope — is he there?"

"It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years. He is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet."

"Strange," cried I; "can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?"

"Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There is a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet.

These answerers, have no other employment but to cry out Dunce and Scribbler, to praise the dead and revile the living, to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit, to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour, and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies. He feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I.

"Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancor of malevolent dullness?"

"I own there are many," replied the Man in Black. "But alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books, and the patron is too indolent to distinguish. Thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table." . . .

LETTER XXI

THE English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the playhouse, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behavior of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which novelty generally inspires. The richest, in general, were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

They who held the middle region seemed not so riotous as those above them, nor yet so tame as those below. To judge by their looks, many of them seemed strangers there as well as myself; they were chiefly employed, during this period of expectation, in eating oranges, reading the story of the play, or making assignments.

Those who sat in the lowest rows, which are called the pit, seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merit of the poet and the performers. They were assembled partly to be amused, and partly to show their taste; appearing to labour under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. My companion, however, informed me that not one in a hundred of them knew even the first principles of criticism; that they assumed the right of being censors because there was none to contradict their pretensions, and that every man who now called himself a connoisseur became such to all intents and purposes.

Those who sat in the boxes appeared in the most unhappy situation of all. The rest of the audience came merely for their own amusement; these, rather to furnish out a part of the entertainment themselves. I could not avoid considering them as acting parts in dumb show, —

not a curtesy or nod that was not the result of art; not a look nor a smile that was not designed for murder. Gentlemen and ladies ogled each other through spectacles; for my companion observed that blindness was of late become fashionable. All affected indifference and ease, while their hearts at the same time burnt for conquest. Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the ladies in their gayest dresses, the men with cheerfulness and expectation in their looks, all conspired to make a most agreeable picture, and to fill a heart that sympathizes at human happiness with inexpressible serenity.

The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived. The curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. A woman, who personated a queen, came in curtesying to the audience, who clapped their hands upon her appearance. Clapping of hands is, it seems, the manner of applauding in England; the manner is absurd, but every country, you know, has its peculiar absurdities. I was equally surprised, however, at the submission of the actress, who should have considered herself as a queen, as at the little discernment of the audience who gave her such marks of applause before she attempted to deserve them. Preliminaries between her and the audience being thus adjusted, the dialogue was supported between her and a most hopeful youth, who acted the part of her confidant. They both appeared in extreme distress, for it seems the queen had lost a child some fifteen years before, and still kept its dear resemblance next her heart, while her kind companion bore a part in her sorrows. Her lamentations grew loud; comfort is offered, but she detests the very sound; she bids them preach comfort to the winds. Upon this her husband comes in, who, seeing the queen so much afflicted, can himself hardly refrain from tears, or avoid partaking in the soft distress. After thus grieving through three scenes, the curtain dropped for the first act.

"Truly," said I to my companion, "these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortunes. Certain I am, were people of humbler

stations to act in this manner, they would be thought divested of common sense."

I had scarce finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had, it seems, refused his proffered tenderness, had spurned his royal embrace, and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce disdain. After he had thus fretted, and the queen had fretted, through the second act, the curtain was let down once more.

"Now," says my companion, "you perceive the king to be a man of spirit; he feels at every pore. One of your phlegmatic sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and let her come to herself by degrees; but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death. Death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern buskined hero; this moment they embrace, and the next stab, mixing daggers and kisses in every period."

I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engrossed by a new object. A man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. "To what purpose," cried I, "does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? Is he a part of the plot?"

"Unmeaning do you call him?" replied my friend in black. "This is one of the most important characters of the whole play. Nothing pleases the people more than the seeing a straw balanced; there is a great deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight, and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune."

The third act now began, with an actor who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to show us strange things before all was over. He was joined by another who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. "If that be a villain," said I, "he must be a very stupid one to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China."

The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child of six years old was learning to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarins infinite satisfaction. "I am sorry," said I, "to see the pretty creature so early learning so bad a trade; dancing being, I presume, as contemptible here as it is in China."

"Quite the reverse," interrupted my companion. "Dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year. He who flourishes them four times gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing. But the fourth act is begun; let us be attentive."

In the fourth act the queen finds her long-lost child, now grown up into a youth of smart parts and great qualifications; wherefore she wisely considers that the crown will fit his head better than that of her husband, whom she knows to be a driveler. The king discovers her design, and here comes on the deep distress: he loves the queen, and he loves the kingdom; he resolves, therefore, in order to possess both, that her son must die. The queen exclaims at his barbarity, is frantic with rage, and at length, overcome with sorrow, falls into a fit; upon which the curtain drops, and the act is concluded.

"Observe the art of the poet," cries my companion. "When the queen can say no more, she falls into a fit. While thus her eyes are shut, while she is supported in the arms of Abigail, what horrors do we not fancy! We feel it in every nerve. Take my word for it, that fits are the true *aposiopesis* of modern tragedy."

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to another; gods, demons, daggers, racks, and ratsbane. But whether the king was killed, or the

queen was drowned, or the son was poisoned, I have absolutely forgotten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observing that the persons of the drama appeared in as much distress in the first act as the last. "How is it possible," said I, "to sympathize with them through five long acts! Pity is but a shortlived passion. I hate to hear an actor mouthing trifles; neither startings, strainings, nor attitudes, affect me, unless there be cause. After I have been once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarms, my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet. All the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater. If the actor, therefore, exclaims upon every occasion in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect, though he gains our applause."

I scarce perceived that the audience were almost all departed; wherefore, mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street, where, essaying a hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin-poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various turnings, we both at length got home in safety. — Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII

A VISIT TO A SILK-MERCHANT

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap: immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of

mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former, the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for nightcaps. "My very good friend," said I to the mercer, "you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." — "That may be," cried the mercer, who, I afterwards found, had never contradicted a man in his life; "I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sack from this piece this very morning." — "But, friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sack from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap." — "That may be," returned he again, "yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeymen, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, "There," cries he, "there's beauty; my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birthnight this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats." — "But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat!" returned the mercer, "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation; so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains

measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning gowns; "Perhaps, sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this to any under a Right Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing." — "I am no lord," interrupted I. — "I beg pardon," cried he; "but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine: yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion, compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success.

EDMUND BURKE

A LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON.
EDMUND BURKE, TO A NOBLE
LORD

ON THE ATTACKS MADE UPON HIM AND
HIS PENSION, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,
BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD AND THE
EARL OF LAUDERDALE, EARLY IN THE
PRESENT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT

1796

. . . ASTRONOMERS have supposed that if a certain comet, whose path intersected the ecliptic, had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign, it would have whirled us along with it, in its eccentric course, into God knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the Rights of Man, which "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war," and "with fear of change perplexes monarchs," — had that comet crossed upon us in that internal state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being irresistibly hurried out of the highway of heaven, into all the vices, crimes, horrors, and miseries of the French Revolution.

Happily, France was not then Jacobinized. Her hostility was at a good distance. We had a limb cut off, but we preserved the body. We lost our colonies, but we kept our constitution. There was, indeed, much intestine heat; there was a dreadful fermentation. Wild and savage insurrection quitted the woods, and prowled about our streets in the name of Reform. Such was the distemper of the public mind that there was no madman, in his maddest ideas and maddest projects, who might not count upon numbers to support his principles and execute his designs.

Many of the changes, by a great misnomer called parliamentary reforms, went, not in the intention of all the professors and supporters of them, undoubtedly, but went in their certain, and, in my opinion, not very remote effect, home to the utter destruction of the constitution of this

kingdom. Had they taken place, not France, but England, would have had the honor of leading up the death-dance of democratic revolution. Other projects, exactly coincident in time with those, struck at the very existence of the kingdom under any constitution. There are who remember the blind fury of some, and the lamentable helplessness of others; here, a torpid confusion, from a panic fear of the danger; there, the same inaction from a stupid insensibility to it; here, well-wishers to the mischief; there, indifferent lookers-on. At the same time, a sort of national convention, dubious in its nature, and perilous in its example, nosed Parliament in the very seat of its authority, sat with a sort of superintendence over it, and little less than dictated to it, not only laws, but the very form and essence of legislature itself. In Ireland things ran in a still more eccentric course. Government was unnerved, confounded, and in a manner suspended. Its equipoise was totally gone. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of Lord North. He was a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business, of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command, that the time required. Indeed a darkness, next to the fog of this awful day, lowered over the whole region. For a little time the helm appeared abandoned —

*Ipse diem noctemque negat discernere cælo,
Nec meminisse via media Palinurus in
unda.*

At that time I was connected with men of high place in the community. They loved liberty as much as the Duke of Bedford can do, and they understood it at least as well. Perhaps their politics, as usual, took a tincture from their character, and they cultivated what they loved. The liberty they pursued was a liberty in-

separable from order, from virtue, from morals, and from religion, and was neither hypocritically nor fanatically followed. They did not wish that liberty, in itself one of the first of blessings, should in its perversion become the greatest curse which could fall upon mankind. To preserve the constitution entire, and practically equal to all the great ends of its formation, not in one single part, but in all its parts, was to them the first object. Popularity and power they regarded alike. These were with them only different means of obtaining that object, and had no preference over each other in their minds, but as one or the other might afford a surer or a less certain prospect of arriving at that end. It is some consolation to me, in the cheerless gloom which darkens the evening of my life, that with them I commenced my political career, and never for a moment, in reality nor in appearance, for any length of time, was separated from their good wishes and good opinion.

By what accident it matters not, nor upon what desert, but just then, and in the midst of that hunt of obloquy which ever has pursued me with a full cry through life, I had obtained a very considerable degree of public confidence. I know well enough how equivocal a test this kind of popular opinion forms of the merit that obtained it. I am no stranger to the insecurity of its tenure. I do not boast of it. It is mentioned to show, not how highly I prize the thing, but my right to value the use I made of it. I endeavoured to turn that short-lived advantage to myself into a permanent benefit to my country. Far am I from detracting from the merit of some gentlemen, out of office or in it, on that occasion. No! — It is not my way to refuse a full and heaped measure of justice to the aids that I receive. I have, through life, been willing to give everything to others, and to reserve nothing for myself but the inward conscience that I had omitted no pains to discover, to animate, to discipline, to direct the abilities of the country for its service, and to place them in the best light to improve their age, or to adorn it. This conscience I

have. I have never suppressed any man, never checked him for a moment in his course, by any jealousy or by any policy. I was always ready, to the height of my means (and they were always infinitely below my desires), to forward those abilities which overpowered my own. He is an ill-furnished undertaker who has no machinery but his own hands to work with. Poor in my own faculties, I ever thought myself rich in theirs. In that period of difficulty and danger more especially, I consulted and sincerely co-operated with men of all parties who seemed disposed to the same ends, or to any main part of them. Nothing to prevent disorder was omitted; when it appeared, nothing to subdue it was left uncounseled nor unexecuted, as far as I could prevail. At the time I speak of, and having a momentary lead, so aided and so encouraged, and as a feeble instrument in a mighty hand, — I do not say I saved my country; I am sure I did my country important service. There were few, indeed, that did not at that time acknowledge it; and that time was thirteen years ago. It was but one voice, that no man in the kingdom better deserved an honourable provision should be made for him.

So much for my general conduct through the whole of the portentous crisis from 1780 to 1782, and the general sense then entertained of that conduct by my country. But my character as a reformer, in the particular instances which the Duke of Bedford refers to, is so connected in principle with my opinions on the hideous changes which have since barbarized France, and, spreading thence, threatened the political and moral order of the whole world, that it seems to demand something of a more detailed discussion.

My economical reforms were not, as his Grace may think, the suppression of a paltry pension or employment, more or less. Economy in my plans was, as it ought to be, secondary, subordinate, instrumental. I acted on state principles. I found a great distemper in the commonwealth, and, according to the nature of the evil and of the object, I treated it. The mal-

ady was deep; it was complicated, in the causes and in the symptoms. Throughout it was full of contra-indicants. On one hand, government, daily growing more invidious from an apparent increase of the means of strength, was every day growing more contemptible by real weakness. Nor was this dissolution confined to government commonly so called. It extended to Parliament, which was losing not a little in its dignity and estimation, by an opinion of its not acting on worthy motives. On the other hand, the desires of the people (partly natural and partly infused into them by art) appeared in so wild and inconsiderate a manner, with regard to the economical object (for I set aside for a moment the dreadful tampering with the body of the constitution itself), that, if their petitions had literally been complied with the state would have been convulsed, and a gate would have been opened through which all property might be sacked and ravaged. Nothing could have saved the public from the mischiefs of the false reform but its absurdity, which would soon have brought itself, and with it all real reform, into discredit. This would have left a rankling wound in the hearts of the people, who would know they had failed in the accomplishment of their wishes, but who, like the rest of mankind in all ages, would impute the blame to anything rather than to their own proceedings. But there were then persons in the world who nourished complaint, and would have been thoroughly disappointed if the people were ever satisfied. I was not of that humor. I wished that they *should* be satisfied. It was my aim to give to the people the substance of what I knew they desired, and what I thought was right, whether they desired it or not, before it had been modified for them into senseless petitions. I knew that there is a manifest marked distinction, which ill men with ill designs, or weak men incapable of any design, will constantly be confounding, — that is, a marked distinction between change and reformation. The former alters the substance of the objects themselves, and gets rid of all their

essential good, as well as of all the accidental evil annexed to them. Change is novelty; and whether it is to operate any one of the effects of reformation at all, or whether it may not contradict the very principle upon which reformation is desired, cannot be certainly known beforehand. Reform is not a change in the substance, or in the primary modification, of the object, but a direct application of a remedy to the grievance complained of. So far as that is removed, all is sure. It stops there; and, if it fails, the substance which underwent the operation, at the very worst, is but where it was.

All this, in effect, I think, but am not sure, I have said elsewhere. It cannot at this time be too often repeated, — line upon line, precept upon precept, — until it comes into the currency of a proverb: *to innovate is not to reform*. The French revolutionists complained of everything; they refused to reform anything; and they left nothing, no, nothing at all *unchanged*. The consequences are *before us*, — not in remote history; not in future prognostication; — they are about us; they are upon us. They shake the public security; they manace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted; our repose is troubled; our pleasures are saddened; our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation. The revolution harpies of France, sprung from Night and Hell, or from that chaotic Anarchy which generates equivocally "all monstrous, all prodigious things," cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring state. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters), flutter over our heads, and souse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, un-

ravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal. . . .

Does his Grace think that they who advised the Crown to make my retreat easy, considered me only as an economist? That, well understood, however, is a good deal. If I had not deemed it of some value, I should not have made political economy an object of my humble studies, from my very early youth to near the end of my service in Parliament, even before (at least to any knowledge of mine) it had employed the thoughts of speculative men in other parts of Europe. At that time it was still in its infancy in England, where, in the last century, it had its origin. Great and learned men thought my studies were not wholly thrown away, and deigned to communicate with me now and then on some particulars of their immortal works. Something of these studies may appear incidentally in some of the earliest things I published. The House has been witness to their effect, and has profited of them, more or less, for above eight-and-twenty years.

To their estimate I leave the matter. I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator; "*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto of a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favor and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts, by imposing on the understandings, of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise no rank, no toleration even, for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand.

THE GEORGIAN POETS

THE English poets from 1740 to the end of the century are the forerunners of the great romanticists of the early nineteenth century, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. The wits of Queen Anne had succeeded for the time being in silencing romantic utterance, but the spirit of romance is unquenchable, and no sooner had the Augustans reduced poetry to the cold correctness of satire and philosophic speculation in heroic verse than sensitive spirits began instinctively to recoil from it and to search, though timidly, for the picturesque, the fanciful, the mysterious, and the free. Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets* (1785) was in effect a futile protest against this growing wave of romance, but not even the authority of so autocratic a Dictator could crush it.

If these Georgian poets seem rather tame, if their verse strikes us as pensive and listless, they are at least interesting historically, prophetic as they are of the poetry which was to follow. Singularly enough, they were all men who lacked physical vitality, and this anæmia is responsible for the flatness and paleness of their pastelle poetry. None of them had the physique to support genius. Thomson (1700-1748), the first of the tribe, was the victim of constitutional languor, fat and sleepy; Gray (1716-1771), who in his university days at least had the spirit to revolt against the deadness of the curriculum and to characterize the university as "that pretty collection of desolate animals," described himself at thirty as "lazy and listless, and old, and vexed, and perplexed"; at Oxford Collins (1721-1759) was "distinguished for genius and indolence," spent the major part of his life with insanity hanging over him and finally became hopelessly its victim, filling the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral with his shrieks; Cowper's (1731-1800) delicate nervous system was permanently injured by the bullyings of a schoolboy and he was only reclaimed at intervals from insanity by the kind offices of friends; Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770), the most astounding youthful literary genius that the world has known, too feverish and frail to fight it out with hunger and neglect, took arsenic at the age of seventeen; and Edward Young (1683-1765) only came into his own with his melancholy *Night Thoughts*, written after he was sixty.

It is not surprising, then, that genuine passion is lacking in the poetry of this period, and that feeling hardly gets beyond pensiveness and melancholy, and that the return to nature stops short at picturesqueness of landscape and does not cleave through to the animating and revealing spirit of nature itself. Young, composing at night with a candle stuck in a skull, is a fairly good epitome of this school.

Yet they were, indeed, a frail group of pioneers, poorly enough equipped; yet they opened something of a trail for the ardent spirits who were to follow.

MATTHEW PRIOR

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY FIVE
YEARS OLD

THE AUTHOR FORTY

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous,
band

That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned, by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,

Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation

Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silk-worms beds
 With all the tender things I swear,
 Whilst all the house my passion reads
 In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame;
 For though the strictest prudes should
 know it,

She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
 And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
 The lines some younger rival sends,
 She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
 And we shall still continue friends;

For, as our different ages move,
 'Tis so ordained (would fate but mend it!)
 That I shall be past making love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

JAMES THOMSON

RULE, BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain:
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair!
 Rule, Britannia, etc.

WILLIAM COWPER

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OH, that those lips had language! Life
 has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee
 last.
 Those lips are thine — thy own sweet
 smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced
 me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
 away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the
 same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learnt that thou
 wast dead

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
 shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just be-
 gun?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a
 kiss:

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
 Ah, that maternal smile! It answers —
 Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou
art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful
shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips no
more!

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er for-
got.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard
no more,

Children not thine had trod my nursery
floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our
own.

Short-lived possession! but the record
fair

That memory keeps, of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm that has ef-
faced

A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and
warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed;

All this, and more endearing still than all,
That constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
brakes

That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little
noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore
the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissue
flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the
while,

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head
and smile),

Could those few pleasant days again ap-
pear,

Might one wish bring them, would I wish
them here?

I would not trust my heart — the dear de-
light

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
the shore,

"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar."

And thy loved consort on the dangerous
tide

Of life long since has anchored by thy
side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tost,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth

From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies!

And now, farewell — Time unrevoked has run

His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,

I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,

Without the sin of violating thine:

And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,

And I can view this mimic show of thee,

Time has but half succeeded in his theft —

Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the brave!

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset;

Down went the Royal George,

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfelt is gone;

His last sea-fight is fought;

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;

No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak;

She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;

His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down

With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,

Once dreaded by our foes!

And mingle with our cup

The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,

And she may float again

Full charged with England's thunder,

And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,

His victories are o'er;

And he and his eight hundred

Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COLLINS

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING
OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest

By all their country's wishes blest!

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,

Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod

Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,

By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,

To bless the turf that wraps their clay;

And Freedom shall awhile repair,

To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to sooth thy modest
ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-
hair'd sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-
ey'd bat,

With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern
wing,

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing thro' thy dark-
ning vale

May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, the elves
Who slept in flow'rs the day,

And many a nymph who wreaths her
brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier
still

The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm vot'ress, where some
sheety lake

Cheers the lone heath, or some time-
hallow'd pile

Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving
rain,

Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd
spires,

And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er
all

Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft
he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve ;

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves ;

Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan
shed,

Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-
lipp'd Health,

The gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name !

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

O THOU, by nature taught

To breathe her genuine thought,

In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly
strong ;

Who first, on mountains wild,

In fancy, loveliest child,

Thy babe, or pleasure's, nursed the powers
of song !

Thou, who, with hermit heart,

Disdain'st the wealth of art,

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trail-
ing pall ;

But com'st a decent maid,

In Attic robe arrayed,

O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I
call ;

By all the honeyed store
 On Hybla's thymy shore;
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs
 dear;
 By her whose lovelorn woe,
 In evening musings slow,
 Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
 Who spread his wavy sweep,
 In warbled wanderings, round thy green
 retreat;
 On whose enameled side,
 When holy freedom died,
 No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of truth,
 To my admiring youth,
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,
 Though beauty culled the wreath,
 Still ask thy hand to range their ordered
 hues.

While Rome could none esteem
 But virtue's patriot theme,
 You loved her hills, and led their laureat
 band:
 But stayed to sing alone
 To one distinguished throne;
 And turned the face, and fled her altered
 land.

No more, in hall or bower,
 The passions own thy power;
 Love, only love, her forceless numbers
 mean:
 For thou hast left her shrine;
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faints the cold work till thou inspire the
 whole;
 What each, what all supply,
 May court, may charm, our eye;
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting
 soul!

Of these let others ask,
 To aid some mighty task,

I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
 Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O nature, learn my tale.

JOHN DYER

GRONGAR HILL

SILENT nymph, with curious eye,
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man;
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale;
 Come, with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister muse;
 Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
 Gives luster to the land and sky!
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
 Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made;
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sat upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head;
 While strayed my eyes o'er Towry's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day:
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,
 As circles on a smooth canal:
 The mountains round, unhappy fate
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise:
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landscape lies below!

No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of nature shew,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Augh heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,

Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm.
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the
eye!

A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
*As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.*

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
 Search for peace with all your skill;
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor:
 In vain you search, she is not there;
 In vain you search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with Pleasure close allied,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THOMAS GRAY

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT
OF ETON COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy Shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
 among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
 Ah, fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murm'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-
 straint
 To sweeten liberty;
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possessed;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:
 Their buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever-new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The Ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
 Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain
Of such, as wandering near her secret
bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould-
ering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-
built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn,
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team
afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
scure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
smile,
The short and simple annals of the
poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
unroll;

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear:

Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
less breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood.

The applause of listening senates to com-
mand,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed
alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes
confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on man-
kind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous
shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to
stray;

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their
way.

Yet even these bones from insult to pro-
tect,

Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
ture decked,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the un-
lettered muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
signed,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
day,

Nor cast one longing lingering look
behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul re-
lies,

Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
cries,

Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured
dead

Dost in these lines their artless tale re-
late;

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of
 dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
 beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
 high,
 His listless length at noontide would he
 stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles
 by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
 scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would
 rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hope-
 less love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed
 hill,
 Along the heath and near his favourite
 tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was
 he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we
 saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou can'st read)
 the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged
 thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble
 birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he
 wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread
 abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the star threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

From SONGS OF INNOCENCE

INTRODUCTION

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer !"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE LAMB

LITTLE LAMB, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee :
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild ;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee !
Little Lamb, God bless thee !

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying "weep! weep!" in notes of woe!
"Where are thy father and mother, say?"—
"They are both gone up to the church to
pray.

"Because I was happy upon the heath
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothèd me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy and dance and
sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his priest
and king,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

FROM MILTON

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

ROBERT BURNS

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH
THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve :
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE
 PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebour sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

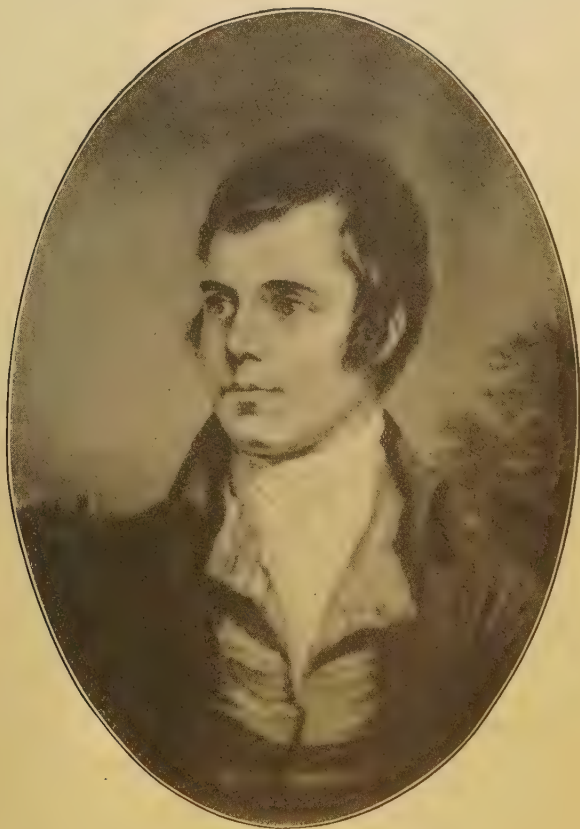
The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
 High sheltering woods an' wa's maun
 shield:
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 An low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed
 And guileless trust;
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To misery's brink;
 Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He ruined sink!



From a painting by Alexander Nasmyth

ROBERT BURNS

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

— GRAY

My loved, my honoured, much respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
end:

My dearest meed a friend's esteem
and praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish
lays,

The lowly train in life's sequestered
scene;

The native feelings strong, the guile-
less ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have
been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry
sugh,

The short'ning winter day is near a
close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the
pleugh,

The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose;

The toil-worn cotter frae his labour
goes, —

This night his weekly moil is at an
end, —

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in
view,

Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,
stacher through

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin
noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's
smile,

The lispin infant prattling on his
knee,

Does a' his weary kiaugh and care
beguile,

An' makes him quite forget his labour an'
his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping
in,

At service out amang the farmers
roun';

Some ca the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebour town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny,
woman-grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
ee,

Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw
new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters
meet,

An' each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers:

The social hours, swift-winged, un-
noticed fleet;

Each tells the uncoss that he sees or
hears.

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years;

Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her
sheers,

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's
the new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command

The younkets a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eyedent hand,

An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:

"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord
always,

An' mind your duty, duly, morn and night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,

Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought
the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebour lad cam o'er the moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;

Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;

Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

With kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;

A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,

Weel-pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,

And sage experience bids me this declare —

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can with studied, sly ensnaring art

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,

Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,

That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.

The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
face,
They round the ingle form a circle
wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal
grace
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's
pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and
bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in
Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious
care;
And, "Let us worship God," he says with
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the no-
blest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling mea-
sures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the
name,
Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenward
flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills
are tame;
The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures
raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,—
How Abram was the friend of God
on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning
lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing
cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man
was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second
name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head:
How His first followers and servants
sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many
a land
How he, who lone in Patmos ban-
ishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
nounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eter-
nal King,
The saint, the father, and the hus-
band prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future
days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter
tear,
Together hymning their Creator's
praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Reli-
gion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations
wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace except the
heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant
will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart
May hear, well pleased, the language of
the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor
enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
 way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to
 rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm
 request,
 That Hé who stills the raven's clam'-
 rous nest
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees
 the best,
 For them and for their little ones pro-
 vide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace
 divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's
 grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, re-
 vered abroad:
 Princes and lords are but the breath of
 kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work
 of God":
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly
 road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far be-
 hind:
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cum-
 brous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human
 kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness
 refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to
 Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and
 sweet content!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple
 lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and
 vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets
 be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the
 while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic
 tide
 That streamed thro' Wallace's un-
 daunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic
 pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious
 part, —
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou
 art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
 ward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-
 bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament
 and guard!

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownie and of Bogillis full is this buke.
 — GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebours neebours meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise
 As'taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee well thou was a skellum,
 A bletherin, blusterin, drunken bhellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in
 Doon;
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnnie,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie:
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious
 Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy:
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white — then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide:
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride, —
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
 stone,
 That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast
 in;

And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bel-
 low'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg, —
 A better never lifted leg, —
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Dispising wind and rain and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
 sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares.
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning
 trees
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze:
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillioni brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
reels

Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towsie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
Coffins stood around like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape —
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and
curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been
queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens!
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder
linen! —
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

* * * * *

But Tam kend what was what fu'
brawlie;

There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core
Lang after kend on Carrick shore
(For monie a beast to dead she shot,
An' perished monie a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear).
Her cutty sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered and fidget fu' fain,
And hotched and drew wi' might and
main:

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy
fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle —
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claut her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's Mare.

SCOTS WHA HAE

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:

How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said among them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie
At least be pity to me shown:
A thought ungente canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

CHORUS. — Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er
I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the war' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne?

CHO. — For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine!
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
 From mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN
BLAW

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There wild woods grow an' rivers row,
 An' monie a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet an' fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:

There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen':
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Guid-day to you," — brute! he comes
 ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordained I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten:
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, "Tam Glen"!

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

FAREWELL to the Highlands, farewell to
 the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of
 worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-covered
with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys
below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring
hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear wind-
ing rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises
high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
roses blow;
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the
lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy
clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

BONIE DOON

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye blume sae fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou reminds me o' the happy days,
 When my fause luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
 Thou sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae aff its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvie staw my rose
 But left the thorn wi' me.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfold her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel,
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;

But O! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
 That dwalt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

DUNCAN GRAY

DUNCAN GRAY came here to woo,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan prayed;
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Time and chance are but a tide,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 "Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
 "For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to — France for me!"
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

How it comes let doctors tell,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O! her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoores his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND CANTIE WI' MAIR

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
 I gie them a skelp as they're creeping along,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld
 Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome
 Thought;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught;
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my
 pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae mon-
 arch daur touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my
 fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a';
 When at the blythe end of our journey at
 last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he
 has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte
 on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade
 gae:
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure
 or pain,
 My warst word is: "Welcome, and wel-
 come again!"

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That tings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As come it will for a' that)
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn.
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace —

Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbl'd shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning
green;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd
scene:

The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry
wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

SOME EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LETTERS

English literature is particularly rich in the number and excellence of its letter-writers. The eighteenth century was especially prolific in the variety as well as the quality of interesting letters written by the men and women who achieved distinction in that social era. The first novels, especially those of Richardson, partook largely of the epistolary form. Much of the material of the periodical essays of Addison, Steele, and Johnson was in the form of an imaginary correspondence and there were many who set down in their memoirs just such informal material as we find in the actual letter-writers of the period. It was a society-loving age, when people had the time and the inclination to write long and often and intimately of what was going on in the world about them. As much time was spent in the occupation, letters were carefully preserved and fortunately have been the source of much of our knowledge of the period.

"Letters ought to be nothing but extempore conversation on paper," wrote Horace Walpole to Lady Ossary. On the whole, these eighteenth century letters show little of the speculative brooding and dreaming of the romantic era but they reflect as truthfully what the representatives of the time were thinking and the affairs that held their attention.

The relations between Swift and Mrs. Esther Johnson, the Stella of his Journal, have been the despair of his biographers. To her and her companion, Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Swift wrote regularly, giving a minute account of his life in London, his political and literary occupations, the gossip of the town, and his reflections on the leaders of the day. For the most part the letters were written at night when he came home to his lodgings.

"The 'little language' which Swift used when writing to Stella (Esther Johnson) was the language he employed when playing with her as a little child at Moor Park. It is marked chiefly by such changes of letters (*e.g.*, *l* for *n*, or *n* for *l*) as a child makes when learning to speak. Swift is Presto, and Pdfr. sometimes Podefear (perhaps Poor dear foolish rogue). Stella is Ppt (Poor pretty thing). MD (my dears) usually stands for both Stella and Mrs. Dingley, but sometimes for Stella alone. Mrs. Dingley is indicated by ME (Madame Elderly). The letters FW may mean Farewell, or Foolish Wenches. Lele seems to be There, there, and sometimes truly." — G. A. AITKEN.

Horace Walpole is generally acknowledged as the prince of letter-writers. His letters were the chief work of his life, no other person has dealt with so great a variety of subjects. The first letter we possess was written when Walpole was fifteen years old (1732) and his letters continue for sixty years, the most complete edition containing a total of more than three thousand addressed to more than one hundred and fifty correspondents. Walpole studied letter-writing as an art, but he was at the same time a distinguished figure of his age. Consequently, this wonderful collection is a record not only of the author but of the most important men and events of the sixty years from 1732-1792.

Philip, fourth earl of Chesterfield, was one of the foremost English statesmen of his age and an unique personality in English literature. His letters to his son, according to Sainte-Beuve, the distinguished French critic, contained on every page some happy observation worthy of being kept in remembrance. He began writing

letters of advice to his son when the child was only five years old. When this boy reached the age of twenty-four, another Philip Stanhope was born and to him Chesterfield wrote letters for many years. Evidently he did not intend that they should be made public.

"You and I must now write to each other as friends and without the least reserve, there will for the future be a thousand things in my letters which I would not have any mortal living but yourself see or know." The *letters*, written in English, Latin, and French, contain a large amount of valuable information on history, geography, and on many subjects. They insist that nothing is too small for attentive consideration, that concentration upon one subject at a time is essential. They urge the need of honor and morality, they recommend the principle of good breeding, they enjoin respect for the feelings of others and sympathy with them; the young man is told never to be ashamed of doing what is right.

Fanny Burney, who became Madame d'Arblay by her marriage to a French émigré, was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte. Here is more about the larger literary and political world, including the great event of the Hastings Treaty. A most interesting feature of these diaries and letters are the clear-cut portraits of the people whom the writer knew.

Thomas Gray was one of the greatest scholars of his time. As an invaluable index to his whole character, his letters are the only trustworthy records for his biographers. Although the letters of Walpole are important for the history of the social life, they contain nothing comparable to the depth and pathos of Gray's more tender memories and friendships. Moreover, they are an excellent guide to the survey of contemporary continental literature. They show an intimate knowledge of old French chronicles and classical literature. They glow with original comments on the seasons, the crops, and the flowers.

Among authors famous for their correspondence Lady Mary Wortley Montagu holds a conspicuous place. She wrote many letters to Pope, but the greater portion were written to her husband, to her sister, Lady Mar, and to her daughter, Countess of Bute. She was shrewd enough to know their value. "Keep my letters," she wrote, "they will be as good as Madame de Sevigné's forty years hence," and they are.

She was a prominent figure in the literature of the period, but left nothing of permanent value except her letters. She will be remembered for her courage in introducing into England inoculation for smallpox, three quarters of a century before Jenner discovered a more excellent way.

William Cowper, the most important poet in England between Pope and Wordsworth, the author of some of the most famous hymns in our language, is one of the best letter-writers, not only of the eighteenth century but of any, century. His was a sad life, filled with morbidness and insanity, but his charming letters reveal the source of his poetic endowment, his gentle mischievousness, the familiarity which despises nothing as too humble and too little. No one in his letters ever gave a more pleasing and more truthful picture of the simple country life in his day, idyllic, without work or worry.

The series of seventy letters signed *Junius* first appeared in the *Public Advertiser* between January 21, 1769, and January 21, 1772. They attracted the universal attention of English politicians, owing to the writer's familiarity with current politics and prominent personages and his boldness in commenting upon them. Discussion of the authorship of these letters has begot a literature to itself, bristling with technicalities and expert opinions, equal to that of any discussion for centuries. Many persons at the time thought Burke was the author; today all that seems certain is that the author was one of a clique of Whigs, of which Sir Philip Francis was a prominent member.

JONATHAN SWIFT

From JOURNAL TO STELLA

MARCH 7, 1710-11. . . . And so you say that Stella is a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language, I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen.— In your account you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo must cly Lele and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdir, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so lele's fol ee rettle. Dood-mollow.— At night, Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

Mar. 8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the Archbishop of Dublin; and the Dean may tell you the particulars from the Archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon, at three o'clock, at a Committee of the Council. I was playing Lady Catharine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the Secretary which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he had been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guis-

card, stabbed Mr. Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. Secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the Lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the Archbishop. I have now, at nine, sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindness to me.— The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French Popish villain. Good-night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

Mar. 9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him; he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising, and going to Mr. Secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.— Night. Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the Secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good-night, etc., and pity Presto.

* * * * *

Mar. 16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's,¹

* * * * *

¹ Mrs. Vanhomrigh was the mother of Esther Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa," the heroine of Swift's poem *Cadenus and Vanessa*.

where I dined; and Lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my Lord Keeper and Lord Rivers, that I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. — So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot! it is time to leave off, etc.

Windsor, July 29, 1711. I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me: one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the Queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the *Gazette* for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. The other fellow was printer of the *Examiner*, which is now laid down. I dined with the Secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and Lord Peterborow. The Duke of Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked upstairs. It is an ill circumstance that on Sundays

much company always meet at the great tables. Lord Treasurer told at Court what I said to Mr. Secretary on this occasion. The Secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. "Poh," said I, "show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner." See how this is all blotted, I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

Windsor, Sept. 23, 1711. The Secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon. I have not seen him yet, but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, Clerk of the Kitchen. I was to see Lord Keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour; and Lord Treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot¹ puts it all upon me. The Court was very full to-day. I expected Lord Treasurer would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me; and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. It is now seven at night, and I am at home; and I hope Lord Treasurer will not send for me to supper: if he does not, I will reproach him; and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. — So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. — It is now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. Secretary: they tell me the Queen is yet at the Council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the Council afterwards. It is certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there is an end. — It is now eleven, and a messenger is come from Lord Treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, Nov. 15, 1712. Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath

¹ Dr. John Arbuthnot, Physician in Ordinary to Queen Anne.

almost ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word that the Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's Square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while the Duke was over him, Mohun shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped toward the cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess was asleep. Maccartney, and one Hamilton, were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed the Duke of Hamilton; and some say Maccartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor Duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for anybody to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder to her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the bandbox sent to Lord Treasurer. The prints have

told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the evening; only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him; for there was a bullet apiece. A gentleman told me that if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub Street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the Ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep.

EDWARD GIBBON

From AUTOBIOGRAPHY

June, 1765.

THE pilgrimage to Italy, which I now accomplished, had long been the object of my curious devotion. The passage of Mount Cenis, the regular streets of Turin, the Gothic cathedral of Milan, the scenery of the Boromean Islands, the marble palaces of Genoa, the beauties of Florence, the wonders of Rome, the curiosities of Naples, the galleries of Bologna, the singular aspect of Venice, the amphitheatre of Verona, and the Palladian architecture of Vicenza, are still present to my imagination. I read the Tuscan writers on the banks of the Arno; but my conversation was with the dead rather than the living, and the whole College of Cardinals was of less value in my eyes than the transfiguration of Raphael, the Apollo of the Vatican, or the massy greatness of the Coliseum. It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started

to my mind. After Rome has kindled and satisfied the enthusiasm of the Classic pilgrim, his curiosity for all meaner objects insensibly subsides.

September, 18, 1784.

. . . My greenhouse is never so pleasant as when we are just upon the point of being turned out of it. . . . I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum which, though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets. All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, — at least in this country. I should not, perhaps, find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing; but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not, indeed, think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour for the sake of his melody; but a goose upon a common, or in a farm-yard, is no bad performer. And as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles indeed of all hues, will keep out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which — at least in a rural situation — it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits; and if a sinful world had been filled with such

as would have curdled the blood, and have made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the gardens, have each their concert, and the ear of man is forever regaled by creatures who seem only to please themselves. Even the ears that are deaf to the Gospel are continually entertained, though without knowing it, by sounds for which they are solely indebted to its Author. There is somewhere in infinite space a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even scriptural, to suppose that there is music in heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found, — tones so dismal as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate even despair. . . .

FRANCES BURNAY (MADAME
D'ARBLAY)

TO DR. JOHNSON

August 3, 1778.

. . . WHEN we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place, — for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't

ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he, "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am now too proud to eat it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud today!"

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successful."

"What's that you say, madam?" cried he. "Are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"

A little while after he drank Mrs. Thrale's health and mine, and then added: "'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies well without wishing them to become old women!"

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, "are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old."

"No, sir, no," cried the doctor, laughing; "that never yet was; you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is in—" (I have quite forgot what, and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly:—

"— lies buried here;
So early wise, so lasting fair,
That none, unless her years you told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.")

Mrs. Thrale then repeated some lines in French, and Dr. Johnson some more in Latin. An epilogue of Mr. Garrick's to *Bonduca* was then mentioned, and Dr. Johnson said it was a miserable performance, and everybody agreed it was the worst he had ever made.

"And yet," said Mr. Seward, "it has been very much admired; but it is in praise of English valour, and so I suppose the subject made it popular."

"I don't know, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "anything about the subject, for I could not read on till I came to it; I got through half a dozen lines, but I could observe

no other subject than eternal dullness. I don't know what is the matter with David; I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable."

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit. He and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know, for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others."

"David, madam," said the doctor, "looks much older than he is; for his face has had double the business of any other man's. It is never at rest; when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to what he assumes the next. I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time."

"O yes," cried Mrs. Thrale, "we must certainly make some allowance for such wear and tear of a man's face."

The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins, and Mrs. Thrale said: "Why, now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself; Garrick is one, too; for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute!"

"Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him, and when to praise him. I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve; and as to Sir John, why, really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed, as he meant we should, at this curious manner of speaking in his favor; and he then related an anecdote that he said he knew to be true in regard to his meanness. He said that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he eat no supper after the

first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share.

"And was he excused?"

"O yes; for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself; we all scorned him, and admitted his plea. For my part, I was such a fool as to pay my share for wine, though I never tasted any. But Sir John was a most *unclubable* man! And this," continued he, "reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I traveled once; I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they traveled in their own coach and four horses. But at the first inn where we stopped, the lady called for—a pint of ale! and when it came, quarreled with the waiter for not giving full measure. Now Madame Duval¹ could not have done a grosser thing!"

Oh, how everybody laughed! and to be sure I did not glow at all, nor munch fast, nor look on my plate, nor lose any part of my usual composure! But how grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson, for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural! But indeed, the delicacy I met with from him, and from all the Thrales, was yet more flattering to me than the praise with which I have heard they have honoured my book.

February 13, 1788.

In the middle was placed a large table, and at the head of it the seat for the Chancellor, and round it seats for the judges, the Masters in Chancery, the clerks, and all who belonged to the law; the upper end, and the right side of the room, was allotted to the peers in their robes; the left side to the bishops and archbishops. Immediately below the Great Chamberlain's box was the place allotted for the prisoner. On his right side was a box for his own counsel, on his left the box for the managers, or committee, for the prosecution; and these three most important

of all the divisions in the Hall were all directly adjoining to where I was seated.

The business did not begin till near twelve o'clock. The opening to the whole then took place, by the entrance of the managers of the prosecution; all the company were already long in their boxes or galleries. I shuddered, and drew involuntarily back, when, as the doors were flung open, I saw Mr. Burke, as Head of the Committee, make his solemn entry. He held a scroll in his hand, and walked alone, his brow knit with corroding care and deep laboring thought,—a brow how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration when first I met him! so highly as he had been my favourite, so captivating as I had found his manners and conversation in our first acquaintance, and so much as I owed to his zeal and kindness to me and my affairs in its progress! How did I grieve to behold him now the cruel prosecutor (such to me he appeared) of an injured and innocent man!

Mr. Fox followed next, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Wyndham, Messrs. Anstruther, Grey, Adam, Michael Angelo Taylor, Pelham, Colonel North, Mr. Frederick Montagu, Sir Gilbert Elliot, General Burgoyne, Dudley Long, etc. They were all named over to me by Lady Claremont, or I should not have recollected even those of my acquaintance, from the shortness of my sight.

When the committee box was filled, the House of Commons at large took their seats on their green benches, which stretched, as I have said, along the whole left side of the Hall. . . . Then began the procession, the clerks entering first, then the lawyers according to their rank, and the peers, bishops, and officers, all in their coronation robes; concluding with the Princes of the Blood,—Prince William, son to the Duke of Gloucester, coming first, then the Dukes of Cumberland, Gloucester, and York, then the Prince of Wales; and the whole ending by the Chancellor, with his train borne. They then all took their seats.

¹ A character in Miss Burney's *Evelina*.

A sergeant-at-arms arose, and commanded silence in the court, on pain of imprisonment. Then some other officer, in a loud voice, called out, as well as I can recollect, words to this purpose: "Warren Hastings, Esquire, come forth! Answer to the charges brought against you; save your bail, or forfeit your recognizance!" Indeed I trembled at these words, and hardly could keep my place when I found Mr. Hastings was being brought to the bar. He came forth from some place immediately under the Great Chamberlain's box, and was preceded by Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; and at each side of him walked his bails, Messrs. Sullivan and Sumner. The moment he came in sight, which was not for full ten minutes after his awful summons, he made a low bow to the Chancellor and court facing him. I saw not his face, as he was directly under me. He moved on slowly, and, I think, supported between his two bails, to the opening of his own box; there, lower still, he bowed again; and then, advancing to the bar, he leant his hands upon it, and dropped on his knees; but a voice in the same moment proclaiming he had leave to rise, he stood up almost instantaneously, and a third time profoundly bowed to the court. . . .

The crier, I think it was, made, in a loud and hollow voice, a public proclamation, "that Warren Hastings, Esquire, late Governor-General of Bengal, was now on his trial for high crimes and misdemeanours, with which he was charged by the Commons of Great Britain; and that all persons whatsoever who had aught to allege against him were now to stand forth." . . .

The interest of this trial was so much upon my mind that I have not kept even a memorandum of what passed from the 13th of February to the day when I went again to Westminster Hall. . . . The prisoner was brought in, and Mr. Burke began his speech. It was the second day of his harangue; the first I had not been able to attend.

All I had heard of his eloquence, and all I had conceived of his great abilities, was more than answered by his performance. Nervous, clear, and striking was almost all that he uttered; the main business; indeed, of his coming forth was frequently neglected, and not seldom wholly lost; but his excursions were so fanciful, so entertaining, and so ingenious, that no miscellaneous hearer, like myself, could blame them. It is true he was unequal, but his inequality produced an effect which, in so long a speech, was perhaps preferable to greater consistency, since, though it lost attention in its falling off, it recovered it with additional energy by some ascent unexpected and wonderful. When he narrated, he was easy, flowing, and natural; when he declaimed, energetic, warm, and brilliant. The sentiments he interspersed were so nobly conceived as they were highly coloured; his satire had a poignancy of wit that made it as entertaining as it was penetrating. His allusions and quotations, as far as they were English and within my reach, were apt and ingenious; and the wild and sudden flights of his fancy, bursting forth from his creative imagination in language fluent, forcible, and varied, had a charm for my ear and my attention wholly new and perfectly irresistible.

Were talents such as these exercised in the service of truth, unbiassed by party and prejudice, how could we sufficiently applaud their exalted possessor! But though frequently he made me tremble by his strong and horrible representations, his own violence recovered me, by stigmatizing his assertions with personal ill-will and designing illiberality. Yet at times I confess, with all that I felt, wished, and thought concerning Mr. Hastings, the whirlwind of his eloquence nearly drew me into its vortex.

HORACE WALPOLE

TO HORACE MANN

Windsor, August 21, 1746.

. . . I CAME from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the coun-

try) the day after the execution of the rebel lords.¹ I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold, and I saw another who was upon it; so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red (his rebellious regimentals), a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators, in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwarks Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted. Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us." Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! . . . At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and

prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial, declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body, — orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with sawdust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards. He then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and, pulling out his spectacles, read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and, lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock, and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen who attended him coming up, he said,

¹ Jacobites, captured and brought to trial after the Battle of Culloden.

"No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a nightcap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but, being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the signal by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look! how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

TO HIS SON, PHILIP STANHOPE

October 9, 1747.

... PEOPLE will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb which says very justly, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." One may fairly suppose that a man who makes a knave or a fool his friend has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies, and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance, or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real

reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration; but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company: one, which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe.

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, Yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him, and good breeding will endear him, to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable.

October 19, 1748.

. . . I NEED not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with; for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject and in the same manner to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary, complaisance, for it relates only to manners, and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that I hope and believe is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.

THOMAS GRAY

TO HORACE WALPOLE

January, 1753.

I AM at present at Stoke, to which place I came at half an hour's warning upon the news I received of my mother's illness, and did not expect to have found her alive; but when I arrived she was much better, and continues so. I shall therefore be very glad to make you a visit at Strawberry Hill, whenever you give me notice of a convenient time. I am surprised at the print, which far surpasses my idea of London graving; the drawing

itself was so finished that I suppose it did not require all the art I had imagined to copy it tolerably. My aunts, seeing me open your letter, took it to be a burying ticket, and asked whether anybody had left me a ring; and so they still conceive it to be, even with all their spectacles on. Heaven forbid they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine, — they would burn me for a poet. . . . This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it, I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know, will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half a dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, I believe it would have given me a palsy. Therefore I rejoice to have received this notice, and shall not be easy till you tell me all thoughts of it are laid aside.

TO REV. WILLIAM MASON

Dec. 19, 1757.

THOUGH I very well know the bland, emollient, saponaceous qualities of both sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it. Nay, if they would drop the very name of the office,¹ and call it *Sinecure* to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me. But I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be sergeant

¹ At the time when Gray's name had been mentioned for the vacant post of Poet.

trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my Lord Mayor, not to the king. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, — for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate.

LADY MARY MONTAGU

TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET

March, 1739.

... At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at

the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G—— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G—— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened until they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence — the Commons also being very impatient to enter — gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts, — which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in history, ancient or modern.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

January 28, 1753.

You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding; the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes. . . . Every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement extensive, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words; this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious; she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would wish her no further a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more

important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had a natural good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiarist was very unlucky to fall into my hands; that author, being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and, as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness. The parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of all her acquaintance.

Love, [1755].

I have promised you some remarks on all the books I have received. I believe you would easily forgive my not keeping my word; however, I shall go on. The Rambler is certainly a strong misnomer; he always plods in the beaten road of his

predecessors, following the Spectator — with the same pace a packhorse would do a hunter — in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper. These writers may, perhaps, be of service to the public, which is saying a great deal in their favour. There are numbers of both sexes who never read anything but such productions, and cannot spare time from doing nothing to go through a six-penny pamphlet. Such gentle readers may be improved by a moral hint which, though repeated over and over from generation to generation, they never heard in their lives. I should be glad to know the name of this labourious author. H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are sorry scoundrels. All these sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions, and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they chose to plunge themselves into, expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue, as much out of nature as fairy treasures. Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. . . . The general want of invention which reigns among our writers inclines me to think it is not the natural growth of our island, which has not sun enough to warm the imagination. The press is loaded by the servile flock of imitators. . . . Since I was born, no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellences, if

not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguishing prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible ways of getting bread.

September, 22, 1755.

. . . I AM sorry for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did. . . . There was a great similitude between his character and that of Sir Richard Steele. He had the advantage both in learning and — in my opinion — genius; they both agreed in wanting money in spite of all their friends, and would have wanted it, if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imagination; yet each of them was so formed for happiness, it is pity he was not immortal.

WILLIAM COWPER

TO MRS. COWPER

Huntingdon, Oct. 20, 1766.

MY DEAR COUSIN — I am very sorry for poor Charles's illness, and hope you will soon have cause to thank God for his complete recovery. We have an epidemical fever in this country likewise, which leaves behind it a continual sighing, almost to suffocation: not that I have seen any instance of it, for, blessed be God! our family have hitherto escaped it, but such was the account I heard of it this morning.

I am obliged to you for the interest you take in my welfare, and for your inquiring so particularly after the manner in which my time passes here. As to amusements, I mean what the world calls such, we have none: the place indeed swarms with them; and cards and dancing are the

professed business of almost all the *gentle* inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessaries to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we *do not* spend our time, I will next say how we do. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven, we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and, by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers. I need not tell *you* that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly, we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life, above all for a heart to like it!

I have had many anxious thoughts about taking orders, and I believe every

new convert is apt to think himself called upon for that purpose; but it has pleased God, by means which there is no need to particularize, to give me full satisfaction as to the propriety of declining it; indeed, they who have the least idea of what I have suffered from the dread of public exhibitions will readily excuse my never attempting them hereafter. In the mean time, if it please the Almighty, I may be an instrument of turning many to the truth, in a private way, and hope that my endeavours in this way have not been entirely unsuccessful. Had I the zeal of Moses, I should want an Aaron to be my spokesman.

Yours ever, my dear Cousin,

W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN

October 31, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND — I wrote my last letter merely to inform you that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return.

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you: with one exception, and that a swinging one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a republican, and the Doctor, in order, I suppose to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancourous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been

charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon *Lycidas*, and has taken occasion, from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if *Lycidas* was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity, that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ, has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation. Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets.

I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room. Our love attends yourself, Mrs. Unwin, and Miss Shuttleworth, not forgetting the two miniature pictures at your elbow. Yours affectionately. W. C.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

September 19, 1769.

MY LORD:

You are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if, in the following lines, a

compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my Lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offense where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or possibly they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation, when panegyric is exhausted.

You are indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious, till it was yours, were sufficient to have supported you with meaner abilities than I think you possess. From the first, you derived a constitutional claim to respect; from the second, a natural extensive authority; the last created a partial expectation of hereditary virtues. The use you have made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to yourself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. We may trace it in the veneration of your country, the choice of your friends, and in the accomplishment of every sanguine hope which the public might have conceived from the illustrious name of Russell.

The eminence of your station gave you a commanding prospect of your duty. The road which led to honour was open to your view. You could not lose it by mistake, and you had no temptation to depart from it by design. Compare the natural dignity and importance of the richest peer of England, the noble independence which he might have maintained in Parliament, and the real interest and respect which he might have acquired, not only in Parliament, but through the whole kingdom,—compare these glorious distinctions with the ambition of holding a share in government, the emoluments of a place, the sale of a

borough, or the purchase of a corporation; and, though you may not regret the virtues which create respect, you may see with anguish how much real importance and authority you have lost. Consider the character of an independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford; imagine what he might be in this country; then reflect one moment upon what you are.

If it be possible for me to withdraw my attention from the fact, I will tell you in theory what such a man might be. Conscious of his own weight and importance, his conduct in Parliament would be directed by nothing but the constitutional duty of a peer. He would consider himself as a guardian of the laws. Willing to support the just measures of government, but determined to observe the conduct of the minister with suspicion, he would oppose the violence of faction with as much firmness as the encroachments of prerogative. He would be as little capable of bargaining with the minister for places for himself or his dependents, as of descending to mix himself in the intrigues of opposition. Whenever an important question called for his opinion in Parliament, he would be heard by the most profligate minister with deference and respect. His authority would either sanctify or disgrace the measures of government. The people would look up to him as their protector, and a virtuous prince would have one honest man in his dominions, in whose integrity and judgment he might safely confide.

Your Grace may probably discover something more intelligible in the negative part of this illustrious character. The man I have described would never

prostitute his dignity in Parliament by an indecent violence, either in opposing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancourously persecute, at another basely cringe to, the favourite of his sovereign. After outraging the royal dignity with peremptory conditions, little short of menace and hostility, he would never descend to the humility of soliciting an interview with the favourite, and of offering to recover, at any price, the honour of his friendship. Though deceived, perhaps, in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the dishonest necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependents, — of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expense of his country. . . .

A great man, in the success and even in the magnitude of his crimes, finds a rescue from contempt. Your Grace is every way unfortunate. . . . It may, perhaps, be a pleasure to reflect that there is hardly a corner of any of His Majesty's dominions, except France, in which, at one time or other, your valuable life has not been in danger. Amiable man! we see and acknowledge the protection of Providence, by which you have so often escaped the personal detestation of your fellow-subjects, and are still reserved for the public justice of your country. . . .

THE ROMANTIC POETS

THE first quarter of the nineteenth century witnessed an extraordinary flowering of English poetry. The men here considered differ widely from one another but they are alike in their effort to extend the domain of poetry and to increase the range of poetical expression. Childhood, humble life, nature in its homely, its exotic, even its mystical aspects, the glamour of the Middle Ages, social and moral problems, all the wonder of the world, at once terrifying and consoling, become parts of the poet's consciousness; on them he ponders, and as he feels, in suffering or in exaltation, he sings. Such a conception of poetry may be contrasted with the objective descriptive manner which characterizes the effort in our own day still further to increase the poetical domain.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was possessed of one of the finest minds that have appeared on earth, but one partially frustrated by its own fecundity and by opium. If he impresses us as something less than the poet he might have been, he is still a great poet, and he is besides a figure of the first importance in literary criticism and in liberal theology. He is renowned as a copious talker.

Leaving Cambridge without a degree, he joined his friend Robert Southey, who charmed him with his plan to found a community on the banks of the Susquehanna, a "pantisocracy" of virtue and brotherly love. The idea was abandoned through lack of funds. The two friends married sisters. Coleridge then tried lecturing and journalism. About 1796 he associated himself with the Wordsworths, William and his only less gifted sister Dorothy. One result of this association was the little volume of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), to which Coleridge's principal contribution was *The Ancient Mariner*. At this time Coleridge wrote also *Kubla Khan* and the first part of *Christabel*. These were not published until 1816. *The Ode to France* appeared in the *Morning Post*, April 16, 1798. In that year he made a memorable visit to Germany. Returning, he translated Schiller's *Wallenstein* (1800), and removing to the Lake region, he wrote the second part of *Christabel*.

Coleridge's poetical work was now nearly complete. In spite of his addiction to opium, he continued to experiment in drama, contributed frequently to the press, lectured, and above all, talked. *Lay Sermons* (1816), *Sibylline Leaves* (1817), *Biographia Literaria* (1817), *Aids to Reflection* (1824), *Church and State* (1830), together with *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, a volume of *Table Talk*, and four volumes of *Literary Remains*, all of which were published after his death, embody only a part of the outgivings of this extraordinary mind.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) in his youth went to France and became a flaming revolutionary and, after the manner of that robust day, was something of a scatterer of wild oats. He lived to grow serenely old in "a wise passiveness"; to the young Browning his later Toryism seemed a base desertion. (See Browning's *The Lost Leader*.) Also Wordsworth in his youth was a poet — he never intended to be and never to himself seemed anything other. If to others he grew voluminous and prosy, he regarded it all as a necessary part of the development of his poet's mind, which was his perpetual theme. The forces which he regarded as formative of his poetic mind were not the polished societies of cities, but the intercourse with simple and homely country people and a surrender of himself to the influences of hill, stream, bird, and flower which were the outer garment of that "nature" which was all in all to him. Walking reflectively amid the natural beauties of his English lakes he wrought throughout his life at his poetry

until it developed a mass and contour which, quite as much as its occasional perfections, have made of it an enlargement and a consolation to the spirit of men since.

Wordsworth regarded his peasants and his "nature" with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer. He would write only in the simple diction of peasants. He would be the first consistently to describe natural scenery, as he says, "with his eye on the object." He would do away with the artificial "poetic diction" which had beset English poetry since the days of Pope. Of course Wordsworth's practice was often something quite different from his theory. He did study poetry. He did not write in the language of peasants, though he sometimes wrote lines and whole poems that were flat and very nearly silly. He adhered closely to poetical conventions in many respects. But he did write about simple things — people, trees, birds, places, some aspects of everyday human conduct — which he had known, reflected upon, felt deeply about. Upon these he looked back in the tranquillity that succeeded his emotion, and, by recreating his emotion, he invested with dignity and splendor what would otherwise have passed for commonplace.

All the faults and excellences of this method appear in the famous volume of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798); the faults may be exemplified by the *Idiot Boy*, the excellences by *Tintern Abbey*.

Wordsworth planned to devote his life to a long philosophical poem on "man, nature, and society," to be called the *Recluse*. Of this plan he completed, in 1805, the *Prelude*, in fourteen books (published 1850) and the *Excursion* (1814), which was intended to serve as the second of three parts. It was of the *Excursion* that the critic Jeffrey said, "This will never do." In a sense, it never has done; and yet there is in him a world of healing wisdom and beauty: the lofty reflection of his *Ode to Duty*, the splendors of his *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, the homely and touching truth of his *Michael*, and the chastened imagination of his sonnets; and the shorter poems of nature and of humble folk, both in his view, presenting but different aspects of the same creative principle working through all things in dignity and beauty.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) came of a race of moss-trooping Borderers. As a little boy at his grandfather's hill-top farm of Sandy-Knowe nothing pleased him so much as the ballads and songs of the Border. Toward the end of his school days he read with delight Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. While studying and later practising law, as well as serving as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, his enormous energy and unquenchable enthusiasm found time to collect ballads, pore over manuscripts, and make friends with every sort of person in Scotland. In 1802 he published two volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and a third volume the next year. He had already tried his hand at original ballad-writing for "Monk" Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, and in attempting something more ambitious he again began with a tale of the supernatural, around which he wove incidents from his wide knowledge of the early border forays, giving unity to the whole by putting it into the mouth of the aged minstrel. The metrical form was suggested by what he had heard of Coleridge's yet unpublished *Christabel*; in this respect both poets are influenced by the English verse of the Middle Ages and of later popular poetry. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared in 1805 and met with immediate and great popularity. The public was already prepared to receive a poem which should recreate the glamour of the Middle Ages. It was the first poem in the new romantic style to win for itself a wide popular hearing.

The anticipation which had been aroused by the news that Scott had received a thousand guineas for a poem, not a line of which had been written, was fully met by *Marmion* (1808). The critic Jeffrey, with personal apologies to the author, dealt firmly with it in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Byron, also with apologies later, taunts Scott, in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, with writing for money. The truth is that Scott, with his open-handed generosity, his lordly way of life as he expanded to the full glories of

Abbotsford, and his harassing involvement in the tangled affairs of the publishing business of John Ballantyne and Co., which eventually wrought his financial ruin, stood often in need of advances on the large sums which his writings came to realize. Few men, and certainly no man of letters, however, have led so wholesome a life as he, and none has met adversity, when it came, more indomitably.

Marmion, a longer and more stately romance than the *Minstrel*, is a tale of a faithless English knight and the great Scottish disaster at Flodden Field (1513).

When the *Lady of the Lake* (1810) appeared "the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree," and the stream of visitors to the Highlands, whose scenery Scott was the first to make known to the world, has never slackened. "*The Lay*," wrote Lockhart, his adoring son-in-law and biographer, "if I may venture to state the creed now established, is, I should say, generally considered the most natural and original, *Marmion* is the most powerful and splendid, *The Lady of the Lake* is the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful of his great poems." *The Lady of the Lake* placed Scott at the height of his poetic fame. He wrote other poems, notably *Rokeby* (1813) and the *Lord of the Isles* (1814), but Byron's eastern tales were catching the popular ear, and the success of *Waverley*, published anonymously in 1814, discovered to Scott an ampler means of setting forth his stores of antiquarian lore, his descriptive powers, and his observation of Scottish character.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron (1788-1824). Byron's father was a rake; his mother as uncontrolled in her expression of affection as of anger and despair, and her ruling passion was somehow to educate her son on her small income. Byron himself had every grace of person, but his right leg and foot were shrivelled and his left hardly normal: from bitterness that such a curse should be laid upon him his heart was never free. His misfortune, although it did not deny him a certain prowess in swimming, particularly qualified him to share in the mood of titanic despair and revolt which had been fashionable throughout Europe since the days of Rousseau and of Goethe's *Werther*. On the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, in 1812, Byron awoke one morning, as he says, to find himself famous.

Plunged forthwith into a whirl of social gayety, Byron found time to pour forth a series of Eastern tales bringing to Englishmen authentic news of regions from which they had long been cut off, which placed the "Byronic hero" before the world, desolately and heroically at war with it and with himself. When in 1816, his wife, whom he had married the year before, left him, and the dissolute society of London under the Regency had, in a spasm of moral indignation, cast him out, Byron in the eyes of all Europe became more than ever, himself the personification of the "Byronic hero." Nothing that he ever did or wrote thereafter but was of interest to a large public.

Even during the years of Byron's furiously discursive reading at Cambridge, he had tried his hand at poetry. *Hours of Idleness* (1807) contains nothing memorable. The *Edinburgh Review* ridiculed it, and Byron, stung to fury, published *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809). This satire, parts of which Byron afterwards repented, is in the tradition of Pope, which must be thought of as still dominating the taste of this period. It was a tradition which Byron would allow no one to attack and with which, as a great prose man himself, he had many affinities. The *Hebrew Melodies* (1815) were written at the request of a friend, to be set to music.

Byron left England in 1816 for Switzerland. Here he met Shelley, who stimulated him to a more thoughtful kind of poetry and interested him in the work of Wordsworth. Under these influences the third canto of *Childe Harold* was composed, its descriptions of natural scenery both heightened and deepened by a growing sense of man's share in nature. Here, too, he wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816); it is a monologue, the form which Browning later developed. Byron then went to Italy, spending a three years' carnival at Venice, but writing the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* (1818), and in the tales

Beppo (1818) and *Mazeppa* (1819) disclosing for the first time something of the satiric humor, caught from Berni and Ariosto, which was to find complete expression in *Don Juan*, begun in 1819. With the exception of *Manfred* (1817), a variation of the Faust motive, showing the Byronic hero in a mood of despairing contemplation, instead of desperate activity, all Byron's plays follow upon this period.

Don Juan, which appeared from 1819 to 1824, has more and more come to be regarded as Byron's masterpiece and one of the great long poems of English literature. Its planless plan afforded the fullest scope for his discursive genius. He could put the whole of himself into it, as he could only partly express himself in the other forms which he attempted. Few poems, perhaps no other English poem, range so widely and so freely through the world. Though Byron may himself have lived neither wisely nor well, he lived largely and passionately, and he could report what life had presented to him. There are sides of man's nature to which *Don Juan* does not minister, but it is of service precisely where most men's experience, either with literature or life, is apt to be cramped and inarticulate. To be rightly understood, it must be read as a whole, and not for its occasional vulgarities.

No other English poet has enjoyed such a vogue throughout the rest of Europe as Byron. Partly because he embodied in himself tendencies which were European in character and partly because his poetry has a hard rhetorical brilliance which excellently stands translation, and is perhaps even improved by it since in the original it is not infrequently marred by carelessness, he profoundly affected every European literature. Byron's powers were strong at the close of his life. Had his activities in the cause of Greek freedom met the success which they might well have earned, instead of being untimely cut off amid the fevers of Missolonghi, a very different Byron might have held a place in the world's memory, even if he had written no more great poetry.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822). The mass of Shelley's contemporaries knew him neither as a tall, freckled, curly-headed boy, even to his thirtieth year, speaking with shrill-voiced eloquence and poring over the books he carried in his pocket in utter disregard of such arbitrary matters as meals; nor did they know him for a great poet. From the world's point of view he was a monster of wickedness; from his own he was the most moral of beings because he always put into practice whatever commended itself to him as right and just. With the help of the philosopher, William Godwin, whose daughter, Mary, he afterwards married, he had persuaded himself that most human ills were due to the organization by which society had allowed itself to be enslaved. Remove these bonds and the natural goodness of man, perfectible to the highest degree under the right conditions, would triumphantly assert itself.

Such ideas, in part the cause and in part the outgrowth of the French Revolution, were shared by many among the English poets of this period. But where Coleridge and Southey were content to project an escape to an unrealized utopia on the banks of the Susquehanna, and Byron eased his mind by striking at the conventions of English society or at political tyranny in Italy and in Greece, Shelley proceeded at once to live the ideals which commended themselves to him. Such a course involves a total suppression of the sense of humor, which is man's device for getting on with things as they are. He began, after six months' residence at Oxford, by trying to convince the bishops of the necessity of atheism, and was expelled ostensibly for refusing to avow the authorship of the pamphlet. When his young friend Harriet Westbrook seemed to him to be the victim of parental tyranny, he undertook to rescue her by marrying her. When, a few years later, they had drifted apart and Shelley was living in Switzerland with Mary Godwin, he invited Harriet, with the best intentions in the world, to join their household there. Harriet afterwards committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine, but there is no evidence that her act was the result of her separation from her husband. It is possible to say some very hard things about Shelley's conduct —

his contemporaries and Lord Eldon, the judge who deprived him of the custody of Harriet's children, did so; likewise, his father and grandfather, wealthy country squires; it would not have been possible, however, to convince Shelley, who was a very acute reasoner, that he had done anything but right.

Shelley's aim throughout his writings is not merely to show that man is bound, like Prometheus to the rocks of Caucasus, by tyrants of his own creation, but also to show him that he may be liberated by love. Didactic poetry of the obvious sort Shelley abhorred; he nevertheless proceeds on the assumption, often very naïvely held, that the mind of man can be quickened to action by the beauty of the poet's message, by the beauty which *is* the poet's message. Shelley to begin with was as much interested in science and in political and social theory as he was in literature. He came to feel that literature was for him the most effective vehicle and to the study of it and the production of it he gave himself unremittingly. For his writings he never received anything but misunderstanding abuse from the many and qualified praise from the few. Song rose from him naturally, distilling into the perfect drops of his shorter lyrics and the silver mist of his longer poems. If Keats' poetry is richly wrought, Byron's eloquently rhetorical, Coleridge's the reasonings of a dreamer and the dreams of a reasoner, Wordsworth's moulded by resistless pressure of character, Shelley's poetry soars like his own skylark leading the thoughts of men upwards by the beauty of tumultuous, seemingly unpremeditated song.

In *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* (1816), his first great poem, the youthful poet wanders through the world, losing himself in its loveliness, and in early death. The volume of 1819 contained, among other things, *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*, *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and *Ozymandias*. The first, which might profitably be compared with Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, sets forth a day's meditation upon a scene which becomes a green and flowery isle upon the sea of life and agony; not merely a refuge for himself and for Byron ("tempest-cleaving Swan") but even more the type of the healing paradise, of such virtue that if it could be seen of all men

Every spite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain
And the world grow young again.

The *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* exalts the principle to which the poet is dedicated:

Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

In contrast with this stands *Ozymandias*, mocking, in the bitter compression of the sonnet, the transitoriness of what ordinarily passes for human power.

Along with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820) appeared the *Ode to the West Wind*, fevered, tumultuous, but with assurance of spring beyond the winter of man's discontent; *The Cloud*, going with gusto about its varied business; and *To a Skylark*, up-soaring, "scorner of the ground," which may be instructively compared with Wordsworth's more prudent, home-returning bird. *Adonais* (1821), a lament for Keats, belongs to the tradition of pastoral elegy which comes down from Theocritus through Virgil to Spenser and Milton. Less impressive than *Lycidas* because the sins of reviewers seem less important than the ecclesiastical evils which Milton made a part of his subject, its close moves to the highest levels of poetry.

Shelley met his death, doubtless with the total unconcern with which he always regarded his personal safety, when a little pleasure schooner, the delight of himself and his friend Williams, was swamped or run down in a storm on the bay of Spezzia. Another friend, Edward J. Trelawney, who has left a most interesting record of Shelley's

last years in Italy, burned the body of the poet on the sea beach, and his ashes were buried near the grave of Keats in Rome.

John Keats (1795-1821). Thomas Keats came to London from some corner of the West, found employment in a livery stable, married his employer's daughter, begot sons — John, George, and Thomas — and left a still young widow, decently provided for under her father's will. John was small, handsome, intensely pugnacious. After a good schooling, he was at sixteen apprenticed to an apothecary; and at twenty he became a medical student, "walking the hospitals" and attending lectures for a year and a half.

"The other day, during the lecture," said Keats at this time, "there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating on the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." Keats found every incentive to poetry, not only in his own rapidly developing nature, but also in his fortunate study of Spenser and Homer (in both Pope's and Chapman's versions), in early-formed friendships with young literary men like Leigh Hunt and Cowden Clarke, the artist Haydon, and others, and, above all, in the atmosphere of the moment, which was highly charged with poetic energy. His first volume, *Poems by John Keats* (1817), however, excited very little interest outside the circle of his enthusiastic friends. In it Keats is not yet a great poet, though it contains a poem since recognized as great, written betwixt dawn and breakfast after an October night's study with Cowden Clarke in 1816, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*.

Endymion (1818) was a challenge which the critics could not ignore. Keats's friends, after his death, allowed it to be believed, as Shelley believed when he wrote *Adonais* that adverse criticism had hastened the poet's end. It is evident from Keats's letters, from the *Preface* to *Endymion*, and from his habit of revising, that he was more dissatisfied with his poetry than even his critics. What they saw was an underbred youth, another of the "Cockney School" of poets — low fellows with radical tendencies — telling a long, incoherent tale in negligent couplets, coining words, inventing compounds, often striving to make beauty more beautiful, and sometimes falling into a flat, conversational familiarity which he mistook for ease. What we see after a century is the Keats of the great poems of the 1820 volume, struck down in the fullness of his poetic powers. What he himself saw was the inadequacy of his bodily strength and the insufficiency of his intellectual discipline to the task of writing the kind of poetry he wished to write.

In *Endymion*, Keats takes up a myth, touched upon by more than one of his favorite Elizabethans, the loves of the shepherd Endymion and Cynthia (Diana, the Moon). It did not furnish him with a story and he hardly tries to invent one. The wanderings of Endymion, accompanied by his consoling sister, Peona, his dalliance with the Indian maiden who turns out to be his heavenly love, Cynthia, may in some large and general sense be taken to symbolize the poet's experience.

During the next two years, Keats saw his brother George married and emigrated to America; his brother Tom dead in his arms, of consumption; had fallen desperately in love with his next-door neighbor, Fanny Brawne, a girl of seventeen; had received his own speedy death warrant, hastened by the fevered anguish of his love for Fanny, and had written the poems which achieved for him his dearest wish to be numbered among the unforgotten. His last volume, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems*, appeared in July, 1820, and in September he made a desperate journey to Italy, accompanied by his friend Severn. The following February, in Rome, he was released from what had become to him a death in life.

In the 1820 volume, are the three great tales, *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil, The Eve of St. Agnes*, and *Lamia*, and the three great odes, *To Psyche, On a Grecian Urn*, and *To a Nightingale*; and above them all glooms the mighty fragment of *Hyperion*. Opinion

differs as to which of the tales is the best ; as a narrative, undoubtedly, *Isabella*, but here he had the consummate art of Boccaccio to support him ; for sheer power, probably *Lamia*, but the introductory episode is overweighted for the rest of the poem, and the significance of the whole, except as it shadows Keats's growing dread that the poetry of sensation and beautiful imagery to which he had devoted himself might take flight before the "philosophy" of which he felt he must possess himself and leave him nothing, is not altogether satisfying ; against the *Eve of St. Agnes*, there is nothing to be alleged except that it is romantic ; of romantic poetry it remains the perfect example. In the odes Keats is at his best, allowing the meditation of a simple theme to present to him a succession of images, felt with a warmth and seen with a clarity which leave the reader as rich as the poet himself. *Hyperion* is the result of Keats's close study of Milton. He gave as his reason for abandoning it that it contained too many Miltonic inversions. While the influence of Milton is marked, it is very far from a case of prentice imitation, but rather the voice of one master of harmony speaking to another in a language of which only they two fully know the range and compass. In revising it, he was playing a losing game with broken health and a poetic purpose which had not yet worked itself clear. It was *Hyperion* that gained for Keats the first expression of unqualified admiration from Shelley and from the wider circle of critics and readers which was not wholly composed of his devoted personal friends.

Not included in the 1820 volume, but printed in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* for May 20, 1820, with unfortunate alterations, is *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. The title and no more, Keats took from a fifteenth century French poem ; the theme of the fairy mistress, however, is one of the commonest in medieval story. To this Keats adds all his own love of love and love of beauty, out of which he wakes on the cold hillside, alone and palely loitering.

Two sonnets, one written in 1818 and the other in 1819, may serve as examples of Keats's yearning for the quiet and sense of permanence which life denied him. The second sonnet he copied out in a volume of Shakespeare's *Poems* belonging to his friend Severn on board the ship which was taking him to Italy.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

IN SEVEN PARTS

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came:
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" — "With my cross-
bow
I shot the Albatross!"

PART II

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea, came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew
behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us,
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, 'A sail! a sail!'

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!"

"The western wave was all a-flame:
The day was well nigh done:
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with
bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat
loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked-hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark :
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white ;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly —
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my cross-bow !"

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

"Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread :
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

PART V

"Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold.
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all up-
rose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved
on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!"
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawned — they dropped their
arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds come back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard, and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

"'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

"But tell me, tell me! speak again
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?"

SECOND VOICE

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

"If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him, smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

"But why drives on that ship' so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

SECOND VOICE

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was
high;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

"Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
'O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.'

"The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light :

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third — I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII

"This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion, plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ?'
'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit
said —

'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those
sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along :
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look' —
(The pilot made reply)
'I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on !'
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days
drowned,
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own cuntry,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou ?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

"Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door :
The wedding-guests are there ;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are ;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

"O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing
cock;

Tu-whit! — Tu-whoo!

And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the
hour;

Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.

The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way
The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothèd knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell. —
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,

Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were ;
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she —
 Beautiful exceedingly !

"Mary mother, save me now!"
 Said Christabel, "and who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet : —
 "Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness :
 Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !" ¹
 Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
 And the lady, whose voice was faint and
 sweet,

Did thus pursue her answer meet : —
 "My sire is of a noble line,
 And my name is Geraldine :
 Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
 Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
 They choked my cries with force and fright,
 And tied me on a palfrey white.
 The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
 And they rode furiously behind.
 They spurred amain, their steeds were
 white :
 And once we crossed the shade of night.
 As sure as Heaven shall rescue me.

I have no thought what men they be ;
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranced, I wis)
 Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive.
 Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
 He placed me underneath this oak ;
 He swore they would return with haste ;
 Whither they went I cannot tell —
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell.
 Stretch forth thy hand," thus ended she,
 "And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
 And comforted fair Geraldine :
 "O well, bright dame, may you command
 The service of Sir Leoline ;

And gladly our stout chivalry
 Will he send forth, and friends withal,
 To guide and guard you safe and free
 Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose : and forth with steps they passed
 That strove to be, and were not, fast.
 Her gracious stars the lady blest,
 And thus spake on sweet Christabel :
 "All our household are at rest,
 The hall as silent as the cell ;
 Sir Leoline is weak in health,
 And may not well awakened be,
 But we will move as if in stealth ;
 And I beseech your courtesy,
 This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well ;
 A little door she opened straight,
 All in the middle of the gate ;
 The gate that was ironed within and with-
 out,
 Where an army in battle array had
 marched out.
 The lady sank, belike through pain,
 And Christabel with might and main
 Lifted her up, a weary weight,
 Over the threshold of the gate :
 Then the lady rose again,
 And moved, as she were not in pain.

So, free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court : right glad they
 were.
 And Christabel devoutly cried
 To the Lady by her side ;
 "Praise we the Virgin all divine,
 Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !" ²
 "Alas, alas !" said Geraldine,
 "I cannot speak for weariness."
 So, free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court : right glad they
 were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make.
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
 Never till now she uttered yell
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.

Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will.
The brands were flat, the brands were
dying,

Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the
wall.

"O softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well:"
Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.'
"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered — "Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born,

I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon, with altered voice, said she —
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride —
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"
Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor, whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —
"All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake,
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain, of weal and woe,
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline,
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
 And slowly rolled her eyes around;
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe and inner vest,
 Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side —
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
 Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
 Then suddenly, as one defied,
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the maiden's side! —
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah, well-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:

“In the touch of this bosom there worketh
 a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-
 morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly
 fair:
 And didst bring her home with thee, in love
 and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the
 damp air.”

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows;

Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
 Her face, oh, call it fair not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than
 clear,
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is —
 O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
 And lo! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild,
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine —
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and
 rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower; tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
 Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell!
 And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin
 lids
 Close o'er her eyes: and tears she sheds —
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light!
 Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call:
 For the blue sky bends over all.

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead :
These words Sir Leoline will say
Many a morn to his dying day !

And hence the custom and law began
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke — a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell !
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can !"
There is no lack of such, I ween,
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother ;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still ! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;
And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed ;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.
"Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?
I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side —
O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree !
Nay, fairer yet ! and yet more fair !
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep !
And while she spake, her looks, her air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,

That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
"Sure I have sinned !" said Christabel,
"Now heaven be praised if all be well !"
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.
The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom,
Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame !

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?
Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted — ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
 Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
 And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
 Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
 His noble heart swelled high with rage;
 He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side
 He would proclaim it far and wide,
 With trump and solemn heraldry,
 That they, who thus had wronged the dame
 Were base as spotted infamy!

"And if they dare deny the same,
 My herald shall appoint a week,
 And let the recreant traitors seek
 My tourney court — that there and then
 I may dislodge their reptile souls
 From the bodies and forms of men!"
 He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
 For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he
 kenned

In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
 And fondly in his arms he took
 Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
 Prolonging it with joyous look.
 Which when she viewed, a vision fell
 Upon the soul of Christabel,
 The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
 She shrunk and shuddered, and saw
 again —

(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee,
 Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)
 Again she saw that bosom old,
 Again she felt that bosom cold,
 And drew in her breath with a hissing
 sound:

Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
 With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
 And in its stead that vision blest,
 Which comforted her after-rest,
 While in the lady's arms she lay,
 Had put a rapture in her breast,
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes
 Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
 "What ails then my beloved child?"
 The Baron said — His daughter mild

Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
 I ween, she had no power to tell
 Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

* * *

KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous
 rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
 tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
 slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was
 haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless tur-
 moil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
 breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced;
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding
 hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and
 ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to
 man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me

That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud — and hark, again! loud as before.

The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,

This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,

With all the numberless goings on of life
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,

Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit

By its own moods interprets, every where

Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft

With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,

Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang

From morn to evening, all the hot Fairday,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me

With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!

So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt

Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!

And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye

Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:

Save if the door half opened, and I snatched

A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,

For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,

Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,

Fill up the interspersèd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore

And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars

But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher! he shall mold
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

FRANCE: AN ODE

I

YE Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
 Ye Ocean Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws!
 Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind!

Where, like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,

How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,

Inspired beyond the guess of folly,
 By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!

O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!

And O ye Clouds that far above me soared!

Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!

Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored

The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,

And with that oath which smote air, earth and sea,

Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,

Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!

With what a joy my lofty gratulation

Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:

And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,

Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,

The Monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain join'd the dire array;

Though dear her shores and circling ocean,

Though many friendships, many youthful loves

Had swoln the patriot emotion

And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;

Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance.

And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!

For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy
 flame;
 But blessed the pæans of delivered
 France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's
 name.

III

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's
 loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliverance
 strove!
 Though all the fierce and drunken pas-
 sions wove
 A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's
 dream!
 Ye storms, that round the dawning east
 assembled,
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his
 light!
 And when to soothe my soul, that
 hoped and trembled,
 The dissonance ceased, and all seemed
 calm and bright;
 When France her front deep-scarr'd
 and gory
 Concealed with clustering wreaths of
 glory;
 When insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's
 ramp;
 While timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crushed beneath her
 fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
 Then I reproached my fears that would
 not flee;
 "And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach
 her lore
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan;
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be
 free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the
 earth their own."

IV

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those
 dreams!
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns
 sent —

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained
 streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country
 perished,
 And ye, that fleeing, spot your mountain
 snows
 With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that
 I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel
 foes!

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt
 Where Peace her jealous home had built;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so
 dear;

And with inexpiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the
 mountaineer —
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adul-
 terous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils!
 Are these thy boasts, Champion of human
 kind?

To mix with Kings in the low lust of
 sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murder-
 ous prey;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn; to tempt and to
 betray?

v

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in
 vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion! In
 mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear
 the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier
 chain!
 O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain
 nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
 power.

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee.
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays
 thee)

Alike from Priestcraft's harpy min-
 ions,

And factious Blasphemy's obscener
 slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and play-
 mate of the waves!
 And then I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's
 verge;
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the
 breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant
 surge!
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples
 bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and
 air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon
 With the old Moon in her arms;
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
 We shall have a deadly storm.
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who
 made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick
 Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go
 hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in
 lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and
 rakes
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
 Which better far were mute;
 For lo! the new-moon winter bright!
 And overspread with phantom light,
 (With swimming phantom light o'er-
 spread
 But rimmed and circled by a silver
 thread)
 I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming-on of rain and squally blast.
 And oh! that even now the gust were
 swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving
 loud and fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me,
 whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse
 give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it
 live!

II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and
 drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear —
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle
 wooed,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
 And still I gaze — and with how blank an
 eye!
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and
 bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or be-
 tween,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but al-
 ways seen:
 Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III

My genial spirits fail;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my
 breast?
 It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the
 west:
 I may not hope from outward forms to
 win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains
 are within.

IV

O Lady, we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live:

Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!

And what we ought behold, of higher worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth —

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

V

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!

What, and wherein it doth exist,

This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once
and shower,

Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new earth and new heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud —

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud —

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or ear
or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI

There was a time when, though my path
was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:

For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,

And fruits, and foliage, not my own,
seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation

Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,

My shaping spirit of Imagination.

For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient, all I can;

And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man —

This was my sole resource, my only plan:

Till that which suits a part infects the whole,

And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around
my mind,

Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,

Which long has raved unnoticed.

What a scream

Of agony by torture lengthened out

That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that
ravest without,

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never
clomb,

Or lonely house, long held the witches'
home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for
thee,

Mad Lutanist! who in this month of
showers,

Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping
flowers,

Makest Devils' yule, with worse than
wintry song,

The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves
among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!

Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,

With groans of trampled men, with
smarting wounds —

At once they groan with pain, and shudder
with the cold!

But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans and tremulous shudderings —
all is over —

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the tender lay;
'Tis of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
And now screams loud, and hopes to make
her mother hear.

VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I
of sleep:

Full seldom may my friend such vigils
keep!

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of
healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain
birth,

May all the stars hang bright above her
dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleep-
ing Earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;
To her may all things live, from pole to

pole,

Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above,

Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES
ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON
REVISITING THE BANKS OF
THE WYE DURING A TOUR

FIVE years have past; five summers,
with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear

These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs

With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and con-
nect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these
orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little
lines

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral
farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of
smoke

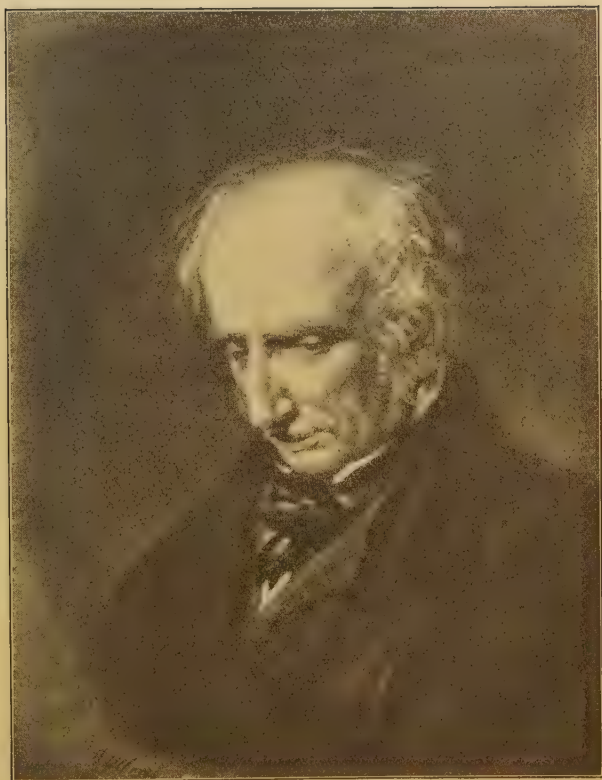
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his
fire

The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed
mood



From the painting by Haydon

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the
 power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft —
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my
 heart —

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the
 woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extin-
 guished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
 thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I
 was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads,
 than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For
 nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone
 by)

To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
 wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to
 me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,

By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is
 past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other
 gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would
 believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have
 learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
 times

The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
 power

To chasten and subdue. And I have
 felt

A presence that disturbs me with the
 joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all
 thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore
 am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we be-
 hold

From this green earth; of all the mighty
 world

Of eye, and ear, — both what they half
 create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recog-
 nize

In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
 nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
 soul

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the
 more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest friend,

My dear, dear friend; and in thy voice I
catch

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I
make,

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to
lead

From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we be-
hold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!
then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance —

If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful
stream

We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper
zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape, were
to me

More dear, both for themselves and for
thy sake!

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE

OF T I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward,
cried,
“In heaven we all shall meet;”
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s
edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UN- TRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

IF from the public way you turn your
steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead
Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold
ascent
The pastoral mountains front you face to
face.
But courage! for around that boisterous
brook
The mountains have all opened out them-
selves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen: but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones,
and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this
Dell
But for one object which you might pass
by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the
brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn
stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story, unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and
hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the
power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel

For passions that were not my own, and think

(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to age

Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,

Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South

Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would say,

"The winds are now devising work for me!"

And truly, at all times, the storm, that drives

The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains; he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams
and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed

The common air; hills, which with vigour-ous step

He had so often climbed; which had impressed

So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill, or courage, joy or fear;
Which like a book preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills — what could they less? — had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in single-ness.

His helpmate was a comely matron, old —
Though younger than himself full twenty years.

She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had

Of antique form, this large for spinning wool,

That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest,

It was because the other was at work.
The pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
To deem that he was old, — in shepherd's phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,

The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone,

And from their occupations out of doors
The son and father were come home, even then,

Their labour did not cease; unless when all

Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,

And their plain home-made cheese. Yet
when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the son was
named)

And his old father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to
card

Wool for the housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling by the chimney's
edge

That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection over-
browed

Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the housewife hung a
lamp;

An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.

Early at evening did it burn and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which going by from year to year had
found

And left the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with
hopes,

Living a life of eager industry.

And now, when Luke had reached his
eighteenth year,

There by the light of this old lamp they sat,
Father and son, while far into the night
The housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent
hours

Murmur as with the sound of summer
flies.

This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty pair had lived. For, as it
chanced,

Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north
and south,

High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the house itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named The
Evening Star.

Thus living on through such a length of
years,

The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must
needs

Have loved his helpmate; but to Mi-
chael's heart

This son of his old age was yet more
dear —

Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood
of all —

Than that a child, more than all other
gifts

That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it; and forward looking
thoughts,

And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For often-
times

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the young one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's
stool

Sat with a fettered sheep before him
stretched,

Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth
of shade,

Chosen for the shearer's covert from the
sun,

Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The Clipping Tree, a name which yet it
bears.

There, while they two were sitting in the
shade,

With others round them, earnest all and
blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his
shouts

Scared them, while they lay still beneath
the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the
boy grew up

A healthy lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old,
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he
hooped

With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the boy; wherewith
equipped

He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a
help;

And for this course not always, I believe,
Receiving from his father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which
staff or voice,

Or looks, or threatening gestures, could
perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,
could stand

Against the mountain blasts; and to the
heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved
before

Were dearer now? that from the boy there
came

Feelings and emanations — things which
were

Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old man's heart seemed born
again?

Thus in his father's sight the boy grew up;
And now when he had reached his eight-
eenth year,

He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household
lived

From day to day, to Michael's ear there
came

Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been
bound

In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had pressed upon him; and old Michael
now

Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked
for claim

At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he suppose.
That any old man ever could have lost.

As soon as he had armed himself with
strength

To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at
once

A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought
again,

And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said
he,

Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy
years,

And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of
ours

Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.

Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man

That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like
this

Had been no sorrow. I forgive him — but
'Twere better to be dumb, than to talk
thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.

Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou
know'st,

Another kinsman — he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall
go,

And with his kinsman's help and his own
thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is
poor,
What can be gained?"

At this the old man paused,
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past times.
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to
herself,

He was a parish-boy — at the church-door.
They made a gathering for him, shillings,
pence,

And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours
bought

A basket, which they filled with pedlar's
wares;

And with this basket on his arm, the lad
Went up to London, found a master there,
Who out of many chose the trusty boy
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas: where he grew wondrous
rich,

And left estates and monies to the poor,
And at his birthplace built a chapel floored
With marble which he sent from foreign
lands.

These thoughts, and many others of like
sort,

Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old man
was glad,

And thus resumed: — "Well, Isabel! this
scheme

These two days has been meat and drink
to me.

Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
We have enough — I wish indeed that I
Were younger, — but this hope is a good
hope.

Make ready Luke's best garments, of the
best

Buy for him more, and let us send him
forth

To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
If he *could* go, the boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields
went forth

With a light heart. The housewife for
five days

Was restless morn and night, and all day
long

Wrought on with her best fingers to pre-
pare

Things needful for the journey of her
son.

But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
To stop her in her work: for, when she
lay

By Michael's side, she through the last two
nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in his
sleep:

And when they rose at morning she could
see

That all his hopes were gone. That day
at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by them-
selves

Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not
go:

We have no other child but thee to lose,
None to remember — do not go away,
For if thou leave thy father he will die."

The youth made answer with a jocund
voice;

And Isabel, when she had told her fears,
Recovered heart. That evening her best
fare

Did she bring forth, and all together sat
Like happy people round a Christmas
fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;
And all the ensuing week the house ap-
peared

As cheerful as a grove in spring: at length
The expected letter from their kinsman
came,

With kind assurances that he would do
His utmost for the welfare of the boy:

To which, requests were added, that forth-
with

He might be sent to him. Ten times or
more

The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbours
round;

Nor was there at that time on English land
A prouder heart than Luke's. When
Isabel

Had to her house returned, the old man
said,

"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word

The housewife answered, talking much of things

Which, if at such short notice he should go, Would surely be forgotten. But at length She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had designed To build a sheepfold; and, before he heard The tidings of his melancholy loss,

For this same purpose he had gathered up A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the work. With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;

And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,

And thus the old man spake to him:—"My son,

To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart

I look upon thee, for thou art the same That wert a promise to me ere thy birth, And all thy life hast been my daily joy.

I will relate to thee some little part Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good When thou art from me, even if I should touch

On things thou canst not know of. — After thou

First cam'st into the world — as oft befalls To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away

Two days, and blessings from thy father's tongue

Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on, And still I loved thee with increasing love. Never to living ear came sweeter sounds Than when I heard thee by our own fire-side

First uttering, without words, a natural tune;

While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy

Sing at thy mother's breast. Month followed month,

And in the open fields my life was passed And on the mountains; else I think that thou

Hadst been brought up upon thy father's knees.

But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,

As well thou knowest, in us the old and young

Have played together, nor with me didst thou

Lack any pleasure which a boy can know." Luke had a manly heart; but at these words

He sobbed aloud. The old man grasped his hand

And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see That these are things of which I need not speak.

Even to the utmost I have been to thee A kind and a good father: and herein

I but repay a gift which I myself Received at others' hands; for, though now old

Beyond the common life of man, I still Remember them who loved me in my youth.

Both of them sleep together: here they lived,

As all thy forefathers had done; and when

At length their time was come, they were not loath

To give their bodies to the family mould. I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived.

But 'tis a long time to look back, my son, And see so little gain from threescore years. These fields were burdened when they came to me;

Till I was forty years of age, not more Than half of my inheritance was mine.

I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,

And till these three weeks past the land was free.

It looks as if it never could endure Another master. Heaven forgive me,

Luke,

If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good That thou should'st go."

At this the old man paused; Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,

Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:

"This was a work for us; and now, my
 son,
 It is a work for me. But lay one stone —
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own
 hands
 Nay, boy, be of good hope; — we both may
 live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy
 part,
 I will do mine. — I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to
 thee;
 Up to the heights, and in among the
 storms,
 Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone,
 Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless
 thee, boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beat-
 ing fast
 With many hopes; it should be so — yes —
 yes —
 I knew that thou could'st never have a
 wish
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound
 to me
 Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us! — But I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men
 Be thy companions, think of me, my son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy
 thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all
 fear
 And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
 May'st bear in mind the life thy fathers
 lived,
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare
 thee well —
 When thou return'st, thou in this place
 wilt see
 A work which is not here: a covenant
 'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the
 grave."
 The Shepherd ended here; and Luke
 stooped down,

And, as his father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the sheepfold. At the
 sight
 The old man's grief broke from him; to
 his heart
 He pressed his son, he kissèd him and wept;
 And to the house together they returned.
 Hushed was that house in peace, or seem-
 ing peace,
 Ere the night fell; — with morrow's dawn
 the boy
 Began his journey, and when he had
 reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face;
 And all the neighbours, as he passed their
 doors,
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell
 prayers,
 That followed him till he was out of sight.
 A good report did from their kinsman
 come,
 Of Luke and his well doing: and the boy
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous
 news,
 Which, as the housewife phrased it, were
 throughout
 "The prettiest letters that were ever
 seen."
 Both parents read them with rejoicing
 hearts.
 So, many months passed on: and once
 again
 The Shepherd went about his daily work
 With confident and cheerful thoughts; and
 now
 Sometimes when he could find a leisure
 hour
 He to that valley took his way, and there
 Wrought at the sheepfold. Meantime
 Luke began
 To slacken in his duty; and at length
 He in the dissolute city gave himself
 To evil courses: ignominy and shame
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.
 There is a comfort in the strength of
 love;
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
 Would overset the brain, or break the
 heart:
 I have conversed with more than one who
 well

Remember the old man, and what he was
 Years after he had heard this heavy news.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to
 age

Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud
 And listened to the wind; and as before
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
 And for the land, his small inheritance
 And to that hollow dell from time to time
 Did he repair, to build the fold of which
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
 The pity which was then in every heart
 For the old man — and 'tis believed by all
 That many and many a day he thither went,
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the sheepfold, sometimes was
 he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful dog,
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
 The length of full seven years, from time
 to time,

He at the building of this sheepfold
 wrought,

And left the work unfinished when he died.
 Three years, or little more, did Isabel
 Survive her husband: at her death the
 estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
 The cottage which was named The Evening
 Star

Is gone — the ploughshare has been
 through the ground

On which it stood; great changes have
 been wrought

In all the neighbourhood: — yet the oak is
 left

That grew beside their door; and the re-
 mains

Of the unfinished sheepfold may be seen
 Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead
 Ghyll.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!

The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that
 shed

Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequestered nook how sweet
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!

And birds and flowers once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest:

Hail to Thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion!
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May;

And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
 Make all one band of paramours,

Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment:

A Life, a Presence like the Air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair;

Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft on hazel trees,
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perched in ecstasies;

Yet seeming still to hover;
 There! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,

That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
 A Brother of the dancing leaves;
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves

Pours forth his song in gushes;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 While fluttering in the bushes,

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods:
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove
 broods;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie
 chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise
 of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of
 doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on
 the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way wherever she
 doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart employ:
 My old remembrances went from me
 wholly;
 And all the ways of men so vain and mel-
 ancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the
 might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low,
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears, and fancies, thick upon me
 came;
 Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew
 not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare:
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all
 care;

But there may come another day to me —
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and
 poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
 thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come un-
 sought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
 But how can he expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no
 heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his
 pride;
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-
 side:
 By our own spirits are we deified:
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
 But thereof come in the end despondency
 and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts
 had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a man before me unawares:
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
 gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,
 By what means it could thither come, and
 whence;
 So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
 Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
 shelf
 Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor
 dead,
 Nor all asleep — in his extreme old age:
 His body was bent double, feet and head
 Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
 As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage

Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his
frame had cast.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale
face,

Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood :
That heareth not the loud winds when
they call,
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he coned,
As if he had been reading in a book :
And now a stranger's privilege I took ;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say
"This morning gives us promise of a
glorious day."

A gentle answer did the old man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly
drew :

And him with further words I thus be-
spoke,

"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid
eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble
chest,

But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance
dressed ;

Choice word, and measured phrase, above
the reach

Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man
their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome !
And he had many hardships to endure :
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor
to moor ;

Housing, with God's good help, by choice
or chance ;
And in this way he gained an honest main-
tenance.

The old man still stood talking by my
side ;

But now his voice to me was like a
stream

Scarce heard ; nor word from word could
I divide :

And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a
dream ;

Or like a man from some far region sent,
To give me human strength, by apt ad-
monishment.

My former thoughts returned : the fear
that kills ;

And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
Cold, pain and labour, and all fleshly ills ;
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it
you do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat ;
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and
wide

He travelled ; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they
abide.

"Once I could meet with them on every
side ;

But they have dwindled long by slow
decay ;

Yet still I persevere, and find them where
I may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely
place,

The old man's shape, and speech, all
troubled me :

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually.

Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself
pursued,

He, having made a pause, the same dis-
course renewed.

And soon with this he other matter
 blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
 But stately in the main; and when he
 ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to
 find
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay
 secure;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the
 lonely moor!"

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 Oh listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago:
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending; —
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
 I listened to; that Cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial faery place,
 That is fit home for thee!

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but
 they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-
 manity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power !
 around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,

Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to
 their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly,
 if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control ;
 But in the quietness of thought :
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :
 My hopes no more must change their
 name ;
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face :
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, through
 thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let
 me live !

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM
 RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

"THE child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

I

There was a time when meadow, grove and
 stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can
 see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes, .
 And lovely is the Rose;
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are
 bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from
 the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
 song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabour's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief;
 A timely utterance gave that thought re-
 lief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from
 the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season
 wrong;
 I hear the echoes through the mountains
 throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of
 sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday; —
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 thou happy shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye bless'd creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubi-
 lee:
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it
 all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
 warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's
 arm: —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is
 gone:
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it
 flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest.
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal mind, --
 Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest --
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: --
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavour,

Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

X

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!

And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabour's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once
so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the
hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
flower;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and
groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their chan-
nels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as
they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting
sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
tality;

Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and
fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

TO A SKY-LARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and
eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at
will,

Those quivering wings composed, that
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home!

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west: the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting sea.

And what if she had seen those glories
 fade,

Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final
 day:

Men are we, and must grieve when even
 the shade

Of that which once was great is passed
 away.

LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this
 hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
 bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English
 dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
 power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
 the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more
 fair:

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and tem-
 ples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless
 air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

ON THE SEA-SHORE NEAR CALAIS

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the
 Sea:

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with
 me here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn
 thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the
 year;

And worship'st at the temple's inner
 shrine,

God being with thee when we know it not.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us: late and
 soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
 powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid
 boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping
 flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather
 be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less
 forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

THERE WAS A BOY

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye
cliffs

And islands of Winander! — many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars
began

To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering
lake;

And there, with fingers interwoven, both
hands

Pressed closely palm to palm and to his
mouth

Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him. — And they
would shout

Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, — with quivering
peals,

And long halloos, and screams, and echoes
loud

Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came
a pause

Of silence such as baffled his best skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while
he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven
received

Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and
died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve years
old.

Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the church-
yard hangs

Upon a slope above the village-school;
And through that church-yard when my
way has led

On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute — looking at the grave in which he
lies!

WALTER SCOTT

HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN
TRIUMPH ADVANCES!

From THE LADY OF THE LAKE

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-
vances!

Honoured and blessed be the ever-green
Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that
glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back again,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every
leaf on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in
her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then

Echo his praise again,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
Fruin,

And Bannochar's groans to our slogan
replied:

Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-
ing in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead
on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and
with woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen

Shake when they hear again,

“Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
ieroe!”

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
Highlands!

Stretch to your oars for the ever-green
Pine!

O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him
to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem

Honoured and blessed in their shadow
might grow!

Lead should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

"Roderigh vich Alpine-dhu, ho! ieroe!"

CORONACH

HE is gone on the mountain,

He is lost to the forest,

Like a summer-dried fountain,

When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,

From the rain-drops shall borrow,

But to us comes no cheering,

To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper

Takes the ears that are hoary,

But the voice of the weeper

Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing

Waft the leaves that are searest,

But our flower was in flushing,

When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,

Sage counsel in cumber,

Red hand in the foray,

How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,

Like the foam on the river,

Like the bubble on the fountain,

Thou art gone, and forever!

HARP OF THE NORTH, FAREWELL!

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills
grow dark,

On purple peaks a deeper shade de-
scending;

In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her
spark,

The deer, half-seen, are to the covert
wending.

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain
lending,

And the wild breeze, thy wilder min-
strelsy;

Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers
blending,

With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of
housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel
Harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp

May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains of life's long
way,

Through secret woes the world has
never known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier
day,

And bitterer was the grief devoured
alone. —

That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress!
is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow
retire,

Some spirit of the Air has waked thy
string!

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,

'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.

Receding now, the dying numbers ring

Fainter and fainter down the rugged
dell;

And now the mountain breezes scarcely
bring

A wandering-witch-note of the distant
spell —

And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress,
fare thee well!

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

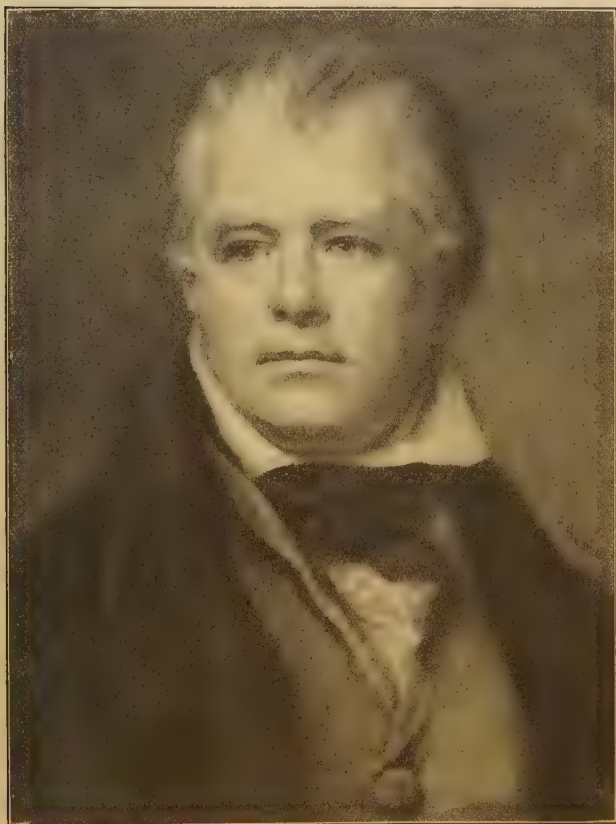
And ye sall be his bride:

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.



From a painting by Kramer

WALTER SCOTT

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington
 And lord of Langley-dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen" —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen." —
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
 The tapers glimmered fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan Conuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
 Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochry.
 Come every hill-plaid and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
 Forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come when
 Navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Foward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset!

CLARION

From OLD MORTALITY

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

PROUD MAISIE

From THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?"
 "When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?"
 "The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady.
 The owl from the steeple sing,
 'Welcome, proud lady.'"

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall there
 are crowns to be broke;
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and
 me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
 can,
 Come saddle your horses and call up
 your men;
 Come open the West Port and let me
 gang free,
 And it's room for the bonnets of
 Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the
 street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums
 they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just
 e'en let him be,
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil
 of Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
 Bow,
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her
 pow;
 But the young plants of grace they looked
 couthie and slee,
 Thinking luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
 Dundee!
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-
 market was crammed,
 As if half the West had set tryst to be
 hanged;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear
 in each e'e,
 As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny
 Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and
 had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;

But they shrunk to close-heads and the
 causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle
 rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly
 spoke:
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak
 twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny
 Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way
 he goes —
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of
 Montrose!
 Your Grace in short space shall hear
 tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny
 Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and
 lands beyond Forth,
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's
 chiefs in the North;
 There are wild Duniewassals three thou-
 sand times three,
 Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny
 Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barked
 bull-hide;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
 beside;
 The bass shall be burnished, the steel shall
 flash free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
 rocks —
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
 fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst
of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet
and me!"

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets
were blown,

The kettle-drums clashed and the horse-
men rode on,

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Cler-
miston's lee

Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
can,

Come saddle the horses and call up the
men,

Come open your gates and let me gae
free,

For its up with the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES

From WOODSTOCK

BRING the bowl which you boast,

Fill it up to the brim;

'Tis to him we love most,

And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,

And avaunt ye, base carles!

Were there death in the cup,

Here's a health to King Charles.

Though he wanders through dangers,

Unaided, unknown,

Dependent on strangers,

Estranged from his own;

Though 'tis under our breath,

Amidst forfeits and perils,

Here's to honour and faith,

And a health to King Charles!

Let such honours abound

As the time can afford,

The knee on the ground,

And the hand on the sword;

But the time shall come round

When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,

The loud trumpet shall sound,

Here's a health to King Charles!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

From CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO III

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair
child!

ADA! sole daughter of my house and
heart?

When last I saw thy young blue eyes they
smiled,

And then we parted, — not as now we
part,

But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,

The waters heave around me; and on high

The winds lift up their voices: I depart,

Whither I know not; but the hour's gone
by,

When Albion's lessening shores could
grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once
more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a
steed

That knows his rider. Welcome to their
roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it
lead!

Though the strain'd mast should quiver
as a reed,

And the rent canvas fluttering strew the
gale,

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to
sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tem-
pest's breath prevail.

* * * * *

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths
of life,

So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition,
strife,

Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves,
yet rife

With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's
haunted cell.

* * * * *

Yet must I think less wildly; — I *have*
thought

Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to

tame,

My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too
late!

Yet am I changed; though still enough
the same

In strength to bear what time cannot
abate,

And feed on bitter fruits without ac-
cusing Fate.

Something too much of this: — but now
'tis past,

And the spell closes with its silent seal.

Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would
feel,

Wrung with the wounds which kill not
but ne'er heal;

Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near
the brim.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he
found

The dregs were wormwood, — but he
fill'd again,

And from a purer fount, on holier ground
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in
vain!

Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though
unseen,

And heavy though it clank'd not; worn
with pain,

Which pined although it spoke not, and
grew keen,

Entering with every step he took through
many a scene.

* * * * *

Where rose the mountains, there to him
were friends;

Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his
home;

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime,
extends,

He had the passion and the power to
roam;

The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they
spake

A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft
forsake

For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams
on the lake.

* * * * *

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wear-
some,

Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt
wing,

To whom the boundless air alone were
home:

Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his
bosom eat.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of
gloom;

The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 't were wild, — as on the
plunder'd wreck

When mariners would madly meet their
doom

With draughts intemperate on the sink-
ing deck, —

Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore
to check.

* * * * *

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men;



GEORGE GORDON BYRON

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the
wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and
Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying
feet —

But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in
once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's
opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did
hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear;

And when they smiled because he deem'd
it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too
well

Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone
could quell;

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost
fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of
distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own love-
liness;

And there were sudden partings, such as
press

The life from out young hearts, and
choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
guess

If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clatter-
ing car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star;

While throng'd the citizens with terror
dumb,

Or whispering, with white lips — "The
foe, they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
gathering" rose!

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills

Have heard, and heard, too, have her
Saxon foes: —

How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills,

Savage and shrill! But with the breath
which fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers

With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they
pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall
grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe

And burning with high hope shall moulder
cold and low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of
 strife.

The morn the marshalling in arms, —
 the day

Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
 when rent

The earth is cover'd thick with other
 clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
 and pent,

Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one
 red burial blent!

* * * * *

The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should
 see

With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of
 gray;

And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of
 Rhine, —

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I sent the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must wither'd be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might
 bound

Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

* * * * *

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains
 view

The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height
 and hue;

There is too much of man here, to look
 through

With a fit mind the might which I behold;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than
 of old,

Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd
 me in their fold.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the
 spoil

Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the
 coil,

In wretched interchange of wrong for
 wrong

Midst a contentious world, striving where
 none are strong.

There, in a moment we may plunge our
 years

In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
 And colour things to come with hues of
 Night;

The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those who walk in darkness: on the sea
 The boldest steer but where their ports
 invite;

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd
ne'er shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but forward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake; —
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than joy the crushing crowd, doom'd to
inflict or bear?

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can
flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving
plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in
vain.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted
wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round
our being cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all
free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm —
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the
immortal lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies,
a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not con-
temn
All objects, if compared with these? and
stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly
phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts
which dare not glow?

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all
fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while — a passing guest
Where he became a being, — whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed
all rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild
Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched;
yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly
hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they
past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-
ingly and fast.

His love was passion's essence: — as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd
though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
 Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
 This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
 Which every morn his fever'd lip would
 greet,
 From hers, who but with friendship his
 would meet ;
 But to that gentle touch through brain
 and breast
 Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring
 heat ;
 In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
 Than vulgar minds may be with all they
 seek possest.

His life was one long war with self-sought
 foes,
 Or friends by him self-banish'd ; for his
 mind
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and
 chose,
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange
 and blind.

But he was phrensied, — wherefore, who
 may know ?
 Since cause might be which skill could
 never find ;
 But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a
 reasoning show.

For them he was inspired, and from him
 came,
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no
 more :
 Did he not this from France ? which lay
 before
 Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years ?
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers
 Roused up to too much wrath, which fol-
 lows o'ergrown fears ?

They made themselves a fearful monument !
 The wreck of old opinions — things which
 grew,
 Breathed from the birth of time : the veil
 they rent,
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.

But good with ill they also overthrew,
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
 Upon the same foundation, and renew
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same
 hour refill'd,
 As heretofore, because ambition was self-
 will'd.

But this will not endure, nor be endured !
 Mankind have felt their strength, and
 made it felt.

They might have used it better, but, al-
 lured
 By their new vigour, sternly have they
 dealt

On one another ; pity ceased to melt
 With her once natural charities. But they,
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had
 dwelt,

They were not eagles, nourish'd with the
 day ;

What marvel then, at times, if they mis-
 took their prey ?

What deep wounds ever closed without a
 scar ?

The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to
 wear

That which disfigures it ; and they who war
 With their own hopes, and have been
 vanquish'd, bear

Silence, but not submission : in his lair
 Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the
 hour

Which shall atone for years ; none need
 despair :

It came, it cometh, and will come, — the
 power

To punish or forgive — in *one* we shall be
 slower.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to for-
 sake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have
 been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet
clear,

Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly
seen,

Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights
appear

Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on
the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended
oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one goodnight
carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the
brakes

Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the
hill,

But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her
hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate

Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have
named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though
not in sleep,

But breathless, as we grow when feeling
most;

And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep: —

All heaven and earth are still: From the
high host

Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain
coast,

All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is
lost,

But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then
doth melt,

And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes
known

Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty: —
'twould disarm

The spectre Death, had he substantial
power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus
take

A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are
weak,

Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and
compare

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or
Greek,

With Nature's realms of worship, earth
and air,

Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
prayer!

The sky is changed! — and such a change!
Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are won-
drous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among

Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,

Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

And this is in the night : — Most glorious
night !

Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee !

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth !

And now again 't is black, — and now, the
glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
quake's birth.

* * * * *

Clarens ! sweet Clarens, birthplace of
deep Love !

Thine air is the young breath of passionate
thought ;

Thy trees take root in Love ; the snows
above

The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them
wrought

By rays which sleep there lovingly ; the
rocks,

The permanent crags, tell here of Love,
who sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope
that woos, then mocks.

Clarens ! by heavenly feet thy paths are
trod, —

Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains ; where
the god

Is a pervading life and light, — so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest ; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
blown,

His soft and summer breath, whose tender
power

Passes the strength of storms in their most
desolate hour.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black
pines,

Which are his shade on high, and the loud
roar

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to
the shore,

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and
adore,

Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the
wood,

The covert of old trees with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands
where it stood,

Offering to him, and his, a populous
solitude ;

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet
than words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life : the gush of
springs,

And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which
brings

The swiftest thought of beauty, here ex-
tend,

Mingling, and made by Love, unto one
mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn
that lore,

And make his heart a spirit ; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more ;
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's
woes,

And the world's waste, have driven him
far from those,

For 'tis his nature to advance or die ;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity !

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this
spot,

Peopling it with affections ; but he found
It was the scene which Passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings ; 'twas the
ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone un-
bound,

And hallow'd it with loveliness ; 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a
sound,

And sense, and sight of sweetness; here
the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps
have rear'd a throne.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the
abodes

Of names which unto you bequeath'd a
name;

Mortals, who sought and found, by
dangerous roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:

They were gigantic minds, and their steep
aim

Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder,
and the flame

Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the
while

On man and man's research could deign
do more than smile.

The one¹ was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or
wild, —

Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of his talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as the
wind,

Blew where it listed, laying all things
prone, —

Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake
a throne.

The other,² deep and slow, exhausting
thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious
year,

In meditation dwelt, with learning
wrought,

And shaped his weapon with an edge
severe,

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony, — that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew
from fear,

And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently
well.

¹ Voltaire.

² Gibbon.

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by
them,

If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge, — far less con-
demn;

The hour must come when such things
shall be made

Known unto all, or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,

Which, thus much we are sure, must lie
decay'd;

And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is
just.

* * * * *

CANTO IV

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:

I saw from out the wave her structures
rise

As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings
expand

Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land

Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers;
And such she was; — her daughters had
their dowers

From spoils of nations, and the exhaust-
less East

Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.

In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their
dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is
here.

States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth
not die,

Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms
despond

Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn
away —

The keystones of the arch! though all
were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which
Fate

Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits sup-
plied,

First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers
have died,

And with a fresher growth replenishing
the void.

* * * * *

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of
war,

Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the
car

Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt — he rends his cap-
tive's chains,

And bids him thank the bard for free-
dom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were
thine,

Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,

Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations, — most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should
not

Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy
watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shake-
speare's art,

Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not
part,

Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and
a show.

I can repeople with the past — and of
The present there is still for eye and
thought,

And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or
sought;

And of the happiest moments which were
wrought

Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours
caught:

There are some feelings Time cannot
benumb,

Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be
cold and dumb.

* * * * *

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by
shame,

And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st
claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who
press

To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of
thy distress;

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less
desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
For thy destructive charms; then, still
untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents
pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor would the
hostile horde
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's
sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of
friend or foe.

* * * * *

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from
side to side;
Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy
hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our
guide;
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of
heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward
driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be
forgiven.

* * * * *

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breast their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance?
Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your
way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,
Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless
woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,
Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's
pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far
and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a
site:

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is
doubly night?

* * * * *

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And Freedom find no champion and no
child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth as Pallas, arm'd and un-
defiled?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the
wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the
roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no
more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no
such shore?

* * * * *

I see before me the Gladiator lie
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually
low —
And through his side the last drops, ebb-
ing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and
now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd
the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at
 play,
There was their Dacian mother — he,
 their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday —
 All this rush'd with his blood — Shall he
 expire
 And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and
 glut your ire!

* * * * *

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean
 — roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
 vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his con-
 trol
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery
 plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
 remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
 groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and
 unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy
 fields
 Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile
 strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all de-
 spise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
 spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty home in some near port or bay
 And dashest him again to earth: — there
 let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
 walls,
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war —
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
 flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
 mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
 Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
 save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what
 are they?
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they
 were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores
 obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so
 thou; —
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves'
 play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
 brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
 rollest now.

* * * * *

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my
 joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a
 boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to
 me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing
 fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I
 do here.

My task is done, my song hath ceased,
 my theme
 Has died into an echo; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted
 dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath
 lit
 My midnight lamp — and what is writ, is
 writ;

Would it were worthier! but I am not
 now
 That which I have been — and my visions
 flit
 Less palpably before me — and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering,
 faint, and low.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath
 been —
 A sound which makes us linger; — yet —
 farewell!
 Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the
 scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories
 dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye
 swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-
 shell;
 Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the
 pain,
 If such there were — with *you*, the moral of
 his strain.

* * * * *

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-
 place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender
 gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a
 dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd
 the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain?
 Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou — who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on
 the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
 and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars
 on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
 Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer
 is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset
 were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
 hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and
 strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings
 on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he
 pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly
 and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for
 ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all
wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath
of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on
the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on
his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by
the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord!

TO THOMAS MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be — peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul,
nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through
whom

Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be,

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

My hair is grey, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare;
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffer'd chains and courted death;
 That father perish'd at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place;
 We were seven — who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage;
 One in fire, and two in field
 Their belief with blood have seal'd,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three — yet, each alone,

We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight:
 And thus together — yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did my best —
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
 For him my soul was sorely moved:
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day —
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free) —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine:

But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
 To him his dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave inthralls:
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made — and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were
 high
 And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then a very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den;
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side;
 But why delay the truth? — he died
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died, and they unlock'd his chain,

And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave,
 I begg'd them as a boon to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer —
 They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there:
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired —
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread;
 But these were horrors — this was woe
 Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur, not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,

For I was sunk in silence — lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listen'd, but I could not hear;
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,
 And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew —
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling — none —
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
 It was not night, it was not day;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness without a place;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain, —
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track;
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 The bird was perch'd, as fond and
 tame,

And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me!
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 And was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for
 thine!

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For — Heaven forgive that thought! the
 while

Which made me both to weep and smile —
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud, —

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate ;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was : — my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and
 sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view ;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,

But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers
 growing,

Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly ;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled — and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
 And yet my glance, too much opprest,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came to set me free ;
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home :
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell ;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are : — even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs
 of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the
 sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
 frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold com-
 mand,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions
 read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these
 lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the
 heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and des-
 pair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the de-
 cay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE
EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way.
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track;
 Whilst above the sunless sky,
 Big with cloud, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,

But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on
 O'er the unrepining wave
 To the haven of the grave.
 What, if there no friends will greet;
 What, if there no heart will meet
 His with love's impatient beat;
 Wander wheresoe'er he may,
 Can he dream before that day
 To find refuge from distress
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
 Then 'twill wreak him little woe
 Whether such there be or no:
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,
 Which relenting love would fold;
 Bloodless are the veins and chill
 Which the pulse of pain did fill;
 Every little living nerve
 That from bitter words did swerve
 Round the tortured lips and brow,
 Are like sapless leaflets now
 Frozen upon December's bough.
 On the beach of a northern sea
 Which tempest shake eternally,
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
 Lies a solitary heap,
 One white skull and seven dry bones,
 On the margin of the stones,
 Where a few gray rushes stand,
 Boundaries of the sea and land:
 Nor is heard one voice of wail
 But the sea-mews, as they sail
 O'er the billows of the gale;
 Or the whirlwind up and down
 Howling, like a slaughtered town,
 When a king in glory rides
 Through the pomp of fratricides:
 Those unburied bones around
 There is many a mournful sound;
 There is no lament for him,
 Like a sunless vapour, dim,
 Who once clothed with life and thought
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide Agony:
 To such a one this morn was led,
 My bark by soft winds piloted:
 'Mid the mountains Euganean
 I stood listening to the pæan,
 With which the legioned rooks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic;

Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Thro' the dewy mist they soar
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,
 So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starred with drops of golden rain,
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Thro' the broken mist they sail,
 And the vapours cloven and gleaming
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air,
 Islanded by cities fair;
 Underneath day's azure eyes
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou has been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than than now
 With they conquest-branded brow

Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne, among the waves
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through aerial gold,
 As I now behold them here,
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourished worms
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murdered, and now mouldering:
 But if Freedom should awake
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold
 All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,
 Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime;
 If not, perish thou and they,
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away,
 Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
 In the waste of years and hours,
 From your dust new nations spring
 With more kindly blossoming.
 Perish — let there only be
 Floating o'er thy heartless sea
 As the garment of thy sky
 Clothes the world immortally,
 One remembrance, more sublime
 Than the tattered pall of time,



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Which scarce hides they visage wan; —
 That a tempest-cleaving Swan
 Of the songs of Albion,
 Driven from his ancestral streams
 By the might of evil dreams,
 Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
 Welcomed him with such emotion
 That its joy grew his, and sprung
 From his lips like music flung
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit
 Chastening terror: — what though yet
 Poesy's unfailing River,
 Which thro' Albion winds for ever
 Lashing with melodious wave
 Many a sacred Poet's grave,
 Mourn its latest nursing fled?
 What though thou with all thy dead
 Scarce can for this fame repay
 Aught thine own? oh, rather say,
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul
 Overcloud a sunlike soul? —
 As the ghost of Homer clings
 Round Scamander's wasting springs;
 As divinest Shakespere's might
 Fills Avon and the world with light
 Like omniscient power which he
 Imaged 'mid mortality;
 As the love from Petrarch's urn,
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
 A quenchless lamp by which the heart
 Sees things unearthly; — so thou art
 Mighty spirit — so shall be
 The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
 Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
 Till the universal light
 Seems to level plain and height;
 From the sea a mist has spread,
 And the beams of morn lie dead
 On the towers of Venice now,
 Like its glory long ago.
 By the skirts of that gray cloud
 Many-domèd Padua proud
 Stands, a peopled solitude,
 'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
 Where the peasant heaps his grain
 In the garner of his foe,
 And the milk-white oxen slow
 With the purple vintage strain,
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,

That the brutal Celt may swill
 Drunken sleep with savage will;
 And the sickle to the sword
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,
 Overgrows this region's foison,
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
 To destruction's harvest home:
 Men must reap the things they sow,
 Force from force must ever flow,
 Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
 That love or reason can not change
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
 Those mute guests at festivals,
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,
 Till Death cried, "I win, I win!"
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
 But Death promised, to assuage her,
 That he would petition for
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
 When the destined years were o'er,
 Over all between the Po
 And the eastern Alpine snow,
 Under the mighty Austrian.
 Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
 And since that time, ay, long before,
 Both have ruled from shore to shore,
 That incestuous pair, who follow
 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
 As Repentance follows Crime,
 And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
 Padua, now no more is burning
 Like a meteor, whose wild way
 Is lost over the grave of day,
 It gleams betrayed and to betray:
 Once remotest nations came
 To adore that sacred flame,
 When it lit not many a hearth
 On this cold and gloomy earth:
 Now new fires from antique light
 Spring beneath the wide world's might;
 But their spark lies dead in thee,
 Trampled out by tyranny.
 As the Norway woodman quells,
 In the depth of piny dells,
 One light flame among the brakes,
 While the boundless forest shakes,

And its mighty trunks are torn
 By the fire thus lowly born :
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,
 He starts to see the flames it fed
 Howling through the darkened sky
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,
 And sinks down in fear : so thou,
 O Tyranny, beholdest now
 Light around thee, and thou hearest
 The loud flames ascend, and fearest :
 Grovel on the earth ; ay, hide
 In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolved star
 Mingling light and fragrance, far
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky ;
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant frost has trodden
 With his morning-winged feet,
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air ; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet ; the line
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine,
 In the south dimly islanded ;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun ;
 And of living things each one ;
 And my spirit which so long
 Darkened this swift stream of song,
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky :
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odour or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon,

And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings
 From the sunset's radiant springs :
 And the soft dreams of the morn
 (Which like winged winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 'Mid remembered agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being)
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
 In the sea of life and agony :
 Other spirits float and flee
 O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,
 With folded wings they waiting sit
 For my bark, to pilot it
 To some calm and blooming cove,
 Where for me, and those I love,
 May a windless bower be built,
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
 In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
 And soft sunshine, and the sound
 Of old forests echoing round,
 And the light and smell divine
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine :
 We may live so happy there,
 That the spirits of the air,
 Envyng us, may even entice
 To our healing paradise
 The polluting multitude ;
 But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies,
 And the love which heals all strife
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood :
 They, not it, would change ; and soon
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the earth grow young again.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of
 Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the
 leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic
 red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold
 and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall
 blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and
 fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed
 in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and
 hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-
 where;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep
 sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves
 are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven
 and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are
 spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the
 dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
 dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing
 night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all the congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst:
 Oh hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer
 dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
 Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while
 far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods
 which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with
 fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves:
 Oh hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
 share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
 heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er
 have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore
need.

Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained
and bowed

One too like thee: tameless, and swift,
and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to 'quicken a new
birth!

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
kind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-
hind?

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how!
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;—
As I must on thine,
O! beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;—
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE Fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?—

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when
laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or
 stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
 smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
 eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the
 lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen
 feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's
 thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built
 tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me
 on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and
 these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning
 zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
 and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
 shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I
 march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained
 to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing
 below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean
 and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their
 convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
 from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest,

- In the golden lightning-
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
- The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,
- Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.
- All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven
is overflowed.
- What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
- Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not:
- Like a glow-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which over-
flows her bower:
- Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unheeded
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen
it from the view:
- Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
heavy-winged thieves:
- Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
doth surpass:
- Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so
divine.
- Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want.
- What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ig-
norance of pain?
- With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
satiety.
- Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a
crystal stream?
- We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should
 come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of
 the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am
 listening now.

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of thy misty eastern cave,
 Where all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear, —
 Swift be thy flight!
 Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —
 Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was
 gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee,
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me? — And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead
 Soon, too soon —
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night —
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

A LAMENT

O WORLD! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb
 Trembling at that where I had stood
 before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more — Oh, never more!
 Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter
 hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with
 delight
 No more — Oh, never more!

ADONAI

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!
 Oh weep for Adonais! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear
 a head!
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure
 compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow! Say:
 "With me
 Died Adonais; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity!"
 Where wert thou mighty Mother, when
 he lay,
 When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft
 which flies
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamoured
 breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies
 With which, like flowers that mock the
 corse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk
 of death.

Oh weep for Adonais — he is dead!
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
 Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy lov'd heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again,
 Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
 The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal. — Come away!

Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more! —
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door

Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;

The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface

So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,

The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught

The love which was its music, wander not, —

Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,

But droop there, whence they sprung;
 and mourn their lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps
his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings,
and cries ;

"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not
dead ;

See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some Dream has loosened from
his brain."

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !

She knew not 'twas her own ; as with no
stain

She faded, like a cloud which had out-
wept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming
them ;

Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls be-
gem ;

Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more
weak ;

And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen
cheek.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw
the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the
guarded wit,

And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music : the damp
death

Quenched its caress upon his icy lips ;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night
clips,

It flushed through his pale limbs, and
passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adora-
tions,

Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendrous and Glooms, and glimmering
Incarnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phan-
tasies ;

And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by
the gleam

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp ; — the moving pomp
might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal
stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into
thought,

From shape, and hue, and odour, and
sweet sound,

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair
unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn
the ground,

Dimmed the ærial eyes that kindle day ;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing
in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless moun-
tains,

And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or foun-
tains,

Or amorous birds perched on the young
green spray,

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined
away

Into a shadow of all sounds : — a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the
woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and
she threw down

Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is
flown

For whom should she have waked the
sullen year ?

To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais : wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears ; odour, to
sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's
 domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth
 complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty
 nest,
 As Albion wails for thee; the curse of
 Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent
 breast
 And scared the angel soul that was its
 earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year;
 The airs and streams renew their joyous
 tone:
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
 Seasons' bier;
 The amorous birds now pair in every
 brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and
 brake;
 And the green lizard, and the golden
 snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their
 trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and
 hill and Ocean
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart
 has burst
 As it has ever done, with change and
 motion,
 From the great morning of the world
 when first
 God dawned on Chaos; in its stream im-
 mersed
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer
 light;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred
 thirst;
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's
 delight,
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed
 might.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit
 tender
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when
 splendour
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine
 death
 And mock the merry worm that wakes
 beneath;
 Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone
 which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the
 sheath
 By sightless lightning? — th' intense atom
 glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most
 cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of
 what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and
 mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what
 life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are
 green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge
 the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year
 wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless
 Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's
 core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears
 and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's
 eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's
 song
 Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory
 stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splen-
 dour sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that
springs

Out of the East, and follows wild and
drear

The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow
and fear

So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais
lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with
stone, and steel,

And human hearts, which to her airy
tread

Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they
fell:

And barbed tongues, and thoughts more
sharp than they

Rent the soft Form they never could
repel,

Whose sacred blood, like the young tears
of May,

Paved with eternal flowers that unde-
serving way.

In the death chamber for a moment
Death

Shamed by the presence of that living
Might

Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her
dear delight.

"Leave me not wild and drear and com-
fortless,

As silent lightning leaves the starless
night!

Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled,
and met her vain caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once
again;

Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning
brain

That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts
else survive,

With food of saddest memory kept alive,
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!

But I am chained to Time, and cannot
thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths
of men

Too soon, and with weak hands though
mighty heart

Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?

Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was
then

Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn
the spear?

Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent
sphere,

The monsters of life's waste had fled from
thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the
dead;

The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
And whose wings rain contagion; — how
they fled,

When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled! — The spoilers tempt no
second blow,

They fawn on the proud feet that spurn
them lying low.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles
spawn;

He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again;

So is it in the world of living men:
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
Making earth bare and veiling heaven,
and when

It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared
its light

Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's
awful night."

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music
from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail
Form,

A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged
way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father
and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift —
A Love in desolation masked; — a Power
Girt round with weakness; — it can scarce
uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; — even whilst we
speak
Is it not broken? On the withering
flower

The killing sun smiles brightly: on a
cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while
the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-
blown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and
blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress
cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses
grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday
dew,

Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it;
of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the
hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew
that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured:
"Who art thou?"

He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined
brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh,
that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the
dead?

Athwart what brow is that dark mantle
thrown?

What form leans sadly o'er the white
deathbed,

In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a
moan?

If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the
departed one;

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacri-
fice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could
crown

Life's early cup with such a draught of
woe?

The nameless worm would now itself
disown:

It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and
wrong,

But what was howling in one breast
alone,

Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver
lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from
 me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'er-
 flow:
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling
 to thee;
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret
 brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou
 shalt — as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream
 below;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring
 dead;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting
 now. —
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit
 shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence
 it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must
 glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably
 the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid
 hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth
 not sleep —
 He hath awakened from the dream of life —
 'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance, strike with our spirits'
 knife
 Invulnerable nothings: — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms with-
 in our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our
 night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall de-
 light,
 Can touch him not and torture not again;

From the contagion of the world's slow
 stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray
 in vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to
 burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented
 urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead,
 not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais, — Thou young
 Dawn
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from
 thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and
 thou Air
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf
 hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it
 bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on
 its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is
 heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet
 bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and
 stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power
 may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its
 own;
 Which wields the world with never wearied
 love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it
 above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely: he
 doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic
 stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world,
 compelling there

All new successions to the forms they wear ;

Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight

To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;

And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the
Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;

Like stars to their appointed height they climb

And death is a low mist which cannot blot

The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there

And move like winds of light on dark
and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond
mortal thought,

Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved :
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing
reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth
are dark

But whose transmitted effluence cannot die

So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.

"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,

"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long

Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.

Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper
of our throng !"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh come forth

Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.

Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ;

As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Sate the void circumference: then shrink

Even to a point within our day and night ;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink

When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
Oh! not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought

That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought ;

For such as he can lend, — they borrow not

Glory from those who made the world their prey ;

And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,

And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome — at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness ;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,

And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress

The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead

A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which
dull Time

Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,

Pavilioning the dust of him who planned

This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and
 beneath,
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their
 camp of death
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce ex-
 tinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too
 young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which con-
 signed
 Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou
 find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest
 home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's
 bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and
 pass;
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's
 shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.
 — Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou
 dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure
 sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words,
 are weak
 The glory they tranfuse with fitting truth
 to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,
 my Heart?
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all
 things here
 They have departed; thou shouldst now
 depart!
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman; and what still
 is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
 wither.

The soft sky smiles, — the low wind
 whispers near;
 'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can
 join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Uni-
 verse,
 That Beauty in which all things work
 and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing
 Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining
 Love
 Which through the web of being blindly
 wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and
 sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams
 on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mor-
 tality.

The breath whose might I have invoked
 in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is
 driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling
 throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest
 given;
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are
 riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil
 of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal
 are.

LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED"

WHEN the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead —
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Love accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour*,
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute :—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high :
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

JOHN KEATS.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his
demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle
eyes
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild sur-
mise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

FROM ENDYMION

PROEM

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will
keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we
wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth.
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened
ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of
all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the
pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun,
the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady
boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and
clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert
make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest
brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the
dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or
read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become
soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the
moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering
light



JOHN KEATS

Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom
o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just
new,

And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as
the year

Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly
steer

My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into
bowers.

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and
white,

Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the
bees

Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.

And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly
dress

My uncertain path with green, that I
may speed

Easily onward, thorough flowers and
weed.

HYMN TO PAN. BOOK I

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof
doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,
death

Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels
darken;

And through whole solemn hours dost
sit, and hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds —
In desolate places, where dank moisture
breeds

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx — do thou
now,

By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet,
turtles

Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myr-
tles,

What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt
the side

Of thine unmossed realms: O thou, to
whom

Broad leaved fig trees even now fore-
doom

Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted
bees

Their golden honeycombs; our village
leas

Their fairest-blossom'd beans and pop-
pied corn;

The chuckling linnet its five young un-
born,

To sing for thee; low creeping straw-
berries

Their summer coolness; pent up butter-
flies

Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh
budding year

All its completions — be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain
pine,

O forester divine!

Thou, to whom every fawn and satyr
flies

For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit

To save poor lambkins from the eagle's
maw;

Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy
main,

And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-
peeping;

Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the
crown

With silvery oak apples, and fir cones
brown —

By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O Harkener to the loud clapping
shears,

While ever and anon to his shorn peers,
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender
corn

Anger our huntsman: Breather round
our farms,

To keep off mildews, and all weather
harms:

Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow
grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge — see,
Great son of Dryope,

The many that are come to pay their
vows

With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still
the leaven,

That spreading in this dull and clodded
earth

Gives it a touch ethereal — a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;

A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown — but no more: we humbly
screen

With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly
bending,

And giving out a shout most heaven-
rending,

Conjure thee to receive our humble
Pæan,

Upon thy Mount Lycean!

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S ROUNDELAY.

BOOK IV

"O SORROW,

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil
lips?

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

"O Sorrow,

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-
eye? —

To give the glow-worm light?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-
spray?

"O Sorrow,

Why dost borrow

The mellow ditties from a mourning
tongue? —

To give at evening pale

Unto the nightingale,

That thou mayst listen the cold dews
among?

"O Sorrow,

Why dost borrow

Heart's lightness from the merriment of
May? —

A lover would not tread

A cowslip on the head,

Though he should dance from eve till
peep of day —

Nor any drooping flower

Held sacred for thy bower,

Wherever he may sport himself and play.

"To Sorrow,

I bade good-morrow,

And thought to leave her far away behind ;

But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly ;

She is so constant to me, and so kind :

I would deceive her

And so leave her,

But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,

I sat a-weeping : in the whole world wide

There was no one to ask me why I wept, —

And so I kept

Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,

I sat a-weeping : what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,

But hides and shrouds

Beneath dark palm trees by a river side ?

"And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers : the rills

Into the wide stream came of purple hue —

'Twas Bacchus and his crew !

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din —

'Twas Bacchus and his kin !

Like to a moving vintage down they came,

Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy !

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !

And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds, is forgotten, when, in

June,

Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon : —

I rush'd into the folly !

"Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,

Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,

With sidelong laughing ;

And little rills of crimson wine imbrued

His plump white arms, and shoulders,
enough white

For Venus' pearly bite ;

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,

Pelted with flowers as he on did pass

Tipsily quaffing.

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels !

whence came ye !

So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your bowers desolate,

Your lutes, and gentler fate ? —

'We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,

A conquering !

Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,

We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide : —

Come hither, lady fair, and joined be

To our wild minstrelsy !'

"Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye !

So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your forest haunts,
why left

Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ? —

'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;

For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,

And cold mushrooms ;

For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;

Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth ! —

Come hither, lady fair, and joined be

To our mad minstrelsy !'

"Over wide streams and mountains great we went,

And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,

With Asian elephants :

Onward these myriads — with song and dance,

With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,

Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rower's toil :
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

"Mounted on panthers' furs and lions'
 manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the
 plains ;
 A three days' journey in a moment done :
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear
 and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

"I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
 I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearled
 hail ;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven
 groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning
 pale. —
 Into these regions came I following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary — so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

"Young stranger !
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every
 clime :
 Alas ! 'tis not for me !
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

"Come then, Sorrow !
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my
 breast :
 I thought to leave thee
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

"There is not one,
 No, no, not one
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the
 shade."

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

ST. AGNES' EVE — Ah, bitter chill it was !
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the
 frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold :
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while
 he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seem'd taking flight for heaven, with-
 out a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while
 his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy
 man
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from
 his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot,
 wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
 The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem
 to freeze,
 Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb ora-
 t'ries,
 He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods
 and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little
 door,
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's
 golden tongue
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and
 poor ;
 But no — already had his deathbell rung ;
 The joys of all his life were said and
 sung :
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes'
 Eve :
 Another way he went, and soon among

Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners'
sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the pre-
lude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was
wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to
chide:
The level chambers, ready with their
pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand
guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Star'd where upon their heads the cor-
nice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put
cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with
triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish
away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady
there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that win-
try day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly
care,
As she had heard old dames full many
times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of
delight,
And soft adorings from their loves re-
ceive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily
white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but re-
quire
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all
that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Made-
line;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes
divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping
train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high
disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was other
where:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweet-
est of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless
eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick
and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand:
she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd
resort
Of whispers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and
scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs un-
shorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow
morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the
moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart
on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he,
and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all
unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in
sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous
citadel:

For him, those chambers held barbarian
 hordes,
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage: not one breast
 affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and
 in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature
 came,
 Shuffling alone with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's
 flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus
 bland:
 He startled her; but soon she knew his
 face,
 And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied
 hand,
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee
 from this place;
 They are all here to-night, the whole
 blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
 Hildebrand;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursed thee and thine, both house
 and land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not
 a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me!
 flit!
 Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip
 dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this arm-
 chair sit,
 And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not
 here, not here;
 "Follow me, child, or else these stones
 will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty
 plume;
 And as she mutter'd "Well-a — well a-
 day!"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.

"Now tell me where is Madeline," said
 he,
 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may
 see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving
 piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
 Yet men will murder upon holy days;
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and
 Fays,
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer
 plays
 This very night; good angels her de-
 ceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle
 time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-
 book,
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when
 she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could
 brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchant-
 ments cold,
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends
 old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown
 rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained
 heart
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame
 start:

"A cruel man and impious thou art:
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and
 dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! —
 I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that
 thou didst seem.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"

Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:

Good Angela, believe me by these tears;

Or I will, even in a moment's space,

Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,

And beard them, though they be more
fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken church-yard thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the mid-night toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,

Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;

So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,

That Angela gives promise she will do

Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal
or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there
hide

Him in a closet, of such privacy

That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless

bride,

While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,

And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers met,

Since Merlin paid his Demon all the
monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the
Dame:

"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tam-
bour frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to
spare,

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.

Wait here, my child, with patience;
kneel in prayer

The while: Ah! thou must needs the
lady wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among
the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.

The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;

The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his
ear

To follow her; with aged eyes aghast

From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,

Through many a dusky gallery, they
gain

The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd,
and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd
amain.

His poor guide hurried back with agues
in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade

Old Angela was feeling for the stair,

When Madeline, St Agnes' charmed maid,

Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:

With silver taper's light, and pious care,

She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led

To a safe level matting. Now prepare,

Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;

She comes, she comes again, like ring-
dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;

Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:

She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin

To spirits of the air, and visions wide:

No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!

But to her heart, her heart was voluble,

Paining with eloquence her balmy side;

As though a tongueless nightingale should

swell

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifed,

in her dell.

A casement high and triple arch'd there

was,

All garlanded with carven imag'ries

Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of

knot-grass.

And diamonded with pānes of quaint
 device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd
 wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heral-
 dries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazon-
 ings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood
 of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry
 moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's
 fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace
 and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together
 prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew
 faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from
 mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers
 done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she
 frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by de-
 grees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her
 knees;
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and
 sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the
 charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly
 nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she
 lay.
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep op-
 press'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued
 away;

Flown, like a thought, until the mor-
 row-day;
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and
 pain;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Pay-
 nims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from
 rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a
 bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
 Which when he heard, that minute did
 he bless,
 And breath'd himself: then from the
 closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stepped,
 And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where,
 lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded
 moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and
 jet: —
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clari-
 onet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying
 tone: —
 The hall door shuts again, and all the
 noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanched linen, smooth, and laven-
 der'd,
 While he from forth the closet brought
 a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
 gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Le-
 banon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing
hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they
stand

In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light. —

"And now, my love, my seraph fair,
awake!

Thou art my heaven, and I thine ere-
mite:

Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes'
sake,

Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my
soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her
dream

By the dusk curtains:—'twas a mid-
night charm

Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam:

Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that ten-
derest be,

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since
mute,

In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans
merci:"

Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft
moan:

He ceased — she panted quick — and
suddenly

Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh
expell'd

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep

At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with
many a sigh;

While still her gaze on Porphyro would
keep;

Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous
eye,

Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so
dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even
now

Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine
ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and
clear:

How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill,
and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complain-
ings dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not
where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep
repose;

Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost wind
blows

Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp
sleet

Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'
moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-
blown sleet:

"This is no dream, my bride, my Made-
line!"

'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and
beat:

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and
pine. —

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither
bring?

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,

Though thou forsakest a deceived
thing;—

A dove forlorn and lost with sick un-
pruned wing.”

“My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely
bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and
vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my
rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy
nest

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st
well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude in-
fidel.

“Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery
land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise — arise! the morning is at hand; —
The bloated wassaillers will never heed: —
Let us away, my love, with happy
speed;

There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy
mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a
home for thee.”

She hurried at his words, beset with
fears,

For there were sleeping dragons all
around,

At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready
spears —

Down the wide stairs a darkling way
they found. —

In all the house was heard no human
sound.

A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by
each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk,
and hound,

Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the
gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide
hall;

Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they
glide;

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook
his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy
slide:—

The chains lie silent on the footworn
stones;—

The key turns, and the door upon its
hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many
a woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade
and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-
worm,

Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the
old

Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face
deform;

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his
ashes cold.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow
time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus ex-
press

A flowery tale more sweetly than our
rhyme:

What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about
thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What
maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to
escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What
wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou
canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be
bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
kiss

Though winning near the goal — yet, do
not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not
thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be
fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot
shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring
adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy
love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever

young;

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
cloy'd,

A burning forehead, and a parching
tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious
priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands
dressed?

What little town by river or sea shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious

morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er re-
turn.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with
brede

Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of
thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom
thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," —
that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numb-
ness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards
had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thine happi-
ness. —

That thou, light winged Dryad of
the trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated
ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been

Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved
earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the
world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the
forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast
 never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each
 other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
 hairs.
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-
 thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of
 sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lus-
 trous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond
 to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and
 retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
 throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry
 Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the
 breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and wind-
 ing mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
 boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each
 sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month en-
 dows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-
 tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral
 eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in
 leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy
 wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on
 summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful
 Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused
 rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to
 die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no
 pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy
 soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
 in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
 Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee
 down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was
 heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a
 path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,
 sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien
 corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on
 the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-
 lorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole
 self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem
 fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still
 stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried
 deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music: — Do I wake or
 sleep?

HYPERION

A FRAGMENT

BOOK I

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of
 morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one
 star,
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was
 there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather'd
 grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did
 it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still dead-
 ened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her
 reeds
 Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-
 marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had
 stray'd,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden
 ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,
 dead,
 Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were
 closed;
 While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning
 to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort
 yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him
 from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred
 hand
 Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bend-
 ing low
 With reverence, though to one who knew
 it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;

By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would
 have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian
 sphinx,
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their
 lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that
 face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's
 self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun:
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen
 rear
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching
 spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just
 there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words
 she spake
 In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
 Some mourning words, which in our
 feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents; O
 how frail
 To that large utterance of the early
 Gods!
 "Saturn, look up! — though wherefore,
 poor old King?
 I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
 I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the
 earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a
 God;
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all
 the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new com-
 mand,
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house:

And thy sharp lightning in unpractised
hands

Scorches and burns our once serene
domain.

O aching time! O moments big as years!
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous
truth,

And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why
did I

Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I
weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-
night,

Those green-rob'd senators of mighty
woods,

Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest
stars,

Dream, and so dream all night without
a stir,

Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies
off,

As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went; the
while in tears

She touch'd her fair large forehead to
the ground,

Just where her falling hair might be
outspread

A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had
shed

Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured mo-
tionless,

Like natural sculpture in cathedral cav-
ern;

The frozen God still couchant on the
earth,

And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
Until at length old Saturn lifted up

His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom
gone,

And all the gloom and sorrow of the
place,

And that fair kneeling Goddess; and
then spake,

As with a palsied tongue, and while his
beard

Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:

"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,

Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;

Look up, and let me see our doom in it;

Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the
voice

Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling
brow,

Naked and bare of its great diadem,

Peers like the front of Saturn. Who
had power

To make me desolate? whence came the
strength?

How was it nurtur'd to such bursting
forth,

While Fate seem'd strangled in my nerv-
ous grasp?

But it is so; and I am smother'd up,

And buried from all godlike exercise

Of influence benign on planets pale,

Of admonitions to the winds and seas,

Of peaceful sway above man's harvest-
ing,

And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. — I am gone

Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,

Somewhere between the throne, and
where I sit

Here on this spot of earth. Search,
Thea, search!

Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them
round

Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn
of light;

Space region'd with life-air; and barren
void;

Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell. —
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if

thou seest

A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce to repossess

A heaven he lost erewhile: it must — it
must

Be of ripe progress — Saturn must be
King.

Yes, there must be a golden victory;

There must be Gods thrown down, and
trumpets blown

Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells; and there
shall be

Beautiful things made new, for the surprise

Of the sky-children; I will give command:

Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,

His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;

A little time, and then again he snatch'd
Utterance thus. — "But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another chaos? Where?" —

That word

Found way unto Olympus, and made quake

The rebel three. — Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full
of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come
to our friends,

O Saturn! come away, and give them heart:

I know the covert, for thence came I
hither."

Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes
she went

With backward footing through the shade
a space:

He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way

Through aged boughs, that yielded like
the mist

Which eagles cleave upmounting from
their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears
were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like
woe,

Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of
scribe:

The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,

Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's
voice.

But one of the whole mammoth-brood
still kept

His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty; —
Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming
up

From man to the sun's God; yet un-
secure:

For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered
he —

Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated
screech,

Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Of made Hyperion ache. His palace
bright

Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed
obelisks,

Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand
courts,

Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angrily: while sometimes eagle's
wings,

Unseen before by Gods or wondering
men,

Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds
were heard,

Not heard before by Gods or wondering
men.

Also, when he would taste the spicy
wreaths

Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred
hills,

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy
west,

After the full completion of fair day, —
For rest divine upon exalted couch
And slumber in the arms of melody,

He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
 With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
 While far within each aisle and deep
 recess,
 His winged minions in close clusters
 stood,
 Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
 Who on wide plains gather in panting
 troops,
 When earthquakes jar their battlements
 and towers.
 Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy
 trance,
 Went step for step with Thea through
 the woods,
 Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the
 west;
 Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn
 tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of
 sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed
 melodies;
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond
 his heels,
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire;
 That scar'd away the meek ethereal
 Hours
 And made their dove-wings tremble.
 On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault
 to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and en-
 wreathed light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long ar-
 cades,
 Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamped
 his foot,
 And from the basements deep to the high
 towers
 Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
 The quavering thunder thereupon had
 ceas'd,

His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb
 To this result: "O dreams of day and
 night!

O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 O lank-ear'd Phantoms of black-weeded
 pools!

Why do I know ye? why have I seen
 ye? why

Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 To see and to behold these horrors new?
 Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 These crystalline pavilions, and pure
 fanes,

Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
 The blaze, the splendour, and the sym-
 metry,

I cannot see — but darkness, death and
 darkness.

Even here, into my centre of repose,
 The shady visions come to domineer,
 Insult, and blind, and stifle up my
 pomp. —

Fall! — No, by Tellus and her briny
 robes!

Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 I will advance a terrible right arm
 Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel
 Jove,

And bid old Saturn take his throne
 again." —

He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier
 threat

Held struggle with his throat but came
 not forth;

For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out
 "Hush!"

So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms
 pale

Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and
 cold;

And from the mirror'd level where he
 stood

A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk an agony
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the
 crown,

Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck
 convuls'd
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he
 fled
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy
 hours
 Before the dawn in season due should
 blush,
 He breath'd fierce breath against the
 sleepy portals,
 Clear'd them of heavy vapors, burst
 them wide
 Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
 Each day from east to west the heavens
 through,
 Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds:
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold,
 and hid,
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting col-
 ure,
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the
 muffling dark
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir
 deep
 Up to the zenith, — hieroglyphics old,
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with labouring
 thought
 Won from the gaze of many centuries:
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants
 huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import
 gone,
 Their wisdom long since fled. — Two
 wings this orb
 Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:
 And now, from forth the gloom their
 plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspread
 were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd
 eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain
 took throne
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not: — No, though a primeval
 God:

The sacred seasons might not be dis-
 turb'd.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis
 told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night;
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with
 new woes,
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radi-
 ance faint.
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its
 stars
 Look'd down on him with pity, and the
 voice
 Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
 Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his
 ear.
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-
 born
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
 All unrevealed even to the powers
 Which met at thy creating; at whose
 joy
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures
 soft,
 I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and
 whence;
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes
 they be,
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
 Manifestations of that beauteous life
 Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space;
 Of these new-form'd art thou, oh bright-
 est child!
 Of these, thy brethren and the God-
 desses!
 There is sad feud among ye, and rebel-
 lion
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
 I saw my first-born tumbled from his
 throne!
 To me his arms were spread, to me his
 voice
 Found way from forth the thunders
 round his head!
 Pale wox I and in vapours hid my face.

Art thou, too, near such doom? vague
fear there is:

For I have seen my sons most unlike
Gods.

Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and
ruled:

Now I behold in you fear, hope, and
wrath;

Actions of rage and passion; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die. — This is the grief, O
Son!

Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and
fall!

Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident
God;

And canst oppose to each malignant
hour

Ethereal presence: — I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and
tides,

No more than winds and tides can I
avail: —

But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in
the van

Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's
barb

Before the tense string murmur. — To
the earth!

For there thou wilt find Saturn, and
his woes.

Meantime I will keep watch on thy
bright sun,

And of thy seasons be a careful nurse." —
Ere half this region-whisper had come
down,

Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them
wide

Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them
wide:

And still they were the same bright,
patient stars.

Then with a slow incline of his broad
breast,

Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep
night.

TO AUTUMN

I

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the
thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-
trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the
core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the
hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding
more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never
cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their
clammy cells.

II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy
store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may
find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies,
while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its
twined flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost
keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours
by hours.

III

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay
where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music
too, —

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy
hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or
dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from
hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with
treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-
croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the
skies.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering!
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long.
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full
sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd — Ah! woe be-
tide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they
all;
They cried — "La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the
lake
And no birds sing.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS THAT
I MAY CEASE TO BE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming
brain,
Before high pil'd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd
grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd
face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of
chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love! — then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and
think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do
sink.

BRIGHT STAR! WOULD I WERE
STEADFAST AS THOU ART

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as
thou art —

Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike
task

Of pure ablution round earth's human
shores,

Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the
moors —

No — yet still steadfast, still unchange-
able,

Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening
breast,

To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever — or else swoon to
death.

THE ROMANTIC ESSAYISTS

ROMANTICISM stands alone among literary movements in having exercised an equal and similar, though not identical, transforming power upon verse and prose. The heightened imagination and finer sensibility to beauty could not but react profoundly upon a language so rich in unused faculty and neglected tradition as the English prose of the later decades of the eighteenth century. One must go back to the prose of the seventeenth century of Sir Thomas Browne, Fuller, Taylor, and Donne to find anything resembling it, and little of that age equals the humor and pathos, the quaint and visionary fancy of Lamb or De Quincey.

At the beginning of the new century certain elements of Romantic feeling were vigorous, for example the criticisms of Wordsworth and Coleridge. About 1820, Romantic criticism asserted itself more boldly in the essays of Hazlitt and Lamb, the lectures of Hazlitt and Coleridge, and the new *London Magazine* and *Blackwood's*.

But English Romanticism achieved greater things on its creative than on its critical side. All the writers showed the conviction of the supreme worth of imagination, and all were agreed on the high place of poetry, which, as Hazlitt declared, exists in the soul of every man, "the stuff of which our life is made." All aspired to write in a manner more personal, more intimate, more self-revealing, to use a diction more picturesque, more beautiful, to bring into their prose a spirit that English literature had not hitherto known.

Only a few months before his death, Lamb said, "I can read no prose now, though Hazlitt sometimes to be sure, but then Hazlitt's worth all prose writers put together." For fifty years (1778-1830) William Hazlitt lived a varied life, first a painter, then a critic of painting, of the drama, of books, of men, a writer on philosophical subjects, never quite certain of his vocation, unhappy in his domestic relations, of bad temper to his contemporaries, and yet at the end in the presence of his life-long friend, Charles Lamb, he could say with his last breath, "Well, I've had a happy life."

As a critic of the drama, he had a high conception of his duty. He liked the stage, he read widely and wisely in the drama of the Elizabethan Era, the Restoration, and the eighteenth century. His criticisms even to-day are interesting reading. In his relation to the art of painting, Hazlitt stood alone among his contemporaries. At a time when little attention was paid to art criticism he "claimed for it the dignity of a branch of literature and expended on it the wealth of his ever fervid and impassioned imagination."

Of his service as a critic of books and men Professor Saintsbury has written, "He was in literature a great man; I am myself disposed to think that for all his excess of hopelessly uncritical prejudice he was the greatest critic that England has yet produced."

To many readers Hazlitt is most interesting as a writer of miscellaneous essays and more especially as the personal and autobiographical essayist. As a bit of advice to writers Stevenson once said, "I should like them to read Hazlitt; there's a lot of style in Hazlitt." And that advice holds to-day.

The model of Hazlitt's style was Burke, the herald of nineteenth-century prose. The fervor of Burke was transferred in Hazlitt into personal enthusiasm; the clear, intellectual prose of the best eighteenth-century writers developed in Hazlitt a style simple, pointed, and epigrammatic. Since Swift, Burke's was the best prose style, Hazlitt's the best essay style. The possibilities of prose Burke never foresaw — the wit of

Sydney Smith, the elegance of De Quincey, the whimsicality of Lamb, the spiritual vigor of Carlyle, the splendid, architectural symmetry of Macaulay.

In the first half of the nineteenth century Macaulay was directly indebted to Hazlitt. Between these two men there is a kinship which the casual reader may not at first distinguish. In both we observe the prominence of the parallel construction — the same tendency toward epigrammatic expression, the same underlying determination to write with unmistakable clearness. In the second half of the century Newman's writing bore ample testimony to the romantic mood of which it was so evident Hazlitt was a contemporary exponent. However, if to any one the mantle of the prophet was handed down, it was to Stevenson. In spirit they were alike, — in enthusiasm, in the joy of writing and the joy of living, — and Stevenson was ever ready to acknowledge his allegiance to the master sentimentalist.

If the first half of the nineteenth century had produced only Charles Lamb (1775-1834), we should be deeply in its debt, for in the thousand years of English literary history there is no one so beloved, no one who has so endeared himself to lovers of books and people. He was a valued critic, a discoverer as well as an interpreter. He first revealed the poetic wealth of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. His was perhaps the purest spirit among the critics of his time. He wrote a play, not much above a mediocre one; he wrote sonnets, some worthy to be remembered. His letters, in the opinion of many people whose judgment is to be respected, are the best letters ever written. But the lasting glory not only of his work but also of the century is *Elia*, the essays which he contributed to the *London Magazine*.

He does not attempt to show us how many fine things he can say on a hackneyed subject. He does not speculate upon abstruse problems. He writes of memories of simple things and simple people, the sights of common London, the chimney sweepers and the beggars, the Jews, the Quakers, the actors, the street cries, the bells, the old china shops, and book-stalls. We are with the hungry scholars in Christ's Hospital, "in the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire," in Islington, by the New River, on the Bath Road, or watching "those old blind Tobits" lining the walls of Lincoln's Inn. Here are humor and pathos, wit and fancy, just glimpses out across the infinities of space and time, and through it all a boyish delight in play, a sympathy with all kinds of people, a cheering buoyancy that have made him a friend not only of his contemporaries but of all who have come after him.

Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859) lived a long life, when we bring into comparison the span of years of most of his contemporaries or the physical stress of his own existence. His reputation as a writer rests almost entirely on contributions to the magazines and reviews of his day. He himself classified his writings under three heads, autobiographical, critical, and imaginative. In all three the matter is of less worth than the style.

He was one of the great talkers of his time. "What wouldn't one give," said Mrs. Carlyle, when first she saw him in an evening company, "What wouldn't one give to have that little man in a box and take him out now and then to talk?" Everybody who met him testified to the marvelous stream of talk, but no one could remember a dozen words of what he said.

His literary work is just this talk put into print. It is musical, beautiful, full of learning and personal speculation, reminiscent and suggestive of a world of dreams. What he might have accomplished if the subtle spirit of opium that colored his dreams had not robbed him of the power of systematic and fruitful thinking, it is difficult to say. He was not a direct thinker, he fails to give to his subject an ordered and unified treatment. And yet in his autobiography, in the *English Mail Coach*, in *Suspiria de Profundis* are passages written with incomparable vividness and charm, examples of an art that seizes the most visionary suggestions of fancy and makes them seem real or that selects from the everyday realities a theme which connects them with

the mysterious vitalities of the universe. Although he may not be considered as one of the masters, he left our literature richer and more beautiful, and he has shown to many young and ardent readers possibilities of language and of expression which they had not before appreciated.

The selections from Lockhart's *Life of Scott* and Southey's *Life of Nelson* do not strictly belong in the Romantic group but for the sake of chronology have been placed here.

Robert Southey (1774-1843) was, as a schoolboy, a scribbler of epics. "Before I left school I had formed the intention of exhibiting all the more prominent and poetical forms of mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the groundwork of an heroic poem." Among his contemporaries he won fame for poetry of adventure; now no one reads these poems. In 1813 he became laureate and from that time wrote only occasional verse of a very mediocre quality. He turned to prose and has left a classic in his *Life of Nelson*, a fitting frame for the great naval hero whom all Englishmen have been taught to revere.

In 1825, J. G. Lockhart (1794-1854) followed Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly*. This brings to our attention the story of the foundation of the great magazines and the literary and political quarrels of the day, all very interesting but for which we now have no space in this short introduction. In 1828, Lockhart published his *Life of Burns*, of conspicuous merit, memorable as having given occasion for the noble essay by Carlyle. Ten years later appeared his immortal biography, the *Life of Scott*, one of the classics of our literature. Except Johnson, there is no English man of letters so well depicted as Scott in the pages written by his son-in-law.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH POETS

My father was a dissenting minister at Wem, in Shropshire, and in the year 1798 (the figures that compose that date are to me like the "dreaded name of Demogorgon") Mr. Coleridge came to Shrewsbury, to succeed Mr. Rowe in the spiritual charge of a Unitarian congregation there. He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation, to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man in a short black coat, like a shooting jacket, which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow-passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the

subject by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained there, "fluttering the proud Salopians like an eagle in a dove-cote," and the Welsh mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the day of

High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay!

As we passed along between Wem and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the roadside, a sound was in my ears as of a siren's song; I was stunned, startled with it, as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the

wayside, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting from the deadly bands that

bound them

With Styx nine times round them,

my ideas float on winged words, and, as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge. But this is not to my purpose.

My father lived ten miles from Shrewsbury, and was in the habit of exchanging visits with Mr. Rowe, and with Mr. Jenkins of Whitchurch (nine miles farther on), according to the custom of dissenting ministers in each other's neighbourhood. A line of communication is thus established, by which the flame of civil and religious liberty is kept alive, and nourishes its smouldering fire unquenchable, like the fires in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, placed at different stations, that waited for ten long years to announce with their blazing pyramids the destruction of Troy. Coleridge had agreed to come over to see my father, according to the courtesy of the country, as Mr. Rowe's probable successor; but in the mean time I had gone to hear him preach the Sunday after his arrival. A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the gospel, was a romance in these degenerate days,—a sort of revival of the primitive spirit of Christianity,—which was not to be resisted.

It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud, and went to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one, in the winter of the year 1798. . . . When I got there, the organ

was playing the hundredth Psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: "And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE." As he gave out this text, his voice "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes," and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into mind, "of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey." The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war, upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had "inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore." He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy, driving his team afieid, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock "as though he should never be old," and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

Such were the notes our once-lov'd sung.

And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together. Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied. The sun, that was still labouring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem

of the good cause; and the cold dank drops of dew, that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle, had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a spirit of hope and youth in all nature, that turned everything into good. The face of nature had not then the brand of *jus divinum* on it,

Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half hoping, half afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. "For those two hours," he afterwards was pleased to say, "he was conversing with W. H.'s forehead!" His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright,

As are the children of yon azure sheen.

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. "A certain tender bloom his face o'er-spread," a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing — like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So

at least I comment after the event. Coleridge in his person was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or, like Lord Hamlet, "somewhat fat and pursy." His hair (now, alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward, and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach "Christ crucified," and Coleridge was at that time one of those. . . .

The next morning Mr. Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury. When I came down to breakfast, I found that he had just received a letter from his friend T. Wedgwood, making him an offer of 150 pounds a year if he chose to waive his present pursuit, and devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes. It threw an additional damp on his departure. It took the wayward enthusiast quite from us, to cast him into Deva's winding vales, or by the shores of old romance. Instead of living at ten miles' distance, of being the pastor of a dissenting congregation at Shrewsbury, he was henceforth to inhabit the Hill of Parnassus, to be a shepherd on the Delectable Mountains. Alas! I knew not the way thither, and felt very little gratitude for Mr. Wedgwood's bounty. I was presently relieved from this dilemma; for Mr. Coleridge, asking for a pen and ink, and going to a table to write something on a bit of card, advanced towards me with undulating step, and giving me the precious document, said that that was his address, "Mr. Coleridge, Nether Stowey, Somersetshire," and that he should be glad to see me there in a few weeks' time, and, if I chose, would come half way to meet me. I was not less surprised than the shepherd-boy (this simile is to be found in *Cassandra*) when he sees a thunderbolt fall close at his feet. I stam-

mered out my acknowledgments and acceptance of this offer (I thought Mr. Wedgwood's annuity a trifle to it) as well as I could; and this mighty business being settled, the poet-preacher took leave, and I accompanied him six miles on the road. It was a fine morning in the middle of winter, and he talked the whole way. The scholar in Chaucer is described as going "sounding on his way." So Coleridge went on his. In digressing, in dilating, in passing from subject to subject, he appeared to me to float in air, to slide on ice. He told me in confidence, going along, that he should have preached two sermons before he accepted the situation at Shrewsbury, one on infant baptism, the other on the Lord's Supper, showing that he could not administer either, which would have effectually disqualified him for the object in view. I observed that he continually crossed me on the way by shifting from one side of the foot-path to the other. This struck me as an odd movement, but I did not at that time connect it with any instability of purpose or involuntary change of principle, as I have done since. He seemed unable to keep on in a straight line.

On my way back, I had a sound in my ears, it was the voice of Fancy; I had a light before me, it was the face of Poetry. The one still lingers there, the other has not quitted my side! Coleridge in truth met me half way on the ground of philosophy, or I should not have been won over to his imaginative creed. I had an uneasy, pleasurable sensation all the time till I was to visit him. During those months the chill breath of winter gave me a welcoming; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me. The golden sunsets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.* This circumstance was never absent from my thoughts, and mingled with all my feelings. I wrote to him at the time proposed, and received an answer postponing my intended visit for a week or two, but very cordially urging me to complete my promise then. This delay

did not damp, but rather increased my ardour. In the mean time I went to Llangollen Vale, by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery, and I must say I was enchanted with it. I had been reading Coleridge's description of England in his fine *Ode on the Departing Year*, and I applied it, *con amore*, to the objects before me. That valley was to me (in a manner) the cradle of a new existence; in the river that winds through it my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon!

I returned home, and soon after set out on my journey with unworn heart and untired feet. My way lay through Worcester and Gloucester, and by Upton, where I thought of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff. I remember getting completely wet through one day, and stopping at an inn (I think it was at Tewksbury), where I sat up all night to read *Paul and Virginia*. Sweet were the showers in early youth that drenched my body, and sweet the drops of pity that fell upon the books I read! . . . I was still two days before the time fixed for my arrival, for I had taken care to set out early enough. I stopped these two days at Bridgewater, and when I was tired of sauntering on the banks of its muddy river, returned to the inn and read *Carmilla*. So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that, have wanted everything!

I arrived, and was well received. The country about Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the seashore. I saw it but the other day, after an interval of twenty years, from a hill near Taunton. How was the map of my life spread out before me, as the map of the country lay at my feet! In the afternoon, Coleridge took me over to Alfoxden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet's, who gave him the free use of it. Somehow that period (the time just after the

French Revolution) was not a time when "nothing was given for nothing." The mind opened, and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals, beneath "the scales that fence" our self-interest. Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the *Lyrical Ballads*, which were still in manuscript, or in the form of *Sybil-line Leaves*. I dipped into a few of these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings and covered with the round-faced family portraits of the age of George I and II, and from the wooded declivity of the adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could "hear the loud stag speak." . . . That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud, with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of *Betty Foy*. I was not critically or skeptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in *The Thorn*, *The Mad Woman*, and the *Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman*, I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,

as the characteristics of this author, and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me, something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring,

While yet the trembling year is unconfirmed.

Coleridge and myself walked back to Stowey that evening, and his voice sounded high

Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,

as we passed through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall, gleaming in the

summer moonlight. He lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a matter-of-fact-ness, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry, in consequence. His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang. He said, however (if I remember right), that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces; that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition rather than by deduction. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed, according to the costume of that unconstrained period, in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own Peter Bell. There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense high narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantry's bust wants the marking traits, but he was teased into making it regular and heavy; Haydon's head of him, introduced into "The Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern burr, like the crust on wine. . . .

We went over to Alfoxden again the day

following, and Wordsworth read us the story of Peter Bell in the open air; and the comment made upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, "his face was a book where men might read strange matters," and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones: There is a *chant* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more dramatic, the other more lyrical. Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of copse-wood; whereas Wordsworth always wrote, if he could, walking up and down a straight gravel walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

"The fields his study, nature was his book."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give

myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

"a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters where Contemplation

"May plume her feathers and let grow
her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled and sometimes im-
paired,"

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sunless treasures," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle

to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart, set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but, in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them en-

tangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered), is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C—, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of Al-

foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had"; and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

"Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the
fleece
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as
many
As the young spring gives, and as choice
as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and
wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves
and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by
and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of
love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose
eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the
steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops
each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's
light,
To kiss her sweetest."

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. L—— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey,

and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea —

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate" —

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed on cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen. *Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks

no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumspection and confine." The incognito of an inn is one of its striking privileges — "lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion — to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties — to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening — and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns — sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas — at other times, when there have been

pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was,) where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight — at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame d'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly

vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced. I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the shortsightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our

memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, land to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; — the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! — To return to the question I have quitted above;

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place"; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat* — showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

"With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,"

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges — was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, his relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any

single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones. I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people! — There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more

enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings :

“Out of my country and myself I go.”

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them ; but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. — SIR THOMAS BROWNE

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth, which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortal Gods. One half of time indeed is flown — the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures ; for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own. —

The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us.

Death, old age, are words without a meaning, that pass by us like the idle air which we regard not. Others may have undergone, or may still be liable to them — we “bear a charmed life,” which laughs to scorn all such sickly fancies. As in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager gaze forward —

Bidding the lovely scene at distance hail, — and see no end to the landscape, new objects presenting themselves as we advance ; so, in the commencement of life, we set no bounds to our inclinations, nor to the unrestricted opportunities of grati-

fying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag ; and it seems that we can go on so forever. We look round in a new world, full of life, and motion, and ceaseless progress ; and feel in ourselves all the vigour and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present symptoms how we shall be left behind in the natural course of things, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity, and as it were *abstractedness* of our feelings in youth, that (so to speak) identifies us with nature, and (our experience being slight and our passions strong) deludes us into a belief of being immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with existence, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union — a honey-moon that knows neither coldness, jar, nor separation. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our wayward fancies, and lulled into security by the roar of the universe around us — we quaff the cup of life with eager haste without draining it, instead of which it only overflows the more — objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of desires that wait upon them, so that we have no room for the thoughts of death. From the plenitude of our being, we cannot change all at once to dust and ashes, we cannot imagine “this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod” — we are too much dazzled by the brightness of the waking dream around us to look into the darkness of the tomb. We no more see our end than our beginning : the one is lost in oblivion and vacancy, as the other is hid from us by the crowd and hurry of approaching events. Or the grim shadow is seen lingering in the horizon, which we are doomed never to overtake, or whose last, faint, glimmering outline touches upon Heaven and translates us to the skies ! Nor would the hold that life has taken of us permit us to detach our thoughts from the present objects and pursuits, even if we would. What is there more opposed to health, than sickness ; to strength and beauty, than decay

and dissolution; to the active search of knowledge than mere oblivion? Or is there none of the usual advantage to bar the approach of Death, and mock his idle threats; Hope supplies their place, and draws a veil over the abrupt termination of all our cherished schemes. While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere the "wine of life is drank up," we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations: it is only as present objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favorite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that passion loosens its hold upon the breast, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, and allow ourselves to contemplate, "as in a glass, darkly," the possibility of parting with it for good. The example of others, the voice of experience, has no effect upon us whatever. Casualties we must avoid: the slow and deliberate advances of age we can play at *hide-and-seek* with. We think ourselves too lusty and too nimble for that blear-eyed decrepid old gentleman to catch us. Like the foolish fat scullion, in Sterne, when she hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is — "So am not I!" The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, rather seems to strengthen and enhance our possession and our enjoyment of life. Others may fall around like leaves, or be mowed down like flowers by the scythe of Time: these are but tropes and figures to the unreflecting ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of Love, Hope, and Joy, withering around us, and our own pleasures cut up by the roots, that we bring the moral home to ourselves, that we abate something of the wanton extravagance of our pretensions, or that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect before us reconciles us to the stillness of the grave!

Life! thou strange thing, thou has a power to
feel

Thou art, and to perceive that others are.¹

¹ Fawcett's *Art of War*, a poem, 1794. — Hazlitt.

Well might the poet begin his indignant invective against an art, whose professed object is its destruction, with this animated apostrophe to life. Life is indeed a strange gift, and its privileges are most miraculous. Nor is it singular that when the splendid boon is first granted us, our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness, or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are taken from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we very innocently transfer its durability as well as magnificence to ourselves. So newly found, we cannot make up our minds to parting with it yet and at least put off that consideration to an indefinite term. Like a clown at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thoughts of going home, or that it will soon be night. We know our existence only from external objects, and we measure it by them. We can never be satisfied with gazing; and nature will still want us to look on and applaud. Otherwise, the sumptuous entertainment, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," to which they were invited, seems little better than mockery and a cruel insult. We do not go from a play till the scene is ended, and the lights are ready to be extinguished. But the fair face of things still shines on; shall we be called away, before the curtain falls, or ere we have scarce had a glimpse of what is going on? Like children, our step-mother Nature holds us up to see the raree-show of the universe; and then, as if life were a burthen to support, lets us instantly down again. Yet in that short interval, what "brave sublunary things" does not the spectacle unfold; like a bubble, at one minute reflecting the universe, and the next, shook to air! — To see the golden sun and the azure sky, the outstretched ocean, to walk upon the green earth, and to be lord of a thousand creatures, to look down the giddy precipices or over the distant flowery vales, to see the world spread out under one's finger in a map, to bring the stars near, to view the smallest insects in a micro-

scope, to read history, and witness the revolutions of empires and the succession of generations, to hear of the glory of Sidon and Tyre; of Babylon and Susa, as of a faded pageant, and to say all these were, and are now nothing, to think that we exist in such a point of time, and in such a corner of space, to be at once spectators and a part of the moving scene, to watch the return of the seasons of spring and autumn, to hear

The stockdove plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustles to the sighing gale —

to traverse desert wilderness, to listen to the midnight choir, to visit lighted halls, or plunge into the dungeon's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked, to feel heat and cold, pleasure and pain, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony, to worship fame, and to dream of immortality, to have read Shakspeare and belong to the same species as Sir Isaac Newton; to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be nothing, to have it all snatched from one like a juggler's ball or a phantasmagoria; there is something revolting and incredible to sense in the transition, and no wonder that, aided by youth and warm blood, and the flush of enthusiasm, the mind contrives for a long time to reject it with disdain and loathing as a monstrous and improbable fiction, like a monkey on a housetop, that is loath, amidst its fine discoveries and specious antics, to be tumbled headlong into the street, and crushed to atoms, the sport and laughter of the multitude!

The change, from the commencement to the close of life, appears like a fable, after it has taken place; how should we treat it otherwise than as a chimera before it has come to pass. There are some things that happened so long ago, places or persons we have formerly seen, of which such dim traces remain, we hardly know whether it was sleeping or waking they occurred; they are like dreams within the dream of life, a mist, a film before the eye of memory, which, as we try to

recall them more distinctly, elude our notice altogether. It is but natural that the lone interval that we thus look back upon, should have appeared long and endless in prospect. There are others so distinct and fresh, they seem but of yesterday — their very vividness might be deemed a pledge of their permanence. Then, however far back our impressions may go, we find others still older (for our years are multiplied in youth); descriptions of scenes that we had read, and people before our time, Priam and the Trojan war; and even then, Nestor was old and dwelt delighted on his youth, and spoke of the race, of heroes that were no more; — what wonder that, seeing this long line of beings pictured in our minds, and reviving as it were in us, we should give ourselves involuntary credit for an indeterminate existence? In the Cathedral at Peterborough there is a monument to Mary, Queen of Scots, at which I used to gaze when a boy, while the events of the period, all that had happened since, passed in review before me. If all this mass of feeling and imagination could be crowded into a moment's compass, what might not the whole of life be supposed to contain? We are heirs of the past; we count on the future as our natural reversion. Besides, there are some of our early impressions so exquisitely tempered, it appears that they must always last — nothing can add or take away from their sweetness and purity — the first breath of spring, the hyacinth dipped in the dew, the mild lustre of the evening-star, the rainbow after a storm — while we have the full enjoyment of these, we must be young; and what can ever alter us in this respect? Truth, friendship, love, books, are also proof against the canker of time; and while we live, but for them, we can never grow old. We take out a new lease of existence from the objects on which we set our affections, and become abstracted, impassive, immortal in them. We cannot conceive how certain sentiments should ever decay or grow cold in our breasts; and, consequently, to maintain

them in their first youthful glow and vigour, the flame of life must continue to burn as bright as ever, or rather, they are the fuel that feed the sacred lamp, that kindle "the purple light of love," and spread a golden cloud around our heads! Again, we not only flourish and survive in our affections (in which we will not listen to the possibility of a change, any more than we foresee the wrinkles on the brow of a mistress), but we have a farther guarantee against the thoughts of death in our favourite studies and pursuits and in their continual advance. Art we know is long; life, we feel, should be so too. We see no end of the difficulties we have to encounter: perfection is slow of attainment, and we must have time to accomplish it in. Rubens complained that when he had just learned his art, he was snatched away from it: we trust we shall be more fortunate! A wrinkle in an old head takes whole days to finish it properly: but to catch "the Raphael grace, the Guido air," no limit should be put to our endeavours. What a prospect for the future! What a task we have entered upon! and shall we be arrested in the middle of it? We do not reckon our time thus employed lost, or our pains thrown away, or our progress slow — we do not droop or grow tired, but "gain a new vigour at our endless task;" — and shall Time grudge us the opportunity to finish what we have auspiciously begun, and have formed a sort of compact with nature to achieve? The fame of the great names we look up to is also imperishable; and shall not we, who contemplate it with such intense yearnings, imbibe a portion of ethereal fire, the *divinæ particula auræ*, which nothing can extinguish? I remember to have looked at a print of Rembrandt for hours together, without being conscious of the flight of time, trying to resolve it into its component parts, to connect its strong and sharp gradations, to learn the secret of its reflected lights, and found neither satiety nor pause in the prosecution of my studies. The print over which I was poring would last long enough; why should the idea of

my mind, which was finer, more impalpable, perish before it? At this, I redoubled the ardour of my pursuit, and by the very subtlety and refinement of my inquiries, seemed to bespeak for them an exemption from corruption and the rude grasp of Death.

Objects, on our first acquaintance with them, have that singleness and integrity of impression that it seems as if nothing could destroy or obliterate them, so firmly are they stamped and riveted on the brain. We repose on them with a sort of voluptuous indolence, in full faith and boundless confidence. We are absorbed in the present moment, or return to the same point — idling away a great deal of time in youth, thinking we have enough to spare. There is often a local feeling in the air, which is as fixed as if it were marble; we loiter in dim cloisters, losing ourselves in thought and in their glimmering arches; a winding road before us seems as long as the journey of life, and as full of events. Time and experience dissipate this illusion; and by reducing them to detail, circumscribe the limits of our expectations. It is only as the pageant of life passes by and the masques turn their backs upon us, that we see through the deception, or believe that the train will have an end. In many cases, the slow progress and monotonous texture of our lives, before we mingle with the world and are embroiled in its affairs, has a tendency to aid the same feeling. We have a difficulty, when left to ourselves, and without the resource of books or some more lively pursuit, to "beguile the slow and creeping hours of time," and argue that if it moves on always at this tedious snail's-pace, it can never come to an end. We are willing to skip over certain portions of it that separate us from favourite objects, that irritate ourselves at the unnecessary delay. The young are prodigal of life from a superabundance of it; the old are tenacious on the same score, because they have little left, and cannot enjoy even what remains of it.

For my part, I set out in life with the

French Revolution, and that event had considerable influence on my early feelings, as on those of others. Youth was then doubly such. It was the dawn of a new era, a new impulse had been given to men's minds, and the sun of Liberty rose upon the sun of Life in the same day, and both were proud to run their race together. Little did I dream, while my first hopes and wishes went hand in hand with those of the human race, that long before my eyes should close, that dawn would be overcast, and set once more in the night of despotism — "total eclipse!" Happy that I did not. I felt for years, and during the best part of my existence, *heart-whole* in that cause, and triumphed in the triumphs over the enemies of man! At that time, while the fairest aspirations of the human mind seemed about to be realized, ere the image of man was defaced and his breast mangled in scorn, philosophy took a higher, poetry could afford a deeper range. At that time, to read *The Robbers*, was indeed delicious, and to hear

From the dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry¹

could be borne only amidst the fulness of hope, the crash of the fall of the strongholds of power, and the exulting sounds of the march of human freedom. What feelings the death-scene in *Don Carlos* sent into the soul! In that headlong career of lofty enthusiasm, and the joyous opening of the prospects of the world and our own, the thought of death crossing it, smote doubly cold upon the mind; there was a stifling sense of oppression and confinement, an impatience of our present knowledge, a desire to grasp the whole of our existence in one strong embrace, to sound the mystery of life and death, and in order to put an end to the agony of doubt and dread, to burst through our prison-house, and confront the King of Terrors in his grisly palace! — As I was writing out this passage, my miniature picture when a child lay on the mantle-piece, and I took it out of the case to look at it.

I could perceive few traces of myself in it; but there was the same placid brow, the dimpled mouth, the same timid, inquisitive glance as ever. But its careless smile did not seem to reproach me with having become recreant to the sentiments that were then sown in my mind, or with having written a sentence that could call up a blush in this image of ingenuous youth!

"That time is past with all its giddy raptures." Since the future was barred to my progress, I have turned for consolation to the past, gathering up the fragments of my early recollections, and putting them into form that might live. It is thus, that when we find our personal and substantial identity vanishing from us, we strive to gain a reflected and substituted one in our thoughts: we do not like to perish wholly, and wish to bequeath our names at least to posterity. As long as we can keep alive our cherished thoughts and nearest interests in the minds of others, we do not appear to have retired altogether from the stage, we still occupy a place in the estimation of mankind, exercise a powerful influence over them, and it is only our bodies that are trampled into dust or dispersed to air. Our darling speculations still find favour and encouragement, and we make as good a figure in the eyes of our descendants, nay, perhaps, a better than we did in our life-time. This is one point gained; the demands of our self-love are so far satisfied. Besides, if by the proofs of intellectual superiority we survive ourselves in this world, by exemplary virtue or unblemished faith, we are taught to ensure an interest in another and a higher state of being, and to anticipate at the same time the applauses of men and angels.

Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.²

As we advance in life, we acquire a keener sense of the value of time. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence; and we become misers in this respect. We

¹ Coleridge, *To the Author of The Robbers*, 3-4.

² Gray, *Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard*.

try to arrest its few last tottering steps, and to make it linger on the brink of the grave. We can never leave off wondering how that which has ever been should cease to be, and would still live on, that we may wonder at our own shadow, and when "all the life of life is flown,"¹ dwell on the retrospect of the past. This is accompanied by a mechanical tenaciousness of whatever we possess, by a distrust and a sense of fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, everything is flat and insipid. The world is a painted witch, that puts us off with false shows and tempting appearances. The ease, the jocund gaiety, the unsuspecting security of youth are fled: nor can we, without flying in the face of common sense,

From the last dregs of life, hope to receive
What its first sprightly runnings could not
give.²

If we can slip out of the world without notice or mischance, can tamper with bodily infirmity, and frame our minds to the becoming composure of *still-life*, before we sink into total insensibility, it is as much as we ought to expect. We do not in the regular course of nature die all at once: we have mouldered away gradually long before; faculty after faculty, attachment after attachment, we are torn from ourselves piece-meal while living; year after year takes something from us; and death only consigns the last remnant of what we were to the grave. The revulsion is not so great, and a quiet *euthanasia* is a winding-up of the plot, that is not out of reason or nature.

That we should thus in a manner out-live ourselves, and dwindle imperceptibly into nothing, is not surprising, when even in our prime the strongest impressions leave so little traces of themselves behind, and the last object is driven out by the succeeding one. How little effect is produced on us at any time by the books we have read, the scenes we have witnessed, the sufferings we have gone

through! Think only of the variety of feelings we experience in reading an interesting romance, or being present at a fine play—what beauty, what sublimity, what soothing, what heart-rending emotions! You would suppose these would last forever, or at least subdue the mind to a correspondent tone and harmony—while we turn over the page, while the scene is passing before us, it seems as if nothing could ever after shake our resolution, that "treason domestic, foreign levy, nothing could touch us farther!" The first splash of mud we get, on entering the street, the first pettifogging shop-keeper that cheats us out of two-pence, and the whole vanishes clean out of our remembrance, and we become the idle prey of the most petty and annoying circumstances. The mind soars by an effort to the grand and lofty: it is at home, in the grovelling, the disagreeable, and the little. This happens in the height and hey-day of our existence, when novelty gives a stronger impulse to the blood and takes a faster hold of the brain, (I have known the impression on coming out of a gallery of pictures then last half a day)—as we grow old, we become more feeble and querulous, every object "reverbs its own hollowness," and both worlds are not enough to satisfy the peevish importunity and extravagant presumption of our desires! There are a few superior, happy beings, who are born with a temper exempt from every trifling annoyance. This spirit sits serene and smiling as in its native skies, and a divine harmony (whether heard or not) plays around them. This is to be at peace. Without this, it is in vain to fly into deserts, or to build a hermitage on the top of rocks, if regret and ill-humour follow us there: and with this, it is needless to make the experiment. The only true retirement is that of the heart; the only true leisure is the repose of the passions. To such persons it makes little difference whether they are young or old; and they die as they have lived, with graceful resignation.

¹ Burns, *Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn*.

² Dryden, *Aurengzebe*, IV, 1, 41-42.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE
IN "MACBETH"

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: — the knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else, — which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science — as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now, in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and

can be proved to be a horizontal line should not *appear* a horizontal line: a line that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression. My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong, for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door

soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this:—Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, — that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life: an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them — not a sympathy of pity or approbation).¹ In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him "with

its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred — which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his now enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but — though in *Macbeth* the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature — *i.e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man — was gone, vanished, extinct, and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and, chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the

¹ It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it would naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholar-like use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonym of the word *pity*; and hence, instead of saying, "sympathy *with* another," many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of "sympathy *for* another." [De Quincey's note.]

deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man, — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed"; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested — laid asleep — tranced — racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated, relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live

first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

JOAN OF ARC

WOMAN, sister, there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant — not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?

Yet, sister woman, though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men — a greater thing than even Milton is known to have done, or Michael Angelo: you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die, were goddesses mortal. If any distant worlds (which *may* be the case) are so far ahead of us Tellurians in optical resources as to see distinctly through their telescopes all that we do on earth, what is the grandest sight to which we ever treat them? St. Peter's

at Rome, do you fancy, on Easter Sunday, or Luxor, or perhaps the Himalayas? Oh, no! my friend; suggest something better; these are baubles to *them*; they see in other worlds, in their own, far better toys of the same kind. These, take my word for it, are nothing. Do you give it up? The finest thing, then, we have to show them is a scaffold on the morning of execution. I assure you there is a strong muster in those far telescopic worlds, on any such morning, of those who happen to find themselves occupying the right hemisphere for a peep at *us*. How, then, if it be announced in some such telescopic world by those who make a livelihood of catching glimpses at our newspapers, whose language they have long since deciphered, that the poor victim in the morning's sacrifice is a woman? How, if it be published in that distant world that the sufferer wears upon her head, in the eyes of many, the garlands of martyrdom? How, if it should be some Marie Antoinette, the widowed queen, coming forward on the scaffold, and presenting to the morning air her head, turned gray by sorrow, — daughter of Cæsars kneeling down humbly to kiss the guillotine, as one that worships death? How, if it were the noble Charlotte Corday, that in the bloom of youth, that with the loveliest of persons, that with homage waiting upon her smiles wherever she turned her face to scatter them — homage that followed those smiles as surely as the carols of birds, after showers in spring, follow the reappearing sun and the racing of sunbeams over the hills — yet thought all these things cheaper than the dust upon her sandals, in comparison of deliverance from hell for her dear suffering France! Ah! these were spectacles indeed for those sympathizing people in distant worlds; and some, perhaps, would suffer a sort of martyrdom themselves, because they could not testify their wrath, could not bear witness to the strength of love and to the fury of hatred that burned within them at such scenes, could not gather into golden urns some of that glorious dust which rested in the catacombs of earth.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday

in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air currents. The pile "struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height"; and, as usual, the English purpose in this is viewed as one of pure malignity. But there are two ways of explaining all that. It is probable that the purpose was merciful. On the circumstances of the execution I shall not linger. Yet, to mark the almost fatal felicity of M. Michelet in finding out whatever may injure the English name, at a moment when every reader will be interested in Joanna's personal appearance, it is really edifying to notice the ingenuity by which he draws into light from a dark corner a very unjust account of it, and neglects, though lying upon the highroad, a very pleasing one. Both are from English pens. Grafton, a chronicler, but little read, being a stiff-necked John Bull, thought fit to say that no wonder Joanna should be a virgin, since her "foule face" was a satisfactory solution of that particular merit. Holinshead, on the other hand, a chronicler somewhat later, every way more important, and at one time universally read, has given a very pleasing testimony to the interesting character of Joanna's person and engaging manners. Neither of these men lived till the following century, so that personally this evidence is none at all. Grafton sullenly and carelessly believed as he wished to believe; Holinshead took pains to inquire, and reports undoubtedly the general impression of France. But I cite the case as illustrating M. Michelet's candour.

The circumstantial incidents of the execution, unless with more space than I can now command, I should be unwilling to relate. I should fear to injure, by imperfect report, a martyrdom which to myself appears so unspeakably grand. Yet, for a purpose, pointing not at Joanna

but at M. Michelet — viz., to convince him that an Englishman is capable of thinking more highly of *La Pucelle* than even her admiring countrymen — I shall, in parting, allude to one or two traits in Joanna's demeanour on the scaffold, and to one or two in that of the bystanders, which authorize me in questioning an opinion of his upon this martyr's firmness. The reader ought to be reminded that Joanna D'Arc was subjected to an unusually unfair trial of opinion. Any of the elder Christian martyrs had not much to fear of *personal* rancour. The martyr was chiefly regarded as the enemy of Cæsar; at times, also, where any knowledge of the Christian faith and morals existed, with the enmity that arises spontaneously in the worldly against the spiritual. But the martyr, though disloyal, was not supposed to be therefore anti-national; and still less was *individually* hateful. What was hated (if anything) belonged to his class, not to himself separately. Now, Joanna, if hated at all, was hated personally, and in Rouen on national grounds. Hence there would be a certainty of calumny arising against *her*, such as would not affect martyrs in general. That being the case, it would follow in necessity that some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most who, in their own persons, would yield to it least. Meantime, there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no *positive* testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. And yet, strange to say, M. Michelet, who at times seems to admire the Maid of Arc as much as I do, is the one sole writer among her *friends* who lends some countenance to this odious slander. His words are that, if she did not utter this word *recant* with her lips, she uttered it in her heart. "Whether she

said the word is uncertain; but I affirm that she *thought* it."

Now, I affirm that she did not — not in any sense of the word "*thought*" applicable to the case. Here is France calumniating *La Pucelle*; here is England defending her. M. Michelet can only mean that, on *a priori* principles, every woman must be presumed liable to such a weakness; that Joanna was a woman; *ergo*, that she was liable to such a weakness. That is, he only supposes her to have uttered the word by an argument which presumes it impossible for anybody to have done otherwise. I, on the contrary, throw the onus of the argument not on presumable tendencies of nature, but on the known facts of that morning's execution, as recorded by multitudes. What else, I demand, than mere weight of metal, absolute nobility of deportment, broke the vast line of battle then arrayed against her? What else but her meek, saintly demeanour won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself — "ten thousand men wept"; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier — who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow — suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And, if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still

persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold — thou upon a down bed. But, for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl — when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you — let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France — she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream — saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart — that resurrection of springtime, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests — were by God given back into her hands as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first;

but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered; the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted; the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies — died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror — rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death — most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there!

In glades where only wild deer should run armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No; it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah, no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh, but this is sudden! My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none; in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief; I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you; yes, bishop, *SHE*, — when heaven and earth are silent.

LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND LITERATURE OF POWER

WHAT is it that we mean by *literature*? Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is

printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition. The most thoughtless person is easily made aware that in the idea of *literature* one essential element is some relation to a general and common interest of man, — so that what applies only to a local, or professional, or merely personal interest, even though presenting itself in the shape of a book, will not belong to Literature. So far the definition is easily narrowed; and it is as easily expanded. For not only is much that takes a station in books not literature, but inversely, much that really *is* literature never reaches a station in books. The weekly sermons of Christendom, that vast pulpit literature which acts so extensively upon the popular mind — to warn, to uphold, to renew, to comfort, to alarm — does not attain the sanctuary of libraries in the ten-thousandth part of its extent. The drama again, — as, for instance, the finest part of Shakespeare's plays in England, and all leading Athenian plays in the noontide of the Attic stage, — operated as a literature on the public mind, and were (according to the strictest letter of that term) *published* through the audiences that witnessed their representation some time before they were published as things to be read; and they were published in this scenical mode of publication with much more effect than they could have had as books during ages of costly copying or of costly printing.

Books, therefore, do not suggest an idea coextensive and interchangeable with the idea of literature; since much literature, scenic, forensic, or didactic (as from lecturers and public orators), may never come into books, and much that does come into books may connect itself with no literary interest. But a far more important correction, applicable to the common vague idea of literature, is to be sought not so much in a better definition of literature as in a sharper distinction of the two functions which it fulfils. In that great social organ which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices, that may blend and often do so, but capable, severally, of a

severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach*; the function of the second is to *move*; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls "dry light"; but proximately it does and must operate — else it ceases to be a literature of power — on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering iris of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which can occupy a very high place in human interests that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds; it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, — namely *power*, or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven — the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the inno-

cence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly — are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature, viz. the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is *power*, — that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. All the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas the very first step in power is a flight — is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contradistinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or co-operation with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak not of the understanding, but of "the

understanding heart," — making the heart, *i.e.*, the great *intuitive* (or non-discursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration.

What is meant, for instance, by *poetic justice*? It does not mean a justice that differs by its object from the ordinary justice of human jurisprudence, for then it must be confessedly a very bad kind of justice; but it means a justice that differs from common forensic justice by the degree in which it attains its object, — a justice that is more omnipotent over its own ends, as dealing, not with the refractory elements of earthly life, but with the elements of its own creation, and with materials flexible to its own purest preconceptions. It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the preëminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*, or that teaches, if at all, indirectly by moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a provisional work, — a book upon trial and sufferance, and *quandiu bene se gesserit*. Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, — nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, — and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a

book militant on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a Laplace, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Othello* or *King Lear*, the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, and the *Paradise Lost*, are not militant, but triumphant for ever, as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce these in new forms, or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are separated not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and, if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ, and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less, — they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison. . . . At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer, never equalled on this earth for their tenderness and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and

by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gaiety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This man's people and their monuments are dust, but *he* is alive; he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years, "and shall a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods, or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aerial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. This is a great prerogative of the *power* literature, and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An encyclopædia is its abstract; and, in this respect, it may be taken for its speaking symbol, — that before one generation has passed an encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the repose of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature properly so called — literature *κατ' ἐξοχην* — for the very reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge, is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, of admiration and contempt, exercise a power for bad or good over human life that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe. And of this let every one be assured — that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace

back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life, like forgotten incidents of his childhood.

ON CHARLES LAMB

AMONGST the earliest literary acquaintances I made was that with the inimitable Charles Lamb: inimitable, I say, but the word is too limited in its meaning; for, as is said of Milton in that well-known life of him attached to all common editions of the *Paradise Lost* (Fenton's, I think), "in both senses he was above imitation." Yes; it was as impossible to the moral nature of Charles Lamb that he should imitate another as, in an intellectual sense, it was impossible that any other should successfully imitate him. To write with patience even, not to say genially, for Charles Lamb it was a very necessity of his constitution that he should write from his own wayward nature; and that nature was so peculiar that no other man, the ablest at mimicry, could counterfeit its voice. But let me not anticipate; for these were opinions about Lamb which I had not when I first knew him, nor could have had by any reasonable title. "Elia," be it observed, the exquisite "Elia," was then unborn; Lamb had as yet published nothing to the world which proclaimed him in his proper character of a most original man of genius: at best, he could have been thought no more than a man of talent — and of talent moving in a narrow path, with a power rather of mimicking the quaint and the fantastic than any large grasp over catholic beauty. And, therefore, it need not offend the most doting admirer of Lamb as he is *now* known to us, a brilliant star forever fixed in the firmament of English Literature, that I acknowledge myself to have sought his acquaintance rather under the reflex honour he had enjoyed of being known as Coleridge's friend than for any which he yet held directly and separately in his own person. My earliest advances towards this acquaintance had an inauspicious aspect; and it may be worth while reporting the

circumstances, for they were characteristic of Charles Lamb; and the immediate result was — that we parted, not perhaps (as Lamb says of his philosophic friend R. and the Parisians) “with mutual contempt,” but at least with coolness; and, on my part, with something that might have even turned to disgust — founded, however, entirely on my utter misapprehension of Lamb’s character and his manners — had it not been for the winning goodness of Miss Lamb, before which all resentment must have melted in a moment.

It was either late in 1804 or early in 1805, according to my present computations, that I had obtained from a literary friend a letter of introduction to Mr. Lamb. All that I knew of his works was his play of *John Woodvil*, which I had bought in Oxford, and perhaps I only had bought throughout that great University, at the time of my matriculation there, about the Christmas of 1803. Another book fell into my hands on that same morning, I recollect — the *Gebir* of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, which astonished me by the splendour of its descriptions, for I had opened accidentally upon the sea-nymph’s marriage with Tamor, the youthful brother of Gebir — and I bought this also. Afterwards, when placing these two most unpopular of books on the same shelf with the other far holier idols of my heart, the joint poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge as then associated in the *Lyrical Ballads* — poems not equally unknown, perhaps a little better known, but only with the result of being more openly scorned, rejected — I could not but smile internally at the fair prospect I had of congregating a library which no man had read but myself. *John Woodvil* I had almost studied, and Miss Lamb’s pretty *High-Born Helen*, and the ingenious imitations of Burton; these I had read, and, to a certain degree, must have admired, for some parts of them had settled without effort in my memory. I had read also the *Edinburgh* notice of them; and with what contempt may be supposed from the fact that my veneration for Wordsworth transcended all that I felt

for any created being, past or present; in — somuch that, in the summer, or spring rather, of that same year, and full eight months before I first went to Oxford, I had ventured to address a letter to him, through his publishers, the Messrs. Longman (which letter, Miss Wordsworth in after years assured me they believed to be the production of some person much older than I represented myself), and that in due time I had been honoured by a long answer from Wordsworth; an honour which, I well remember, kept me awake, from mere excess of pleasure, through a long night in June, 1803. It was not to be supposed that the very feeblest of admirations could be shaken by mere scorn and contumely, unsupported by any shadow of a reason. Wordsworth, therefore, could not have suffered in any man’s opinion from the puny efforts of this new autocrat amongst reviewers; but what was said of Lamb, though not containing one iota of criticism, either good or bad, had certainly more point and cleverness. The supposition that *John Woodvil* might be a lost drama, recovered from the age of Thespis, and entitled to the *hircus*, etc., must, I should think, have won a smile from Lamb himself; or why say “Lamb himself,” which means “*even* Lamb,” when he would have been the *very* first to laugh (as he was afterwards among the first to hoot at his own farce) provided only he could detach his mind from the ill-nature and hard contempt which accompanied the wit. This wit had certainly not dazzled my eyes in the slightest degree. So far as I was left at leisure by a more potent order of poetry to think of the *John Woodvil* at all, I had felt and acknowledged a delicacy and tenderness in the situations as well as the sentiments, but disfigured, as I thought, by quaint, grotesque, and *mimetic* phraseology. The main defect, however, of which I complained, was defect of power. I thought Lamb had no right to take his station amongst the inspired writers who had just then risen to throw new blood into our literature, and to breathe a breath of life through the worn-out, or, at least torpid organization of the national mind. He

belonged, I thought, to the old literature; and, as a poet, he certainly does. There were in his verses minute scintillations of genius — now and then, even a subtle sense of beauty; and there were shy graces, lurking half-unseen, like violets in the shade. But there was no power on a colossal scale; no breadth; no choice of great subjects; no wrestling with difficulty; no creative energy. So I thought then; and so I should think now, if Lamb were viewed chiefly as a poet. Since those days he has established his right to a seat in any company. But why? and in what character? As “Elia”: — the essays of “Elia” are as exquisite a gem amongst the jewelry of literature as any nation can show. They do not, indeed, suggest to the typifying imagination a *Last Supper* of da Vinci or a *Group from the Sistine Chapel*, but they suggest some exquisite cabinet painting; such, for instance, as that Carlo Dolce known to all who have visited Lord Exeter’s place of Burleigh (by the way, I bar the allusion to Charles Lamb which a shameless punster suggests in the name *Carlo Dolce*¹); and in this also resembling that famous picture — that many critics (Hazlitt amongst others) can see little or nothing in it. *Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!*² Those, therefore, err, in my opinion, who present Lamb to our notice amongst the poets. Very pretty, very elegant, very tender, very beautiful verses he has written; nay, twice he has written verses of extraordinary force, almost demoniac force — viz., *The Three Graves*, and *The Gipsy’s Malison*. But speaking generally, he writes verses as one to whom that function was a secondary and occasional function, not his original and natural vocation — not an *ἔργον*, but a *πάρεργον*.³

For the reasons, therefore, I have given, never thinking of Charles Lamb as a poet, and, at that time, having no means for judging of him in any other character, I had requested the letter of introduction to him rather with a view to some further

knowledge of Coleridge (who was then absent from England) than from any special interest about Lamb himself. However, I felt the extreme discourtesy of approaching a man and asking for his time and civility under such an avowal: and the letter, therefore, as I believe, or as I requested, represented me in the light of an admirer. I hope it did; for that character might have some excuse for what followed, and heal the unpleasant impression likely to be left by a sort of *fracas* which occurred at my first meeting with Lamb. This was so characteristic of Lamb that I have often laughed at it since I came to know what *was* characteristic of Lamb.

But first let me describe my brief introductory call upon him at the India House. I had been told that he was never to be found at home except in the evenings; and to have called then would have been, in a manner, forcing myself upon his hospitalities, and at a moment when he might have confidential friends about him; besides that, he was sometimes tempted away to the theatres. I went, therefore, to the India House; made inquiries amongst the servants; and, after some trouble (for *that* was early in his Leadenhall Street career, and possibly he was not much known), I was shown into a small room, or else a small section of a large one (thirty-four years affects one’s remembrance of some circumstances), in which was a very lofty writing desk, separated by a still higher railing from that part of the floor on which the profane — the laity, like myself — were allowed to approach the *clerus*, or clerly rulers of the room. Within the railing sat, to the best of my remembrance, six quill-driving gentlemen; not gentlemen whose duty or profession it was merely to drive the quill, but who were then driving it — *gens de plume*,⁴ such *in esse*, as well as *in posse* — in act as well as habit; for, as if they supposed me a spy sent by some superior power to report upon the situation of affairs as surprised by me, they were all too profoundly immersed in their oriental studies to have any sense of my presence. Consequently,

¹ Italian for “sweet Charles.”

² How not at all in accord with your taste,

³ Not a vocation, but an avocation.

⁴ Men of the pen.

I was reduced to a necessity of announcing myself and my errand. I walked, therefore, into one of the two open doorways of the railing, and stood closely by the high stool of him who occupied the first place within the little aisle. I touched his arm, by way of recalling him from his lofty Leadenhall speculation to this sublunary world; and, presenting my letter, asked if that gentleman (pointing to the address) were really a citizen of the present room; for I had been repeatedly misled, by the directions given me, into wrong rooms. The gentleman smiled; it was a smile not to be forgotten. This was Lamb. And here occurred a *very, very* little incident — one of those which pass so fugitively that they are gone and hurrying away into Lethe almost before your attention can have arrested them; but it was an incident which, to me, who happened to notice it, served to express the courtesy and delicate consideration of Lamb's manner. The seat upon which he sat was a very high one; so absurdly high, by the way, that I can imagine no possible use or sense in such an altitude, unless it were to restrain the occupant from playing truant at the fire by opposing Alpine difficulties to his descent.

Whatever might be the original purpose of this aspiring seat, one serious dilemma arose from it, and this it was which gave the occasion to Lamb's act of courtesy. Somewhere there is an anecdote, meant to illustrate the ultra-obsequiousness of the man, — either I have heard of it in connection with some actual man known to myself, or it is told in a book of some historical coxcomb, — that, being on horseback, and meeting some person or other whom it seemed advisable to flatter, he actually dismounted, in order to pay his court by a more ceremonious bow. In Russia, as we all know, this was, at one time, upon meeting any of the Imperial family, an act of legal necessity: and there accordingly, but there only, it would have worn no ludicrous aspect. Now, in this situation of Lamb's, the act of descending from his throne, a very elaborate process, with steps and stages analogous to those

on horseback — of slipping your right foot out of the stirrup, throwing your leg over the crupper, etc. — was, to all intents and purposes, the same thing as dismounting from a great elephant of a horse. Therefore it both was, and was felt to be by Lamb, supremely ludicrous. On the other hand, to have sate still and stately upon this aerial station, to have bowed condescendingly from this altitude, would have been — not ludicrous indeed; performed by a very superb person and supported by a superb bow, it might have been vastly fine, and even terrifying to many young gentlemen under sixteen; but it would have had an air of ungentlemanly assumption. Between these extremes, therefore, Lamb had to choose; — between appearing ridiculous himself for a moment, by going through a ridiculous evolution which no man could execute with grace; or, on the other hand, appearing lofty and assuming, in a degree which his truly humble nature (for he was the humblest of men in the pretensions which he put forward for himself) must have shrunk from with horror. Nobody who knew Lamb can doubt how the problem was solved: he began to dismount instantly; and, as it happened that the very first *round* of his descent obliged him to turn his back upon me as if for a sudden purpose of flight, he had an excuse for laughing; which he did heartily — saying, at the same time, something to this effect: that I must not judge from first appearances; that he should revolve upon me; that he was not going to fly; and other facetiæ which challenged a general laugh from the clerical brotherhood.

When he had reached the basis of terra firma on which I was standing, naturally, as a mode of thanking him for his courtesy, I presented my hand; which, in a general case, I should certainly not have done; for I cherished, in an ultra-English degree, the English custom (a wise custom) of bowing in frigid silence on a first introduction to a stranger; but, to a man of literary talent, and one who had just practiced so much kindness in my favor at so probable a hazard to himself of being

laughed at for his pains, I could not maintain that frosty reserve. Lamb took my hand; did not absolutely reject it: but rather repelled my advance by his manner. This, however, long afterwards I found, was only a habit derived from his too great sensitiveness to the variety of people's feelings, which run through a gamut so infinite of degrees and modes as to make it unsafe for any man who respects himself to be too hasty in his allowances of familiarity. Lamb had, as he was entitled to have, a high self-respect; and me he probably suspected (as a young Oxonian) of some aristocratic tendencies. The letter of introduction, containing (I imagine) no matters of business, was speedily run through; and I instantly received an invitation to spend the evening with him. Lamb was not one of those who catch at the chance of escaping from a bore by fixing some distant day, when accidents (in duplicate proportion, perhaps, to the number of intervening days) may have carried you away from the place: he sought to benefit by no luck of that kind; for he was, with his limited income — and I say it deliberately — positively the most hospitable man I have known in this world. That night, the same night, I was to come and spend the evening with him. I had gone to the India House with the express purpose of accepting whatever invitation he should give me; and, therefore, I accepted this, took my leave, and left Lamb in the act of resuming his aerial position.

I was to come so early as to drink tea with Lamb; and the hour was seven. He lived in the Temple; and I, who was not then, as afterwards I became, a student and member of "the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple," did not know much of the localities. However, I found out his abode, not greatly beyond my time: nobody had been asked to meet me, — which a little surprised me, but I was glad of it; for, besides Lamb, there was present his sister, Miss Lamb, of whom, and whose talents and sweetness of disposition, I had heard. I turned the conversation, upon the first opening which offered, to the subject of Coleridge; and many of my

questions were answered satisfactorily, because seriously, by Miss Lamb. But Lamb took a pleasure in baffling me, or in throwing ridicule upon the subject. Out of this grew the matter of our affray. We were speaking of *The Ancient Mariner*. Now, to explain what followed, and a little to excuse myself, I must beg the reader to understand that I was under twenty years of age, and that my admiration for Coleridge (as, in perhaps a still greater degree, for Wordsworth) was literally in no respect short of a religious feeling: it had, indeed, all the sanctity of religion, and all the tenderness of a human veneration. Then, also, to imagine the strength which it would derive from circumstances that do not exist now, but did then, let the reader further suppose a case — not such as he may have known since that era about Sir Walter Scotts and Lord Byrons, where every man you could possibly fall foul of, early or late, night or day, summer or winter, was in perfect readiness to feel and express his sympathy with the admirer — but when no man, beyond one or two in each ten thousand, had so much as heard of either Coleridge or Wordsworth, and that one, or those two, knew them only to scorn them, trample on them, spit upon them. Men so abject in public estimation, I maintain, as that Coleridge and that Wordsworth, had not existed before, have not existed since, will not exist again. We have heard in old times of donkeys insulting effete or dying lions by kicking them; but in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth it was effete donkeys that kicked living lions. They, Coleridge and Wordsworth, were the Pariahs of literature in those days: as much scorned wherever they were known; but escaping that scorn only because they were as little known as Pariahs, and even more obscure.

Well, after this bravura, by way of conveying my sense of the real position then occupied by these two authors — a position which thirty and odd years have altered, by a revolution more astonishing and total than ever before happened in literature or in life — let the reader figure

to himself the sensitive horror with which a young person, carrying his devotion about with him, of necessity, as the profoundest of secrets, like a primitive Christian amongst a nation of Pagans, or a Roman Catholic convert amongst the bloody idolators of Japan — in Oxford, above all places, hoping for no sympathy, and feeling a daily grief, almost a shame, in harbouring this devotion to that which, nevertheless, had done more for the expansion and sustenance of his own inner mind than all literature besides — let the reader figure, I say, to himself, the shock with which such a person must recoil from hearing the very friend and associate of these authors utter what seemed at that time a burning ridicule of all which belonged to them — their books, their thoughts, their places, their persons. This had gone on for some time before we came upon the ground of *The Ancient Mariner*; I had been grieved, perplexed, astonished; and how else could I have felt reasonably, knowing nothing of Lamb's propensity to mystify a stranger; he, on the other hand, knowing nothing of the depth of my feelings on these subjects, and that they were not so much mere literary preferences as something that went deeper than life or household affections? At length, when he had given utterance to some ferocious canon of judgment, which seemed to question the entire value of the poem, I said, perspiring (I dare say) in this detestable crisis — "But, Mr. Lamb, good heavens! how is it possible you can allow yourself in such opinions? What instance could you bring from the poem that would bear you out in these insinuations?" — "Instances?" said Lamb: "oh, I'll instance you, if you come to that. Instance, indeed! Pray, what do you say to this —

The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie?

So beautiful, indeed! Beautiful! Just think of such a gang of Wapping vagabonds, all covered with pitch, and chewing tobacco; and the old gentleman himself — what do you call him? — the bright-eyed

fellow?" What more might follow I never heard; for, at this point, in a perfect rapture of horror, I raised my hands — both hands — to both ears; and, without stopping to think or to apologize, I endeavoured to restore equanimity to my disturbed sensibilities by shutting out all further knowledge of Lamb's impieties. At length he seemed to have finished; so I, on my part, thought I might venture to take off the embargo: and in fact he *had* ceased; but no sooner did he find me restored to my hearing than he said with a most sarcastic smile — which, he could assume upon occasion — "If you please, sir, we'll say grace before we begin." I know not whether Lamb were really piqued or not at the mode by which I had expressed my disturbance: Miss Lamb certainly was not: her goodness led her to pardon me, and to treat me — in whatever light she might really view my almost involuntary rudeness — as the party who had suffered wrong; and, for the rest of the evening, she was so pointedly kind and conciliatory in her manner that I felt greatly ashamed of my boyish failure in self-command. Yet, after all, Lamb necessarily appeared so much worse, in my eyes, as a traitor is worse than an open enemy.

Lamb, after this one visit — not knowing at that time any particular reason for continuing to seek his acquaintance — I did not trouble with my calls for some years. At length, however, about the year 1808, and for the six or seven following years, in my evening visits to Coleridge, I used to meet him again; not often, but sufficiently to correct the altogether very false impression I had received of his character and manners.

CHARLES LAMB

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been ca-
rousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see
her —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to trav-
erse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a
brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's
dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar
faces —

How some they have died, and some they
have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are
departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

IN Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school, such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his ; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school ; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar ad-

vantages, which I and others of his school-fellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand ; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf — our *crug* — moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant (we had three banyan to four meat days in the week) was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth — our scanty mutton crags on Fridays — and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion) — he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt ! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite) ; and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer ; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing ; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it ; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions !) pre-

dominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

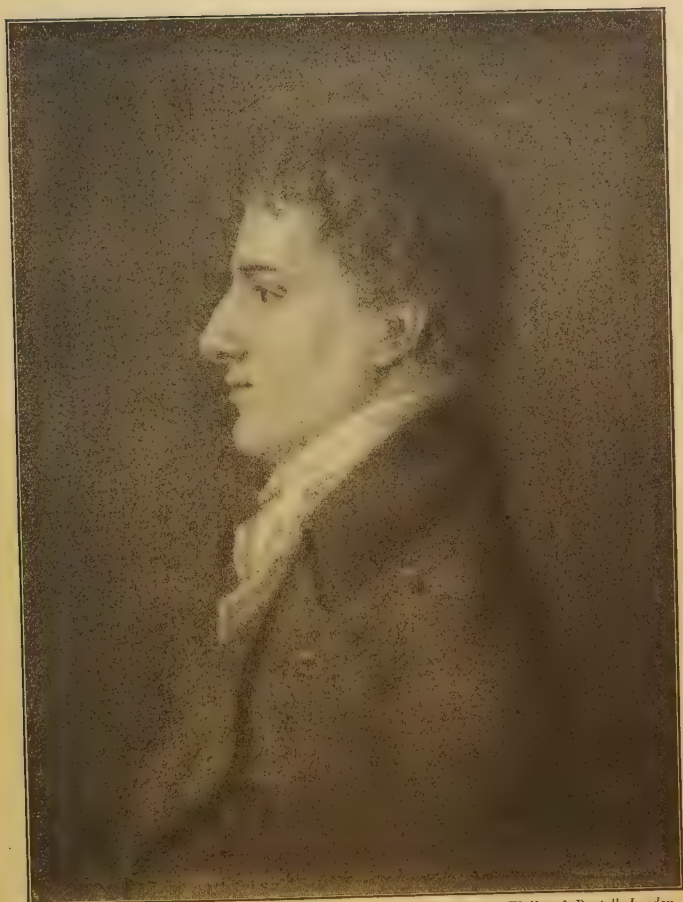
To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can — for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes: — how merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying — while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings — the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!

— How faint and languid, finally we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless — shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower — to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights — and this not once, but night after night — in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there had been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit nor had the power to hinder. The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and under the cruelest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season and the day's sports.

There was one H —, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered — at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts, — some few



From a drawing by Robert Hancock

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CHARLES LAMB

years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat — happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel — but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables — waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies, and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

To feed our mind with idle portraiture.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags* or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in equal detestation. — suffered under the imputation.

— 'T was said
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me) — and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large wornout building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly

clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers¹ had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of —, an honest couple come to decay, — whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! — The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of —, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to —, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory. — I had left school then, but I well remember —. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks. . . .

First Grecian¹ of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T — e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! — You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one

found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! — Co-Grecian with S. was Th —, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th — was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. — Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the *Country Spectator*) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe. M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild and unassuming. — Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons*, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian. — Then followed poor S —, ill-fated M —! of these the Muse is silent.

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! — How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandola*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those

¹ The Grecians were picked scholars selected for recommendation to the University and the Church.

years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar — while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!* Many were the “wit-combats” (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G —, “which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible “bl——” for a gentler greeting — “Bless thy handsome face!”

Next follow two who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia — the junior Le G — and F —, who, impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect — ill capable of enduring the slights poor sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning — exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca: — Le G —, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F —, dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr —, the present Master of Hertford, with Marmaduke

T —, mildest of missionaries — and both my good friends still — close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grand-dame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimneypiece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick

them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the

spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings, — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother

Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; — and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; “We are not of

Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name” — and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY- SWEEPERS

I LIKE to meet a sweep — understand me — not a grown sweeper — old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive — but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek — such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks — poor blots — innocent blacknesses —

(I reverence these young Africans of our own growth — these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.)

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *faucis Averni* — to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! — to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!” — to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light — and then (O fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable

phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art-victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the "Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street — *the only Salopian house*, — I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients — a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper — whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof

of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive — but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals — cats — when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader — if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact — he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop* — the precocious herb-woman's darling — the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammer-smith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas — the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin

(it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny) — so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin — so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups — not the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough — yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened — when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth — but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in "The March to Finchley," grinning at the pie-man — there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever — with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it — that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the se-

ductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels, but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility: — and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since — under a ducal canopy — (that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur) — encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven — folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius — was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature,

having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber, and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. — But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug or the carpet presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions — is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was but now creeping back as into his proper *incunabula* and resting-place. By no other theory than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous in this tender but unseasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that, in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were

issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity, but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table — for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing “the gentleman,” and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings — how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier

links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it “must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—“The King,”—the “Cloth,”—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, “May the Brush supersede the Laurel!” All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a “Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,” which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens, and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw,

clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook’s holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his

fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his finger, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fist of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste —

O Lord," — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present —

without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. —

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbledheys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something

between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so), so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equally he twirleth round the string! — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars —

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indolence which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation — from these sins he is happily snatched away —

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care —¹

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the

¹ From Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant."

judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so partic-

ularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plumcake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present — and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating

and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

OLD CHINA

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then — why should I now have? — to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective — a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends — whom distance cannot diminish — figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still — for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver — two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another — for likeness is identity on tea-cups — is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead — a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on — if far or near can be predicated of their world — see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here — a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive — so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort — when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state" — so she was pleased to ramble on — "in which I am sure we were a great deal

happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!), we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare — and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late — and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures — and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome — and when you presented it to me — and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it) — and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit — your old corbeau — for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen — or sixteen shillings was it? — a great affair we thought it then — which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do

not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money — and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture — was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?"

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday — holidays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich — and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad — and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store — only paying for the ale that you must call for — and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth — and wish for such another honest hostess as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing — and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us — but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way — and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense — which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw *The Battle of Hexham*, and *The Surrender of Calais*, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in *The Children in the Wood* — when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the

one-shilling gallery — where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me — and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me — and the pleasure was the better for a little shame — and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially — that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going — that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage — because a word lost would have been a chasm which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then — and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough, — but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages — and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then — but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common — in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear — to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now — that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat — when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves

in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now — what I mean by the word — we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet, — and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings — many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much — or that we had not spent so much — or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year — and still we found our slender capital decreasing — but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future — and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of *heartly cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the ‘coming guest.’ Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year — no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor — hundred pounds a year. “It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we

have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power — those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten — with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked : live better, and lie softer — and shall be wiser to do so — than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return — could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day — could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them — could the good old one-shilling gallery days return — they are dreams, my cousin, now — but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa — be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers — could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours — and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us — I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Cræsus had, or the great Jew R — is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonnaish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house."

From PREFACE TO THE LAST ES-
SAYS OF ELIA

THIS poor gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there ever was much in it, was pretty well exhausted ; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well founded. Crude they are, I grant you — a sort of unlicked, incondite things — villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such ; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another ; as in a former Essay (to save many instances) — where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections — in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another — making himself many, or reducing many unto himself — then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all ; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who, doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly.

I do not know whether I ought to be-moan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age ; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE DEATH OF NELSON

From THE LIFE OF HORATIO, LORD
NELSON

At daybreak the combined fleets¹ were distinctly seen from the *Victory's*² deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured; many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country!

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October [1805] was a festival in his family; because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, — light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee-line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote this prayer: —

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any

one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

* * * * *

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve³ was a skilful seaman; worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed

¹ French and Spanish. ² Nelson's flagship.

³ The French admiral.

very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal: — "England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my Duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England as well as the life of Nelson was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Teme-*

raire, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucen-taure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing, Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line of battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action, immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood

took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied: "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee-line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson;—"good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them "shake hands like Englishmen."

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top gallant-sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only

by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon-shot, while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun: fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her maintopmast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was then ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them,

and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander, now and then, be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire*: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, — about a quarter after one,

just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: — then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. — Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented

him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" — An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" — "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." — "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast: — it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast" — putting his hand on his left side — "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and

commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly — but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. — Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him — for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner"; and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, — three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

THE DEATH OF SCOTT

*From MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.*

HE reached London about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday the 13th of June. Owing to the unexpected rapidity of the journey, his eldest daughter had had no notice when to expect him; and fearful of finding her either out of town, or unprepared to receive him and his attendants under her roof, Charles Scott drove to the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, and established his quarters there before he set out in quest of his sister and myself. When we reached the hotel, he recognised us with many marks of tenderness, but signified that he was totally exhausted; so no attempt was made to remove him farther, and he was put to bed immediately. Dr. Fergusson saw him the same night, and next day Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland saw him also; and during the next three weeks the two latter visited him daily, while Fergusson was scarcely absent from his pillow. The Major was soon on the spot. To his children, all assembled once more about him, he repeatedly gave his blessing in a very solemn manner, as if expecting immediate death; but he was never in a condition for conversation, and sunk either into sleep or delirious stupour upon the slightest effort.

Mrs. Thomas Scott came to town as soon as she heard of his arrival, and remained to help us. She was more than once recognised and thanked. Mr. Cadell, too, arrived from Edinburgh, to render any assistance in his power. I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends except Mr. John Richardson, and him only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice, and made an attempt to put forth his hand, but it dropped powerless, and he said, with a smile—"Excuse my hand." Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and, after a moment, got out some-

thing about Abbotsford and the woods, which he had happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said—"How does Kirklands get on?" Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called in Teviotdale, and Sir Walter had left him busied with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own, meantime, in its vicinity. "Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man," said Sir Walter; "he is a man from whom one may receive a favour, and that's saying a good deal for any man in these days." The stupour then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again. This state of things continued till the beginning of July.

During these melancholy weeks, great interest and sympathy were manifested. Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several workmen standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him—as if there was but one deathbed in London—"Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" The inquiries both at the hotel and at my house were incessant; and I think there was hardly a member of the royal family who did not send every day. The newspapers teemed with paragraphs about Sir Walter; and one of these, it appears, threw out a suggestion that his travels had exhausted his pecuniary resources, and that if he were capable of reflection at all, cares of that sort might probably harass his pillow. This paragraph came from a very ill-informed, but, I dare say, a well-meaning quarter. It caught the attention of some members of the Government; and, in consequence, I received a private communication, to the effect that, if the case were as stated, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarrassment, and it would be immediately advanced by the Treasury. The then Paymaster of the Forces, Lord John Russell, had the delicacy to convey this message through a lady with whose friendship he knew us

to be honoured — the Honourable Catharine Arden. We expressed our grateful sense of his politeness, and of the liberality of the Government, and I now beg leave to do so once more; — but his lordship was of course informed that Sir Walter Scott was not situated as the journalist had represented.

Dr. Fergusson's Memorandum on Jermyn Street will be acceptable to the reader. He says — "When I saw Sir Walter, he was lying in the second floor back-room of the St. James's Hotel, in a state of stupor, from which, however, he could be roused for a moment by being addressed, and then he recognised those about him, but immediately relapsed. I think I never saw anything more magnificent than the symmetry of his colossal bust, as he lay on the pillow with his chest and neck exposed. During the time he was in Jermyn Street he was calm but never collected, and in general either in absolute stupor or in a waking dream. He never seemed to know where he was, but imagined himself to be still in the steam-boat. The rattling of carriages, and the noises of the street, sometimes disturbed this illusion — and then he fancied himself at the polling-booth of Jedburgh, where he had been insulted and stoned. During the whole of this period of apparent helplessness, the great features of his character could not be mistaken. He always exhibited great self-possession, and acted his part with wonderful power whenever visited, though he relapsed the next moment into the stupor from which strange voices had roused him.

"At length his constant yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal; and the moment this was notified to him, it seemed to infuse new vigour into his frame. It was on a calm, clear afternoon of the 7th July, that every preparation was made for his embarkation on board the steam-boat. He was placed on a chair by his faithful servant Nicolson, half-dressed, and loosely wrapped in a quilted dressing-gown. He requested Lockhart and my-

self to wheel him towards the light of the open window, and we both remarked the vigorous lustre of his eye. He sat there silently gazing on space for more than half an hour, apparently wholly occupied with his own thoughts, and having no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came there. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about to gaze on the scene. His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave."

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At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two — "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch,

and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said — "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair — they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntley Burn, and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. The grand-children admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us — said he was happy to be at home — that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all. He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library: — "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house — give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said — "Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the 14th chapter of St.

John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done — "Well, this is a great comfort — I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, "Read me some amusing thing — read me a bit of Crabbe." I brought out the first volume of his old favourite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favourite passages in it — the description of the arrival of the Players in the Borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, "Capital — excellent — very good — Crabbe has lost nothing" — and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, "Better and better — but how will poor Terry¹ endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!" — "Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines —

"Sad happy race! soon raised, and soon depressed,

Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions
vain,

Not warned by misery, nor enriched by
gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter — "I can't stand more of this — it will touch Terry to the very quick."

¹ Daniel Terry, an actor, and friend of Scott.

On the morning of Sunday the 15th, he was again taken out into the little *pleasaunce*, and got as far as his favourite terrace-walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfaction. On re-entering the house, he desired me to read to him from the New Testament, and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty even to the tale of Phœbe Dawson, which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings, because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's deathbed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts' hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service, and when I was about to close the book, said — "Why do you omit the visitation for the sick?" — which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said — "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly, that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found

himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said — "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me — "Sir Walter has had a little repose." — "No Willie," said he — "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed — that's the only place."

Perceiving, towards the close of August, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself, at all events, never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder, and invited from Edinburgh for that purpose Sir Walter's dear friend, Sir William Allan — whose presence, I well knew, would even under the circumstances of that time be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects. Sir William willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings. He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments. Sir Walter's cousins, the ladies of Ashiestiel, came down frequently, for a day or two at a time, and did whatever sisterly affection could prompt, both for the sufferer and his daughters. Miss Mary Scott (daughter of his uncle Thomas), and Mrs. Scott of Harden, did the like.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely him-

self, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm — every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." — He paused, and I said — "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" — "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night — God bless you all." — With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except

for an instant on the arrival of his sons.

They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one p.m. on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day — so warm, that every window was wide open — and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

MINOR POETS OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

Here is a fitting place to mention a few of the minor Scottish and English poets whose special poems, here reprinted, have become well known to all readers, *The Burial of Thomas Moore* by Charles Wolfe (1791-1823), *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt* by Thomas Hood (1799-1845), *To the Grasshopper and the Cricket* by Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), *The Battle of Blenheim* by Robert Southey (1774-1843), *Ye Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, *Battle of the Baltic*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, by Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), *The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls*, by Thomas Moore (1779-1852).

CHARLES WOLFE

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound
him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow
bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would
tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid
him.

But half of our weary task was done
When the clock struck the hour for re-
tiring;
And we head the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and
gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.

THOMAS HOOD

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly;
 Not of the stains of her,
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful:
 Past all dishonour,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family —
 Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,
 Her fair auburn tresses;
 Whilst wonderment guesses
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 O, it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly
 Feelings had changed:
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window to casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled —
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly —
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran —
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it — think of it,
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest —
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work — work — work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of
straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
numbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch;—
Would that its tone could reach the
Rich!—

She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of
June,

Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy
noon,

When even the bees lag at the summoning
brass:

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove
there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing
ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy
hills.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

I

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II

She saw her brother Peterkin

Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet

In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

IV

"I find them in the garden,

For there's many hereabout;

And often when I go to plough,

The ploughshare turns them out!

For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

V

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"

Young Peterkin, he cries;

And little Wilhelmine looks up

With wonder-waiting eyes;

"Now tell us all about the war,

And what they fought each other for."

VI

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,

"Who put the French to rout;

But what they fought each other for,

I could not well make out;

But everybody said," quoth he,

"That 'twas a famous victory."

VII

"My father lived at Blenheim then,

Yon little stream hard by;

They burnt his dwelling to the ground,

And he was forced to fly;

So with his wife and child he fled,

Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII

"With fire and sword the country round

Was wasted far and wide,

And many a childing mother then

And new-born baby died:

But things like that, you know, must be

At every famous victory.

IX

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro'
won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl,"
quothe he,
"It was a famous victory.

XI

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quothe little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

THOMAS CAMPBELL

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below —
As they roar on the shore,
Where the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven
Than rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between —
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried, when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the
day;

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By the wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
grave!

While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

SONG

"MEN OF ENGLAND"

MEN of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood,
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood:

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured — breaches mounted,
Navies conquered — kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants! — Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless fame is yours, —
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny:
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights — so will we!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry." —

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter, —

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonnie bride
When they have slain her lover?" —

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry." —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father." —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her. —

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing. —

For sore dismayed, through storm and
shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in
grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh, my daughter!" —

Tw'as vain: the loud waves lashed the
shore,
Return or aid preventing: —
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS MOORE

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once, through Tara's Halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled: —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;

And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells: —
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

SOME EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY LETTERS

With the exception of Sydney Smith (1771-1845) all the writers of this group have been represented by other work in a previous section.

Sydney Smith became a Fellow at Oxford, took orders, was appointed to a curacy on Salisbury Plain, went to Edinburgh, and there stumbled upon his vocation as reviewer. After five years in Edinburgh, he moved to London where he spent the remainder of his life. Smith cared little for books as books and had not a grain of sentiment in his composition. He was one of the wittiest of Englishmen, and his letters are full of the most untiring and the most sparkling pleasantry.

Of the more distinguished authors whose letters are here given, it is sufficient to say that not one scrap that gives us more knowledge of their personality is uninteresting to us, and therefore those who treasure the heritage of English literature will always turn to the correspondence of these men to find a side which is not only alluring but is so often charmingly revealing.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO PROFESSOR REED

[PRESENTATION TO THE QUEEN]

RYDAL MOUNT, AMBLESIDE, July 1, 1845.

My dear Mr. Reed,

I have, as usual, been long in your debt, which I am pretty sure you will excuse as heretofore. It gave me much pleasure to have a glimpse of your brother under circumstances which no doubt he will have described to you. He spoke of his health as improved, and I hope it will continue to do so. I understood from him that it was probable that he should call at Rydal before his return to his own country. I need not say to you I shall be glad, truly glad, to see him both for his own sake, and as so nearly connected with you. My absence from home lately was not of more than three weeks. I took the journey to London solely to pay my respects to the Queen upon my appointment to the Laureateship upon the decease of my friend Mr. Southey. The weather was very cold, and I caught an inflammation in one of my eyes, which rendered my stay in the south very uncomfortable. I nevertheless did, in respect to the object of my

journey, all that was required. The reception given me by the Queen at her ball was most gracious. Mrs. Everett, the wife of your minister, among many others, was a witness to it, without knowing who I was. It moved her to the shedding of tears. This effect was in part produced, I suppose, by American habits of feeling, as pertaining to a republican government. To see a grey-haired man of seventy-five years of age, kneeling down in a large assembly to kiss the hand of a young woman, is a sight for which institutions essentially democratic do not prepare a spectator of either sex, and must naturally place the opinions upon which a republic is founded, and the sentiments which support it, in strong contrast with a government based and upheld as ours is. I am not, therefore, surprised that Mrs. Everett was moved, as she herself described to persons of my acquaintance, among others to Mr. Rogers the poet. By the by, of this gentleman, now I believe in his eighty-third year, I saw more than of any other person except my host, while I was in London. He is singularly fresh and strong for his years, and his mental faculties (with the exception of his memory a little) not at all impaired. It is remark-

able that he and the Rev. W. Bowles were both distinguished as poets when I was a school-boy, and they have survived almost all their eminent contemporaries, several of whom came into notice long after them. Since they became known, Burns, Cowper, Mason, the author of *Caractacus* and friend of Gray, have died. Thomas Warton, Laureate, then Byron, Shelley, Keats, and a good deal later Scott, Coleridge, Crabbe, Southey, Lamb, the Ettrick Shepherd, Cary the translator of Dante, Crowe, the author of *Lewesdon Hill*, and others of more or less distinction, have disappeared. And now of English poets, advanced in life, I cannot recall any but James Montgomery, Thomas Moore, and myself, who are living, except the octogenarian with whom I began.

I saw Tennyson, when I was in London, several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things. You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent, though persuaded that he is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, viz., the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances. I ought not to conclude this first portion of my letter without telling you that I have now under my roof a cousin, who some time ago was introduced, improperly, I think, she being then a child, to the notice of the public, as one of the English poetesses, in an article of the *Quarterly* so entitled. Her name is Emmeline Fisher, and her mother is my first cousin. What advances she may have made in latter years I do not know, but her productions from the age of eight to twelve were not less than astonishing. She only arrived yesterday, and we promise ourselves much pleasure in seeing more of her. Our dear friend Miss Fenwick is also under our roof; so is Katherine Southey, her late father's youngest daughter, so that we reckon ourselves rich; though our only daughter

is far from us, being gone to Oporto with her husband on account of her enfeebled frame: and most unfortunately, soon after her arrival, she was seized with a violent attack of rheumatic fever caused by exposure to the evening air. We have also been obliged lately to part with four grandsons, very fine boys, who are gone with their father to Italy to visit their mother, kept there by severe illness, which sent her abroad two years ago. Under these circumstances we old people keep our spirits as well as we can, trusting the end to God's goodness.

Now, for the enclosed poem, which I wrote the other day, and which I send to you, hoping it may give you some pleasure, as a scanty repayment for all that we owe you. Our dear friend, Miss Fenwick, is especially desirous that her warmest thanks should be returned to you for all the trouble you have taken about her bonds. But, to return to the verses: if you approve, pray forward them with my compliments and thanks for his letter to —. In his letter he states that with others he is strenuously exerting himself in endeavours to abolish slavery, and, as one of the means of disposing the public mind to that measure, he is about to publish selections from various authors in behalf of *humanity*. He begs an original composition from me. I have nothing bearing directly upon slavery, but if you think this little piece would serve his cause indirectly, pray be so kind as to forward it to him. He speaks of himself as deeply indebted to my writings.

I have not left room to subscribe myself more than Affectionately yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SYDNEY SMITH

TO MRS. HOLLAND

[A CHANNEL-CROSSING]

ROUEN, Oct. 6, 1835.

My dearest Child,

— fell ill in London, and detained us a day or two. At Canterbury, the wheel would not turn round; we slept there, and lost our passage the next day at Dover:

this was Wednesday, — a day of mist, fog, and despair. It blew a hurricane all that night, and we were kept awake by thinking of the different fish by which we should be devoured on the following day. I thought I should fall to the lot of some female porpoise, who, mistaking me for a porpoise, but finding me only a parson, would make a dinner of me. We were all up and at the quay by five in the morning. The captain hesitated very much whether he would embark, and your mother solicited me in pencil notes not to do so; however, we embarked, — the French Ambassador, ourselves, twenty Calais shopkeepers, and a variety of all nations. The passage was tremendous: Hibbert had crossed four times, and the courier twenty; I had crossed three times more, and we none of us ever remember such a passage. I lay along the deck, wrapped in a cloak, shut my eyes, and, as to danger, reflected that it was much more apparent than real; and that, as I had so little life to lose, it was of little consequence whether I was drowned, or died, like a resident clergyman, from indigestion. Your mother was taken out more dead than alive.

We were delighted with the hotel of Dessein, at Calais; eggs, butter, bread, coffee — everything better than in England — the hotel itself magnificent. We all recovered, and stayed there the day; and proceeded to sleep at Montreuil, forty miles, where we were still more improved by a good dinner. The next day, twenty miles farther, to Abbeville; from thence, sixty miles the next day to this place, where we found a superb hotel, and are quite delighted with Rouen; the churches far exceed anything in England in richness of architectural ornament. The old buildings of Rouen are most interesting. All that I refuse to see is, where particular things were done to particular persons; — the square where Joan of Arc was burnt, — the house where Corneille was born. The events I admit to be important; but, from long experience, I have found that the square where Joan of Arc was burnt, and the room where Corneille was born, have such a wonderful resem-

blance to other rooms and squares, that I have ceased to interest myself about them.

To-morrow we start for Mantes, and the next day we shall be at Paris. Travelling is extremely slow — five miles an hour. I find the people now as I did before, most delightful; compared to them we are perfect barbarians. Happy the man whose daughter was half as well-bred as the chambermaid at Dessein's, or whose sons were as polished as the waiter! Whatever else you do, insist, when Holland brings you to France, on coming to Rouen; there is nothing in France more worth seeing. Come to Havre, and by steam to Rouen. God bless you, dear child! Give my love to Froggy and Doggy. Your affectionate father,

SYDNEY SMITH.

WALTER SCOTT

TO HENRY BREVOORT

ABBOTSFORD, 23d April, 1813.

My dear Sir,

I beg you to accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellently jocose history of New York. I am sensible, that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece, but I must own that looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift, as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne. I beg you will have the kindness to let me know when Mr. Irvine takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat which I may chance never to hear of but through your kindness.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO MRS. HUGHES
[THE WAVERLEY NOVELS]

WATERLOO HOTEL, Tuesday,
March 7, 1821.

My dear Mrs. Hughes,

I have been so completely harassed by business and engagements since I came to this wilderness of houses, that I must have seemed very ungrateful in leaving your kind remembrances unacknowledged. You mistake when you give me any credit for being concerned with these far-famed novels, but I am not the less amused with the hasty dexterity of the good folks of Cumnor and its vicinity getting all their traditionary lore into such order as to meet the taste of the public. I could have wished the author had chosen a more heroic death for his fair victim.

It is some time since I received and acknowledged your young student's very spirited verses. I am truly glad that Oxford breeds such nightingales, and that you have an interest in them. I sent my letter to my friend Longman, and, as it did not reach you, can only repeat my kindest and best thanks. I would be most happy to know your son, and hope you will contrive to afford me that pleasure.

With best compliments to Dr. Hughes, and sincere regret that I have so often found Amen Corner untenanted, I am, with sincerity,

Dear Mrs. Hughes,
Your much obliged humble servant,
WALTER SCOTT.

TO THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN
EDIN., Feb. 25, 1823.

My dear Sir,

I was duly favoured with your letter, which proves one point against the unknown Author of *Waverley*; namely that he is certainly a Scotsman, since no other nation pretends to the advantage of second sight. Be he who or where he may, he must certainly feel the very high honour which has selected him, *nominis umbra*, to a situation so worthy of envy.

As his personal appearance in the fraternity is not like to be a speedy event,

one may presume he may be desirous of offering some token of his gratitude in the shape of a reprint, or such-like kickshaw, and for this purpose you had better send me the statutes of your learned body, which I will engage to send him in safety.

It will follow as a characteristic circumstance, that the table of the Roxburghe, like that of King Arthur, will have a vacant chair, like that of Banquo at Macbeth's banquet. But if this author, who "hath fernseed and walketh invisible," should not appear to claim it before I come to London (should I ever be there again), with permission of the Club, I, who have something of adventure in me, although a knight like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "dubb'd with unbacked rapier, and on carpet consideration," would, rather than lose the chance of a dinner with the Roxburghe Club, take upon me the adventure of the *siege perillous*, and reap some amends for perils and scandals into which the invisible champion has drawn me, by being his *locum tenens* on so distinguished an occasion.

It will not be uninteresting to you to know, that a fraternity is about to be established here something on the plan of the Roxburghe Club; but, having Scottish antiquities chiefly in view, it is to be called the Bannatyne Club, from the celebrated antiquary, George Bannatyne, who compiled by far the greatest record of old Scottish poetry. The first meeting is to be held on Thursday, when the health of the Roxburghe Club will be drunk. — I am always, my dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO DR. AND MRS. HUGHES

[THE FINANCIAL DISASTER]

EDINBURGH, 6 February, 1826.

My dear Mrs. Hughes and my worthy Doctor,

I write immediately to give you the information which your kindness thinks of importance. I shall certainly lose a very large sum by the failure of my book-

sellers, whom all men considered as worth £150,000 & who I fear will not cut up, as they say, for one fourth of the money. But looking at the thing at the worst point of view, I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of any one, since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned so far as yet appears, which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, and does not in the slightest degree innovate on any of my comforts. So what title have I to complain? I am far richer in point of income than Generals and Admirals who have led fleets and armies to battle. My family are all provided for in present or in prospect, my estate remains in my family, my house and books in my own possession. I shall give up my house in Edinb. and retire to Abbotsford; where my wife and Anne will make their chief residence; during the time our courts sit, when I must attend, I will live at my club. If Anne wishes to see a little of the world in the gay season, they can have lodgings for two or three weeks; this plan we had indeed form'd before it became imperative.

At Abbotsford we will cut off all hospitality, which latterly consumed all my time, which was worse than the expense; this I intended to do at any rate; we part with an extra servant or two, manage our household economically, and in five years, were the public to stand my friend, I should receive much more than I have lost. But if I only pay all demands I shall be satisfied.

I shall be anxious to dispose of Mr. Charles so soon as his second year of Oxford is ended. I think of trying to get him into some diplomatic line, for which his habits and manners seem to suit him well.

I might certainly have borrowed large sums. But to what good purpose? I must have owed that money, and a sense of obligation besides. Now, as I stand, the Banks are extremely sensible that I have been the means of great advantages to their establishments, and have afforded

me all the facilities I can desire to make my payments; and as they gained by my prosperity, they are handsomely disposed to be indulgent to my adversity, and what can an honest man wish for more?

Many people will think that because I see company easily my pleasures depend on society. But this is not the case; I am by nature a very lonely animal, and enjoy myself much at getting rid from a variety of things connected with public business, etc., which I did because they were fixed on me, but I am particularly happy to be rid of. And now let the matter be at rest for ever. It is a bad business, but might have been much worse.

I am, my dear friends,

Most truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

RICKMAN'S OFFICE, H. OF COMMONS,

February 20, 1804, Monday noon.

Dear Southey,

The affair with Godwin began thus. We were talking of reviews, and bewailing their ill effects. I detailed my plan for a review, to occupy regularly the fourth side of an evening paper, etc., etc., adding that it had been a favourite scheme with me for two years past. Godwin very coolly observed that it was a plan which "no man who had a spark of honest pride" could join with. "No man, not the slave of the grossest egotism could unite in," etc. Cool and civil! I ask whether he and most others did not already do what I proposed in prefaces. "Aye! in *prefaces*; that is quite a different thing." I then adverted to the extreme rudeness of the speech with regard to myself, and added that it was not only a very rough, but likewise a very mistaken opinion, for I was nearly if not quite sure that it had received the approbation both of you and of Wordsworth. "Yes, sir! just so! of Mr. Southey—just what I said," and so on *môre* Godwin—

iāno in language so ridiculously and exclusively appropriate to himself, that it would have made you merry. It was even as if he was looking into a sort of moral looking-glass, without knowing what it was, and, seeing his own very, very Godwinship, had by a merry conceit christened it in your name, not without some annexment of me and Wordsworth. I replied by laughing in the first place at the capricious nature of his nicety, that what was gross in folio should become double-refined in octavo foolscap or *pickpocket* quartos, blind slavish egotism in small pica, manly discriminating self-respect in double primer, modest as maiden's blushes between boards, or in calf-skin, and only not obscene in naked sheets. And then in a deep and somewhat sarcastic tone, tried to teach him to speak more reverentially of his betters, by stating what and who they were, by whom honoured, by whom depreciated. Well! this gust died away. I was going home to look over his Duncity; he begged me to stay till his return in half an hour. I, meaning to take nothing more the whole evening, took a crust of bread, and Mary Lamb made me a glass of punch of most deceitful strength. Instead of half an hour, Godwin stayed an hour and a half. In came his wife, Mrs. Fenwick, and four young ladies, and just as Godwin returned, supper came in, and it was now useless to go (at supper I was rather a mirth-maker than merry). I was disgusted at heart with the grossness and vulgar insanocicity of this dim-headed prig of a philosophocide, when, after supper, his ill stars impelled him to renew the contest. I begged him not to goad me, for that I feared my feelings would not long remain in my power. He (to my wonder and indignation) persisted (I had not deciphered the cause), and then, as he well said, I did "thunder and lighten at him" with a vengeance for more than an hour and a half. Every effort of self-defence only made him more ridiculous. If I had been Truth in person, I could not have spoken more accurately; but it was truth in a war-chariot, drawn by the three Furies, and the reins had slipped out of

the goddess's hands! . . . Yet he did not absolutely give way till that stinging *contrast* which I drew between him as a man, as a writer, and a benefactor of society, and those of whom he had spoken so irreverently. In short, I suspect that I seldom, at any time and for so great a length of time, so continuously displayed so much power, and do hope and trust that never did I display one half the scorn and ferocity. The next morning, the moment when I awoke, O mercy! I did feel like a very wretch. I got up and immediately wrote and sent off by a porter, a letter, I dare affirm an affecting and eloquent letter to him, and since then have been working for him, for I was heart-smitten with the recollection that I had said all, all in the presence of his *wife*. But if I had known all I now know, I will not say that I should not have apologised, but most certainly I should not have made such an apology, for he confessed to Lamb that he should not have persisted in irritating me, but that Mrs. Godwin had twitted him for his prostration before me, as if he was afraid to say his life was his own in my presence. He admitted, too, that although he never to the very last suspected that I was tipsy, yet he saw clearly that something unusual ailed me, and that I had not been my natural self the whole evening. What a poor creature! To attack a man who had been so kind to him at the instigation of such a woman! And what a woman to instigate him to quarrel with *me*, who with as much power as any, and more than most of his acquaintances, had been perhaps the only one who had never made a butt of him—who had uniformly spoken respectfully to him. But it is past! And I trust will teach me wisdom in future.

I have undoubtedly suffered a great deal from a cowardice in not daring to repel unassimilating acquaintances who press forward upon my friendship; but I dare aver, that if the circumstances of each particular case were examined, they would prove on the whole honourable to me rather than otherwise. But I have had enough and done enough. Hereafter

I shall show a different face, and calmly unform those who press upon me that my health, spirits, and occupation alike make it necessary for me to confine myself to the society of those with whom I have the nearest and highest connection. So help me God! I will hereafter be quite sure that I do really and in the whole of my heart esteem and like a man before I permit him to call me friend.

I am very anxious that you should go on with your *Madoc*. If the thought had happened to suggest itself to you originally and with all these modifications and polypus tendrils with which it would have caught hold of your subject, I am afraid that you would not have made the first voyage as interesting at least as it ought to be, so as to preserve entire the fit proportion of interest. But go on!

I shall call on Longman as soon as I receive an answer from him to a note which I sent. . . .

God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHARLES LAMB

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Jan. 30th, 1801.

Dear Wordsworth,

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the Town; the watchman, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all

hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes — London itself a pantomime and a masquerade — all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books,) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog, (only exceeding him in knowledge,) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school, — these are my mistresses. Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of any thing. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind: and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this

great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself; and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play.

C. L.

TO THOMAS MANNING

Oct. 16th, 1800.

Dear Manning,

Had you written one week before you did, I certainly should have obeyed your injunction; you should have seen me before my letter. I will explain to you my situation. There are six of us in one department. Two of us (within these four days) are confined with severe fevers; and two more, who belong to the Tower Militia, expect to have marching orders on Friday. Now six are absolutely necessary. I have already asked and obtained two young hands to supply the loss of the *feverites*, and, with the other prospect before me, you may believe I cannot decently ask leave of absence for myself. All I can promise (and I do promise, with the sincerity of St. Peter, and the contrition of Sinner Peter if I fail) that I will come the *very first spare week*, and go nowhere till I have been to Cambridge. No matter if you are in a state of pupilage when I come; for I can employ myself in Cambridge very pleasantly in the mornings. Are there not libraries, halls, colleges, books, pictures, statues? I wish you had made London in your way. There is an exhibition quite uncommon in Europe, which could not have escaped your *genius*, — a live rattlesnake, ten feet in length, and the thickness of a big leg. I went to see it last night by candle light. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours at Pentonville. A man and woman and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all mansions of *snakes* — whip-snakes, thunder-snakes,

pig-nose-snakes, American vipers, and *this monster*. He lies curled up in folds. Immediately a stranger entered (for he is used to the family, and sees them play at cards,) he set up a rattle like a watchman's in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head, from the midst of these folds, like a toad, and shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike the wires with my finger, and the devil flew at me with his toad-mouth wide open; the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. But it frightened me so much, that I did not recover my voice for a minute's space. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for 'tis incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish to heaven you could see it. He absolutely swelled with passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box; and just behind, a little devil not an inch from my back had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars! He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror: but this monster, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his cursed mouth, when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright.

I have had the felicity of hearing George Dyer read out one book of the *Farmer's Boy*. I thought it rather childish. No doubt, there is originality in it (which, in yourself-taught geniuses, is a most rare quality, they generally getting hold of some bad models, in a scarcity of books, and forming their taste on them), but no *selection*. All is described.

Mind, I have only heard read one book.

Yours sincerely,
Philo-Snake,

C. L.

TO THOMAS MANNING

24th Sept., 1802, LONDON.

My dear Manning,

Since the date of my last letter I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend sometime in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe Stoddart promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was, a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for my time, being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, &c., &c. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (as it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets;) and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, &c., I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment;

gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, &c. And all looking out upon the last fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons, (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night,) and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and past much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater, (where the Clarksons live,) and a place at the other end of Ulswater; I forget the name: to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered up to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones,) and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned, (I have now been come home near three weeks; I was a month out,) and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from

being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by anyone, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all then amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature. My habits are changing, I think, *i.e.*, from drunk to sober. Whether I shall be happy or not remains to be proved. I shall certainly be more happy in a morning; but whether I shall not sacrifice the fat, and the marrow, and the kidneys, *i.e.*, the night, glorious care-drowning night, that heals all our wrongs, pours wine into our mortifications, changes the scene from indifferent and flat to bright and brilliant! O Manning, if I should have formed a diabolical resolution, by the time you come to England, of not admitting any spiritous liquors into my house, will you be my guest on such shameworthy terms? Is life, with such limitations, worth trying? The truth is, that my liquors bring a nest of friendly harpies about my house, who consume me. This is a pitful tale to be read at St. Gothard, but it is just now nearest my heart. Fenwick is a ruined man. He is hiding himself from his creditors, and has sent his wife and children into the country. Fell, my other drunken companion, (that has been: *nam hic cæstus artemque repono*.) is turned editor of a Naval Chronicle. Godwin continues a steady friend, though the same facility does not remain of visiting him often. That —— has detached Marshall from his house; Marshall, the man who went to sleep when the *Ancient Mariner* was reading; the old, steady, unalterable

friend of the Professor. Holcroft is not yet come to town. I expect to see him, and will deliver your message. Things come crowding in to say, and no room for 'em. Some things are too little to be told, *i.e.*, to have a preference; some are too big and circumstantial. Thanks for yours, which was most delicious. Would I had been with you, benighted, &c. ! I fear my head is turned with wandering. I shall never be the same acquiescent being. Farewell. Write again quickly, for I shall not like to hazard a letter, not knowing where the fates have carried you. Farewell, my dear fellow.

C. LAMB.

TO THOMAS MANNING

Dec. 25th, 1815.

Dear old friend and absentee,

This is Christmas Day 1815 with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese Bantam, instead of the savoury grand Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of "Unto us a child is born," faces fragrant with the mincepies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with the holy tide; my zeal is great against the unmodified heathen. Down with the Pagodas — down with the idols — Ching-chong-fo — and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come; and the child that is native, and

the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed. Your friends have all got old — those you left blooming; myself, (who am one of the few that remember you,) those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and grey. Mary has been dead and buried many years: she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended to my acquaintance. It was long before I had the most distant cognition of her; but at last, together, we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither; and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a —, or a—. For aught I see you might almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face. All your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all is I believe the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler.

Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb

the other day in Cripplegate churchyard. There are some verses upon it written by Miss —, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamours, but with the complacent gratulations of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness; but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripplegate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to Nature but a week or two before. Poor Col., but two days before he died he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the *Wanderings of Cain*, in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of Time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile that time which might have gladdened your friends — benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the wretched reliques, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things — of St. Mary's Church and the barber's opposite, where the young students in mathematics used to assemble. Poor Crips, that kept it afterwards, set up a fruiterer's shop in Trumpington Street, and for aught I know resides there still, for I saw the name up in the last journey I took there with my sister just before she died. I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fish-mongers' Almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I'll get you some if you come in oyster time. Marshall, Godwin's old friend, is still alive, and talks of the faces you used to make.

Come as soon as you can.

C. LAMB.

LORD BYRON

TO THOMAS MOORE

RAVENNA, Dec. 9, 1820.

I open my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my greatcoat to visit Madame la Contessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for every body here, it seems, to run away from "the stricken deer."

However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds; one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child — a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession — a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer — and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay.

As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience — made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body — sent off two soldiers to the guard — despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried upstairs into my own quarter. But it was too late, he was gone — not at all disfigured — bled inwardly — not above an ounce or two came out.

I had him partly stripped — made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which

had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him — an old gun, half filed down.

He only said, *O Dio!* and *Gesu!* two or three times, and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons, — though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succour: — and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

Yours, etc.

P.S. — The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure. — A queer people this.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

TO THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

NAPLES, December 22, 1818.

My dear Peacock,

I have received a letter from you here, dated November 1st; you see the reciprocation of letters from the term of our travels is more slow. I entirely agree with what you say about Childe Harold. The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked and mischievous insanity that ever was given forth. It is a kind of obstinate and self-willed folly, in which he hardens himself. I remonstrated with him in vain on the tone of mind from which such a view of things alone arises. For its real root is very different from its apparent one. Nothing can be less sublime than the true source of these expressions of contempt and desperation. The fact

is, that first, the Italian women with whom he associates are perhaps the most contemptible of all who exist under the moon — the most ignorant, the most disgusting, the most bigoted; countesses smell so strongly of garlic, that an ordinary Englishman cannot approach them. Well, L. B. is familiar with the lowest sort of these women, the people his gondolieri pick up in the streets. } He associates with wretches who seem almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man, and who do not scruple to avow practices, which are not only not named, but I believe seldom even conceived in England. He says he disapproves, but he endures. He is heartily and deeply discontented with himself; and contemplating in the distorted mirror of his own thoughts the nature and the destiny of man, what can he behold but objects of contempt and despair? But that he is a great poet, I think the address to Ocean proves. And he has a certain degree of candour while you talk to him, but unfortunately it does not outlast your departure. No, I do not doubt, and for his sake, I ought to hope, that his present career must end soon in some violent circumstance.

Since I last wrote to you, I have seen the ruins of Rome, the Vatican, St. Peter's, and all the miracles of ancient and modern art contained in that majestic city. The impression of it exceeds anything I have ever experienced in my travels. We stayed there only a week, intending to return at the end of February, and devote two or three months to its mines of inexhaustible contemplation, to which period I refer you for a minute account of it. We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day. The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stones are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined

stairs and immeasurable galleries; the copsewood overshadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains — it is exquisitely light and beautiful; and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such, as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. [It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it, day after day.]

I have told you little about Rome; but I reserve the Pantheon, and St. Peter's, and the Vatican, and Raphael, for my return. About a fortnight ago I left Rome, and Mary and Claire followed in three days, for it was necessary to procure lodgings here without alighting at an inn. From my peculiar mode of travelling I saw little of the country, but could just observe that the wild beauty of the scenery and the barbarous ferocity of the inhabitants progressively increased. On entering Naples, the first circumstance that engaged my attention was an assassination. A youth ran out of a shop, pursued by a woman with a bludgeon, and a man armed with a knife. The man overtook him, and with one blow in the neck laid him dead in the road. [On my expressing the emotions of horror and indignation which I felt, a Calabrian priest, who travelled with me, laughed heartily, and attempted to quiz me, as what the English call a flat. I never felt such an inclination to beat any one. Heaven knows I have little power, but he saw that I looked extremely displeased, and was silent. This same man, a fellow of gigantic strength and stature, had expressed the most fran-

tic terror of robbers on the road: he cried at the sight of my pistol, and it had been with great difficulty that the joint exertions of myself and the vetturino¹ had quieted his hysterics.

Since I wrote this I have seen the museum of this city. Such statues! There is a Venus; an ideal shape of the most winning loveliness. A Bacchus, more sublime than any living being. A Satyr, making love to a youth, in which the expressed life of the sculpture, and the inconceivable beauty of the form of the youth, overcome one's repugnance to the subject. There are multitudes of wonderfully fine statues found in Herculaneum and Pompeii. We are going to see Pompeii the first day that the sea is waveless. Herculaneum is almost filled up; no more excavations are made; the king bought the ground and built a palace upon it.

You don't see much of Hunt. I wish you could contrive to see him when you go to town, and ask him what he means to answer to Lord Byron's invitation. He has now an opportunity, if he likes, of seeing Italy. What do you think of joining his party, and paying us a visit next year; I mean as soon as the reign of winter is dissolved? Write to me your thoughts upon this. I cannot express to you the pleasure it would give me to welcome such a party.

I have depression enough of spirits and not good health, though I believe the warm air of Naples does me good. We see absolutely no one here.

Adieu, my dear Peacock,
affectionately your friend,

P. B. S.

JOHN KEATS

To J. H. REYNOLDS

MAYBOLE, July 11 [1818]

My dear Reynolds,

I'll not run over the ground we have passed; that would be nearly as bad as telling a dream — unless, perhaps, I do

¹Driver.

it in the manner of the Laputan printing press; that is, I put down mountains, rivers, lakes, dells, glens, rocks, and clouds with beautiful, enchanting, gothic, picturesque, — fine, delightful, enchanting, grand, sublime — a few blisters, &c. — and now you have our journey thus far; where I begin a letter to you because I am approaching Burns's cottage very fast. We have made continual inquiries from the time we left his tomb at Dumfries. His name, of course, is known all about: his great reputation among the plodding people is, "that he wrote a good many sensible things." One of the pleasantest ways of annulling self is approaching such a shrine as the cottage of Burns: we need not think of his misery — that is all gone, bad luck to it! I shall look upon it hereafter with unmixed pleasure, as I do upon my Stratford-on-Avon day with Bailey. I shall fill this sheet for you in the Bardie's country, going no farther than this, till I get to the town of Ayr, which will be a nine miles' walk to tea.

We were talking on different and indifferent things, when, on a sudden, we turned a corner upon the immediate country of Ayr. The sight was as rich as possible. I had no conception that the native place of Burns was so beautiful; the idea I had was more desolate: his *Rigs of Barley* seemed always to me but a few strips of green on a cold hill — Oh, prejudice! — It was as rich as Devon. I endeavoured to drink in the prospect, that I might spin it out to you, as the silk-worm makes silk from the mulberry leaves. I cannot recollect it. Besides all the beauty there were the mountains of Annan Isle, black and huge over the sea. We came down upon everything suddenly; there were in our way the "bonny Doon," with the brig that Tam o'Shanter crossed, Kirk Alloway, Burns's Cottage, and then the Brigs of Ayr. First we stood upon the Bridge across the Doon, surrounded by every phantasy of green in tree, meadow, and hill; the stream of the Doon, as a farmer told us, is covered with trees "from head to foot." You know those beautiful heaths, so fresh against the weather of a

summer's evening; there was one stretching along behind the trees.

I wish I knew always the humour my friends would be in at opening a letter of mine, to suit it to them as nearly as possible. I could always find an egg-shell for melancholy, and, as for merriment, a witty humour will turn anything to account. My head is sometimes in such a whirl in considering the million likings and antipathies of our moments, that I can get into no settled strain in my letters. My wig! Burns and sentimentality coming across you and Frank Floodgate in the office. Oh, Scenery, that thou shouldst be crushed between two puns! As for them, I venture the rascalliest in the Scotch region. I hope Brown does not put them in his journal; if he does, I must sit on the cutty-stool all next winter. We went to Kirk Alloway. "A prophet is no prophet in his own country." We went to the Cottage and took some whisky: I wrote a sonnet for the mere sake of writing some lines under the roof; they are so bad I cannot transcribe them. The man at the Cottage was a great bore with his anecdotes. I hate the rascal. His life consists in fuzzy, fuzzy, fuzziest. He drinks glasses five for the quarter and twelve for the hour; he is a mahogany-faced old jackass who knew Burns: he ought to have been kicked for having spoken to him. He calls himself "a curious old bitch," but he is a flat old dog. I should like to employ Caliph Vathek to kick him. Oh, the flummery of a birth-place! Cant! Cant! Cant! It is enough to give a spirit the guts-ache! Many a true word, they say, is spoken in jest — this may be because his gab hindered my sublimity: the flat dog made me write a flat sonnet. My dear Reynolds, I cannot write about scenery and visitings. Fancy is indeed less than present palpable reality, but it is greater than remembrance. You would lift your eyes from Homer only to see close before you the real Isle of Tenedos. You would rather read Homer

afterwards than remember yourself. One song of Burns's is of more worth to you than all I could think for a whole year in his native country. His misery is a dead weight upon the nimbleness of one's quill; I tried to forget it — to drink toddy without any care — to write a merry sonnet — it won't do — he talked with bitches, he drank with blackguards, he was miserable. We can see horribly clear, in the works of such a man, his whole life, as if we were God's spies. What were his addresses to Jean in the after part of his life? I should not speak so to you. — Yet, why not? You are not in the same case — you are in the right path — and you shall not be deceived. I have spoken to you against marriage, but it was general. The prospect in those matters has been to me so blank, that I have been not unwilling to die. I would not now, for I have inducements to life — I must see my little nephews in America, and I must see you marry your lovely wife. My sensations are sometimes deadened for weeks together — but, believe me, I have more than once yearned for the time of your happiness to come, as much as I could for myself after the lips of Juliet. From the tenor of my occasional rhodomontade in chit-chat, you might have been deceived concerning me in these points. Upon my soul, I have been getting more and more close to you every day, ever since I knew you, and now one of the first pleasures I look to is your happy marriage — the more, since I have felt the pleasure of loving a sister-in-law. I did not think it possible to become so much attached in so short a time. Things like these, and they are real, have made me resolve to have a care of my health — you must be as careful.

Tell my friends I do all I can for them, that is, drink their health in Toddy. Perhaps I may have some lines, by-and-by, to send you fresh, on your own letter.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS.

THE VICTORIANS

It is still customary in smart quarters to discuss the Victorian era with a sneer, as if it were a period quite beneath the consideration of an emancipated and sophisticated generation like our own. A period of shocking taste and of anemic and conventional thinking and living. It must be confessed that in large measure this was true of the great middle class of the day. It was a period when bad taste ran riot in architecture, interior decoration and dress, a period of cupolas, mansard roofs and fretwork, of hair furniture, antimacassars, dried flowers and Venus de Milos with clocks in their stomachs, of hoop skirts, frills and bustles, of tight lacing and much fainting, of lap dogs and lovers wooing on their knees, a period which prided itself on its "diligence in business," its large families, its correct thinking, and its smug piety. But the distinguished literary men of the period were not so. Carlyle, Ruskin, Newman, Arnold, all these men spent their lives in the effort to emancipate their generation, and such poets as Browning, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne were exalting beauty and passion against the neglect or protests of society at large.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) felt these modern influences, though not quite in their full force. He was a Cambridge man, was elected to a Fellowship, was called to the bar in 1826 but never took seriously to the law as a profession. He became in 1830 a member of Parliament. His great knowledge, and especially his amazing command of historical illustration, enabled him often to clinch his argument when abstract discussion would have failed. Although he had but a small share of the highest faculty of the orator, the power to sway the passions of his audience, he had in a high degree the power to interest the intellect.

Macaulay's love for letters was the passion of his life. In his essays and history he achieved a popularity which has rarely been equalled. As a writer of prose, he had grievous defects, he had strong prejudices, he had the born advocate's gift, he was too ready to come to a crisp conclusion on a very complex question or a many-sided character. With all his faults, his prose observed a very high standard of classical English. It has an almost unique power of bringing the picture that the writer saw, the argument that he thought, the sentiment that he felt, before the reader's eyes, mind, and feeling. It is perhaps the clearest style in English. To quote a recent critic, Hugh Walker, from a contrast of the two outstanding prose writers of the period: "In several respects Macaulay is the natural antithesis to Carlyle: to some extent they may even be regarded as complementary. We may correct the excess of the one by the opposite excess of the other. Macaulay was an optimist, Carlyle a pessimist; Macaulay was the panegyrist of his own time, Carlyle was its merciless critic; Macaulay devoutly believed all the formulas of the Whig creed, and had great faith in Reform Bills and improvements in parliamentary machinery, Carlyle accepted no formulas whatsoever, and set small store by any reforms that were merely parliamentary; Macaulay was orthodox in his literary tastes and methods, Carlyle was revolutionary and scornful of rule. The contrast applies equally to their personal history and character. Macaulay was sunny, genial, and healthy; Carlyle dyspeptic, irascible, 'gey ill to deal wi'.' The truth lay between them."

Whistler has given all of Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) in his bleak portrait. A head scarred and furrowed by the spiritual torrents that flowed over it, the searing acid of

life that bit its paths into his soul. A countenance stark and craggy, like nothing else so much as the mountain that Browning lays bare in *Saul*:

"Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withdraw her, that held (he alone
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate, — leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold:
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest — all hail, there they are!"

Carlyle was tormented by demons in body and in spirit. The demon of dyspepsia, like a rat "gnawing at the pit of his stomach"; the demon of poverty; the demon of doubt and materialism, — until, after "three weeks of total sleeplessness," he vanquished that demon forever and stood up in the full majesty of spiritual assertion, the "Everlasting Yea" of *Sartor Resartus*; the demon of nerves, that allowed him to compose only in an agony of solitary writhing and to fortress himself in a sound-proof room, which even the crowing of "demon fowls" could not penetrate. More tormenting still the abject state of society, a backsliding and low-living generation, vain and cowardly, craven, selfish, and nerveless in endeavor, to whom, "a wild seer, shaggy, unkemp, like a baptist living on locusts and wild honey," he came preaching the gospel of work and earnest living.

Though he forsook the Calvinistic theology of his parents, he retained its spirit. He had no faith in aristocracy, in bourgeoisie, or in democracy as such, faith only in the individual man who resolves to be and to do. Like to his Border ancestors, "pithy, bitter-speaking bodies and awfu' fighters," he smoked infinite tobacco and writhed through his volumes, in English gnarled, twisted, grotesque. Seeking ever the essential facts, the real forces, the living spirit, he saw no salvation for society save in "the prophet who reveals and the hero who acts."

That he lived to be eighty-six is in part a tribute to his Scotch ancestry, in part to a spirit

"strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

It is seldom that a man runs counter to longstanding national traditions and the deepest convictions of his fellow-countrymen and yet retains a lasting place in their regard. Such a man, however, was John Henry, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890). In January, 1864, Newman was a very general object of distrust; by December of that same year he had completely disarmed the suspicions of society and gained its lasting esteem. This was accomplished through the publication of his unique *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (*Apology for His Life*).

Newman had graduated from Oxford in 1820 at the age of nineteen; in 1822 he had won a fellowship at Oriel College, "the acknowledged centre of Oxford intellectualism"; in 1828 he had been made vicar of St. Mary's, the university church, and for many years had been the pulpit idol of the Oxford undergraduates; from 1833 to 1844 he had been the leader of the so-called Oxford movement, a catholic movement in the Anglican communion to restore the doctrine and authority of the early Church; in 1845, after a searching spiritual struggle he had left the English communion and joined the Roman Catholic; from 1845 to 1864 he had been a distinguished priest and an eloquent exponent of the Church of his adoption, an object of suspicion to those outside it. Then

in 1864 Charles Kingsley, an ungenerous opponent, remarked in print that "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy, Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be." This challenge of his honesty provoked the *Apology*, in which, at much cost to native modesty, Newman gave the spiritual history of his life. It was impossible to read this book, simple and frank to a degree, and doubt the sincerity and spiritual nobility of the author.

Newman's withdrawal from the English communion was a very serious blow, and his acceptance of the Roman Catholic Church was of incalculable influence in the social emancipation of its adherents.

In 1854 Newman went to Dublin as rector of a newly-established Catholic university. In this connection he delivered the lectures which constitute the *Idea of a University*, still the ablest exposition and defence of a liberal education and of its relation to professional training.

In 1879 the Cardinalate was conferred upon Newman, a fitting recognition of his services, the appointment giving satisfaction even to those who were out of sympathy with the Roman Church.

One who studies the fine portrait by Miss Emmeline Deane can appreciate the observation of a contemporary that "There was something majestic, and at the same time delicate and shrinking, about the beautiful pale presence as about the intellectual character of the greatest of the English Cardinals."

At the age of eighteen, when most college students are struggling with the difficulties of freshman composition, John Ruskin (1819-1900) was master of the most brilliant prose style that any English writer has as yet achieved. At twenty-four he had published the first volume of *Modern Painters*, and all cultivated England was reading what he had to say about light, color, chiaroscuro, open sky, and clouds, a refinement of observation that no other writer upon art had approached. He himself attributes his mastery of prose and his powers of observation to the severe regimen which his mother, a rigid Calvinist, had forced upon him from his earliest days. "I had Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the *Iliad* (Pope's translation) for my only reading when I was a child, on week-days; on Sundays their effect was tempered by *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. . . . Walter Scott and Pope's *Homer* were reading of my own election, but my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year: and to that discipline — patient, accurate, and resolute — I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." Again, "I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older, I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. . . . But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed-covers, dresses, or wall-papers to be examined, were my chief resources." Mrs. Ruskin intended thus to make an evangelical clergyman of her son; what she actually produced was a critic of most unusual powers of observation.

This ability to see things was further heightened by the annual driving tours with his parents, — his father, a wine merchant, thus combining pleasure and business —, which acquainted him with the landscapes and galleries of England and subsequently of Europe.

By 1859, when he was firmly established as the foremost esthetic teacher of his day, he had come to feel, as Morris afterwards came to feel, that there could be no great art in England unless the social life were purified. He consequently turned to social economy and thereafter devoted much of his writing and the greater part of his considerable fortune to social reform; "The beginning of art is in getting our country clean, and our

people beautiful"; "That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."

In our day, as in his, there is the sharpest divergence of opinion as to the soundness of his ideas, both in the realm of art and of economics, but all recognize the earnestness of his efforts to enrich life.

When the writer was an undergraduate some twenty odd years ago, he was required to study Huxley's *Physiology of the Senses*. The instructor did not compel us to learn the text word for word but he did insist that we reproduce it orally with absolute accuracy and without the omission of a single detail. We soon discovered that the easiest way out was to memorize the text verbatim. The writer can no longer give an exposition of the structure of the eye or ear, but he has retained a lasting impression of the value of accuracy and economy in the use of words. In an autobiographical sketch that Huxley wrote to escape the inaccuracies of encyclopaedic biographers, he playfully laments that he was not endowed with eloquence: "I remember hearing a traditional account of the manner in which I lost the chance of an endowment of great practical value. The windows of my mother's room were open, in consequence of the unusual warmth of the weather. For the same reason, probably, a neighboring beehive had swarmed, and the new colony, pitching on the window-sill, was making its way into the room when the horrified nurse shut down the sash. If that well-meaning woman had only abstained from her ill-timed interference, the swarm might have settled on my lips, and I should have been endowed with that mellifluous eloquence which, in this country, leads far more surely than worth, capacity, or honest work, to the highest places in Church and State. But the opportunity was lost, and I have been obliged to content myself through life with saying what I mean in the plainest of plain language, than which, I suppose, there is no habit more ruinous to a man's prospects of advancement." But this "plain language" is a model of scientific English.

Fortune knocked at Huxley's door, when in 1846, the year after completing his medical education, he was appointed surgeon to H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* on her voyage to survey the Torres Straits, the channel between New Guinea and Australia. This gave him an opportunity for what he wanted, biological research, and he employed his four years in the southern hemisphere to such advantage that he shortly became an acknowledged authority, with a post as lecturer on natural history in the School of Science of London and naturalist to the Geographical Survey. When the controversy was raging hottest over the Darwinian theory, Huxley came to the assistance of his eminent friend and fought spiritedly by his side. He was "grave, black-browed, and fiercely earnest," an antagonist to be feared.

In the field of educational theory, Huxley, with his frank sense of reality and measured utterance, was as able an exponent of scientific education as the more brilliant and facile Arnold of the traditional education. The truth probably lay somewhere between the two.

Every reader of *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby* remembers the head master, Dr. Thomas Arnold, the great leader whom the boys regarded with mingled awe, admiration and affection. Dr. Arnold was the father of Matthew Arnold, (1822-1888) the poet and essayist. It is not too much to say that he was the chief factor in determining the character and the ideals of his son. Matthew Arnold's letters testify to the abiding reality of his father's influence, and *Rugby Chapel*, written fifteen years after his father's death, a poem freighted with poignant heart-hunger, is one of the noblest and most touching tributes that a son ever paid to a parent.

The Hebraic and the Greek ideals of life were finely harmonized in Dr. Arnold, and Matthew Arnold's constant endeavor was to inculcate these ideals in the national mind, to exalt equally righteousness and a passion for beauty and truth in a country which, as he felt, was sinking deeper and deeper into bourgeois mediocrity and confounding greatness with material achievement.

In 1883, when in his sixty-first year, Arnold visited America and delivered the lectures which are included in the selections. Supercilious and condescending in manner, committed to the notion that distinguished manners are impossible apart from an aristocracy and an established church, and rather inflexible, withal, he was neither designed to understand America nor to capture it. He was impressed by the general — though superficial — interest in public matters, the vivacity of the people, their freedom from convention, and their kindness, but in the main he found them common and uninteresting, — in short, Philistines. Our fellow-countrymen, in turn, regarded him with much curiosity, and he amused them quite as much as the newspaper critiques amused him. "A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, to 'an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis' — that is the style of thing." In a Chicago newspaper, "He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes."

In his educational theories Arnold was the foremost champion of the cultural education, as Huxley of the scientific. At times they crossed swords. Thus when Huxley, with the finesse of a gentleman, alluded to Arnold and his followers as "the Levites of culture," Arnold, with equal urbanity, replied that the poor humanist was sometimes apt to regard the scientists as its Nebuchadnezzars.

Arnold's spring of poetry played out rather early, possibly because after thirty-five he failed to draw often enough upon it. But the poetry that he did write is choice. Much of it is characterized by a very refined melancholy which sprang from his sense of the feverishness and triviality of man's ephemeral living as compared with the largeness and tranquility of nature. Consequently many of his lyrics take one out under the stars, and breathe the largeness and coolness of night.

Tennyson was the last of the great bards. When he died there was none who could wear his laurels. He was all poet, and if in later years he came to fame and some commodiousness of life, his whole young manhood was spare and bleak in dedication to his hard trade.

At fourteen he carved on a rock "Byron is dead." At forty-one he had written *In Memoriam*, received the laureateship, and was at last able to marry the lady whom his narrow circumstances had long kept from him. His finest work had already been done: *The Lady of Shalott*, *Ænone*, *The Lotos-Eaters* had all appeared in the volume published late in 1832, and in the edition of his poems published in 1842 had appeared *Morte D'Arthur* and *Ulysses*. The *Idylls of the King* hold chief place in the production of the second half of his life.

Tennyson wrought with utmost patience and care for detail and the creation of beauty. He was a most minute observer of the English countryside and an ardent student of classical literature. To appreciate him fully calls for more feeling for both of these than the average reader can be counted on to possess. There is more light — a light of suffusing loveliness — in him than there is of leading. His preoccupation with moral conduct, the refined conventionalities, which to many modern readers appears amazingly intrusive in the *Idylls of the King*, is characteristic of his time rather than of the leaders of thought in any time. Much of the sweet luxuriance of his earlier poems he later pruned away, but whoever to-day dismisses him as too prettily insipid will be wholly in this fashion. It should be remembered however, that, though he lack much that this poet or that may possess, he has a perfection of melody which few or none can equal. *The Northern Farmer* is a corrective to a view of Tennyson as wholly given over to bookishness and the detailed observation of English flora and fauna. He was an athlete of heroic mould, "Hercules as well as Apollo," and to the last, in fluttering blue cloak, stalked the windy cliffs of the Isle of Wight in all weathers. Gravely and serenely he faced the theological, scientific, and social problems of his day and found amidst them and above them a place for perfect song.

Browning's intellectual eagerness was in part at least the result of his method of education. It was, as Professor Phelps observes, "the elective system pushed to its last possibility." His father, a well-to-do banker with a penchant for versifying and drawing, and his mother, a spirituelle woman of quick sympathies and refined musical sense, brought their son up on the theory that the office of education is to minister to the tastes and interests of a lad as these reveal themselves. Consequently, after fourteen Robert never went to school, save for a little Greek instruction at the University of London, but was taught at home by his parents and tutors.

The road was kept constantly cleared in front of his growing interests. Thus when he began to show an interest in chemistry, he was provided with a private laboratory in the house. The back garden, in turn, was early transformed into a menagerie where birds, animals, and reptiles could be observed at leisure, and the lad thus early began to build up a knowledge of natural history that later contributed jerboas, augs, tortoises, newts, and Oriental spiders to his poetry. Music, drawing, modeling, poetry and fiction, languages, sciences, history, and philosophy, each ministered to his cravings, and for relaxation he was taught to dance, box, fence, and ride. He always retained, by the way, a fondness for dancing and some of his most spirited poems are tributes to horses that he loved.

But no other subject ever interested him so much as men and women, what they are like, what they do, and why they do it. All sorts and conditions of people troop through his poetry, and he ranges up and down the centuries trying to see the world through the eyes of the most diverse, from Caliban, the primitive man, making God in the likeness of his own mean and superstitious nature, to Lazarus, feeling again for the earthly path with the blinding light of heaven in his eyes.

Catholic as were his early interests, from the very first he showed a predilection for the arts, as his own inevitable field for creative expression. At two years and three months he painted a cottage and some rocks which "was thought a masterpiece," using a lead pencil and black-currant jam-juice; at twelve he was seeking a publisher for a little volume of poems; and at fourteen he was writing settings for songs. At seventeen, with the sympathetic approval of his father, he formally committed himself to poetry.

The long years of public neglect, changing gradually to partial and then general recognition, the poet's romantic attachment to a kindred poet, Elizabeth Barrett, "a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl," their elopement and rapturous married life in Italy, his brave acceptance of her death, his generous mingling with his fellows, — these all are twice-told tales.

Browning secured a hearing in America well in advance of his acceptance by England, and he has always had a host of admirers on this side of the water. This is because he is like us when we are running truest to form. Like us in his buoyancy, his energy, his democratic interest in folk, and his persistent optimism.

William Morris (1834-1896) did more than any other Englishman of his generation to heighten pleasure through beauty. Fancy yourself in a room papered in Morris designs, with drapes of Morris textiles at the windows and hand-woven rugs on the floor, seated before a cheerful fireplace of hand-wrought tiles, reading one of Morris's own dreamy tales in an illuminated edition from the Kelmscott Press. Morris was indeed a man of remarkable versatility and of abounding energy, — poet, artist, designer, craftsman, manufacturer; and he turned this fine energy and resource into many channels for what his biographer, J. W. Mackail, has happily termed "the reintegration of human life."

It was this same ardent desire to restore and enrich living that led him at the age of forty-nine to embrace socialism. In the words of Mackail, "He found himself forced reluctantly to the conclusion that hitherto he had not gone to the root of the matter;

that, art being a function of life, sound art was impossible except when life was organized under sound conditions; that the tendency of what is called civilization since the great industrial revolution had been to dehumanize life; and that the only hope for the future was, if that were yet possible, to reconstitute society on a new basis."

Stocky in build, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with rugged features, hair and beard tossing wavelike, and eyes of the sea's own depth, he looked like one of that band of roving vikings who, in *The Earthly Paradise*, spend a year on the fabled island of Atlantis, exchanging stories with the Greeks.

Morris was born in the confines of the old Epping Forest, and he spent much of his boyhood roving through this magic woodland, little changed since the medieval days, a wold where one half expects at any time to chance upon a knight, or yeoman from Robin Hood's band. It is this spirit of medieval enchantment that one finds in all of Morris's early verse.

In 1849 three boys, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Holman Hunt, aged respectively nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one, contributed to the annual free exhibition three canvases — "Isabella" (a banquet scene from *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*), "The Girlhood of Virgin Mary," and "Rienzi Vowing to Avenge His Brother's Death," which caused the London art to catch its breath and then to break forth in a storm of protest. These three lads, rebels from the Royal Academy School, were members of the new Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood which had set itself no less a task than to overthrow the accepted canons of painting. For the traditional eighteenth century pseudo-classical conventions of idealized prettiness and insipid sentiment they substituted detailed and faithful imitation of nature and subjects of spiritual or dramatic significance. They accomplished their end, for, whatever fault may be found with the mannerisms of Pre-Raphaelite art, it broke up traditionalism.

To the short-lived magazine which the Brotherhood published, Rossetti contributed *My Sister's Sleep*, and *The Blessed Damozel*. The former, written when Rossetti was only nineteen, is the very embodiment of the Pre-Raphaelite creed. The refined notation of sound, light, and color, the dramatic economy, and the superb burst of idealism at the close bespeak the highest genius. *The Blessed Damozel* is prophetic of the sublimated phrasing and the languid sensuousness which denote all of Rossetti's later art, whether with pen or with brush.

In 1851 Rossetti became engaged to Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, a tall, willowy young woman with a wealth of coppery hair, but with a tendency to consumption. Her delicate health and Rossetti's scantiness of means postponed the marriage until 1860, and this was followed by her death from an overdose of laudanum in less than two years. In an agony of grief Rossetti placed his unpublished poems, including the sonnets of *The House of Life*, in the coffin. There they remained for seven years. These sonnets, the most teasingly subtle expression of brooding, ultra-refined moods, record the history of the poet's love. Rossetti would have been a more normal man if this engagement had not been so protracted, but literature would have been the poorer by the most sublimated erotic poems in the language, hovering though they are on the verge of morbidity.

Rossetti's poetry was made possible by the fusion of choice Anglo-Saxon and Mediterranean blood. It is the quintessence of romance, compounded of the romance of the north and the romance of the south. The fine blue-grey eyes, the domed, Shakespearean forehead, and the full sensual underlip tell the whole story of the poet and of his art.

When Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909) addressed François Villon as "Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire," he wrote his own epitaph. Last of the Victorian poets to cross the farther threshold of life, he had been the consistent arch-enemy of all that *Victorianism* conventionally implies. A passionate lover of liberty and justice, an unyielding rebel against the restraints that nature and society place upon

our humanity, he celebrated beauty and strength with a pagan recklessness wild as the winds and waves which he loved. Dionysus was his god and Aphrodite his goddess, and he joined their headlong votaries, scornfully defiant of those current deities who, as he felt, had despoiled life of youth and color and joy. Pay the price which a hostile fate requires, but let not its presageful shadow rob you of the moment. This defiance of accepted codes, of kings and priests, cost Swinburne the laureateship, to which his poetical gifts entitled him upon the death of Tennyson.

Yet he was an intense patriot, who believed that, underneath the conventions that seek to stifle it, the English spirit is essentially freedom-loving, and his last poems voice his belief that England is, as of old, the safeguard of liberty.

In striking contrast to his characteristic defiance and restlessness, are the precious and infinitely tender poems of child-life, the pathetic hunger of age for the innocence and perennial purity and freshness of childhood.

No other English poet has approached Swinburne in the complexity and music of his verse and the command of forms from the simplest to the most intricate. He seems to have exhausted the possibilities in this respect, and free verse was the only alternative left to a new school which sought distinction.

Of Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) his friend, W. E. Henley, has said it all in his oft-quoted sonnet:

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face —
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity —
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechist."

If ever a man had the right to pen *An Apology for Idlers* or to discuss life and death in terms of one another, that man was Stevenson, for he had learned how to turn fruitful idleness to richest account in after-periods of intense industry, and he played the sportsman's game of life with Death across the table for upwards of forty years.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY

THE best historians of later times have been seduced from truth, not by their imagination, but by their reason. They far excel their predecessors in the art of deducing general principles from facts. But unhappily they have fallen into the error of distorting facts to suit general principles. They arrive at a theory from looking at some of the phenomena; and the remain-

ing phenomena they strain or curtail to suit the theory. For this purpose it is not necessary that they should assert what is absolutely false; for all questions in morals and politics are questions of comparison and degree. Any proposition which does not involve a contradiction in terms may by possibility be true; and if all the circumstances which raise a probability in its favor be stated and enforced, and those which lead to an opposite conclusion be omitted or lightly passed over, it may appear to be demonstrated. In

every human character and transaction there is a mixture of good and evil: a little exaggeration, a little suppression, a judicious use of epithets, a watchful and searching scepticism with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credulity with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may easily make a saint of Laud, or a tyrant of Henry IV.

This species of misrepresentation abounds in the most valuable works of modern historians. Herodotus tells his story like a slovenly witness, who, heated by partialities and prejudices, unacquainted with the established rules of evidence, and uninstructed as to the obligations of his oath, confounds what he imagines with what he has seen and heard, and brings out facts, reports, conjectures, and fancies, in one mass. Hume is an accomplished advocate. Without positively asserting much more than he can prove, he gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case; he glides lightly over those which are unfavourable to it; his own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated, or passed by without notice; concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candour only increases the effect of the vast mass of sophistry.

We have mentioned Hume as the ablest and most popular writer of his class; but the charge which we have brought against him is one to which all our most distinguished historians are in some degree obnoxious. Gibbon, in particular, deserves very severe censure. Of all the numerous culprits, however, none is more deeply guilty than Mr. Mitford. We willingly acknowledge the obligations which are due to his talents and industry. The modern historians of Greece had been

in the habit of writing as if the world had learned nothing new during the last sixteen hundred years. Instead of illustrating the events which they narrated by the philosophy of a more enlightened age, they judged of antiquity by itself alone. They seemed to think that notions, long driven from every other corner of literature, had a prescriptive right to occupy this last fastness. They considered all the ancient historians as equally authentic. They scarcely made any distinction between him who related events at which he had himself been present and him who five hundred years after composed a philosophic romance for a society which had in the interval undergone a complete change. It was all Greek, and all true! The centuries which separated Plutarch from Thucydides seemed as nothing to men who lived in an age so remote. The distance of time produced an error similar to that which is sometimes produced by distance of place. There are many good ladies who think that all the people in India live together, and who charge a friend setting out for Calcutta with kind messages to Bombay. To Rollin and Barthelemi, in the same manner, all the classics were contemporaries.

Mr. Mitford certainly introduced great improvements; he showed us that men who wrote in Greek and Latin sometimes told lies; he showed us that ancient history might be related in such a manner as to furnish not only allusions to school-boys, but important lessons to statesmen. From that love of theatrical effect and high-flown sentiment which had poisoned almost every other work on the same subject his book is perfectly free. But his passion for a theory as false, and far more ungenerous, led him substantially to violate truth in every page. Statements unfavourable to democracy are made with unhesitating confidence, and with the utmost bitterness of language. Every charge brought against a monarch or an aristocracy is sifted with the utmost care. If it cannot be denied, some palliating supposition is suggested; or we are at least reminded that some circumstances

now unknown *may* have justified what at present appears unjustifiable. Two events are reported by the same author in the same sentence; their truth rests on the same testimony; but the one supports the darling hypothesis, and the other seems inconsistent with it. The one is taken and the other is left.

The practice of distorting narrative into a conformity with theory is a vice not so unfavourable as at first sight it may appear to the interests of political science. We have compared the writers who indulge in it to advocates; and we may add that their conflicting fallacies, like those of advocates, correct each other. It has always been held, in the most enlightened nations, that a tribunal will decide a judicial question most fairly when it has heard two able men argue, as unfairly as possible, on the two opposite sides of it; and we are inclined to think that this opinion is just. Sometimes, it is true, superior eloquence and dexterity will make the worse appear the better reason; but it is at least certain that the judge will be compelled to contemplate the case under two different aspects. It is certain that no important consideration will altogether escape notice.

This is at present the state of history. The poet laureate appears for the Church of England, Lingard for the Church of Rome. Brodie has moved to set aside the verdicts obtained by Hume; and the cause in which Mitford succeeded is, we understand, about to be reheard. In the midst of these disputes, however, history proper, if we may use the term, is disappearing. The high, grave, impartial summing up of Thucydides is nowhere to be found.

While our historians are practising all the arts of controversy, they miserably neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works. The immense popularity which well-written books of this kind have acquired deserves the

serious consideration of historians. Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth, Marmontel's *Memoirs*, Boswell's life of Johnson, Southey's account of Nelson, are perused with delight by the most frivolous and indolent. Whenever any tolerable book of the same description makes its appearance, the circulating libraries are mobbed; the book societies are in commotion; the new novel lies uncut; the magazines and newspapers fill their columns with extracts. In the meantime histories of great empires, written by men of eminent ability, lie unread on the shelves of ostentatious libraries.

The writers of history seem to entertain an aristocratical contempt for the writers of memoirs. They think it beneath the dignity of men who describe the revolutions of nations to dwell on the details which constitute the charm of biography. They have imposed on themselves a code of conventional decencies as absurd as that which has been the bane of the French drama. The most characteristic and interesting circumstances are omitted or softened down, because, as we are told, they are too trivial for the majesty of history. The majesty of history seems to resemble the majesty of the poor King of Spain, who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance.

That history would be more amusing if this etiquette were relaxed will, we suppose, be acknowledged. But would it be less dignified or less useful? What do we mean when we say that one past event is important and another insignificant? No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future. A history which does not serve this purpose, though it may be filled with battles, treaties, and commotions, is as useless as the series of turnpike tickets collected by Sir Matthew Mite.

Let us suppose that Lord Clarendon, instead of filling hundreds of folio pages with copies of state papers in which the same assertions and contradictions are

repeated till the reader is overpowered with weariness, had condescended to be the Boswell of the Long Parliament. Let us suppose that he had exhibited to us the wise and lofty self-government of Hampden, leading while he seemed to follow, and propounding unanswerable arguments in the strongest forms with the modest air of an inquirer anxious for information; the delusions which misled the noble spirit of Vane; the coarse fanaticism which concealed the yet loftier genius of Cromwell, destined to control a mutinous army and a factious people, to abase the flag of Holland, to arrest the victorious arms of Sweden, and to hold the balance firm between the rival monarchies of France and Spain. Let us suppose that he had made his Cavaliers and Roundheads talk in their own style; that he had reported some of the ribaldry of Rupert's pages, and some of the cant of Harrison and Fleetwood. Would not his work in that case have been more interesting? Would it not have been more accurate?

A history in which every particular incident may be true may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity — these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows. We read of defeats and victories. But we know that nations may be miserable amidst victories and prosperous amidst defeats. We read of the fall of wise ministers and of the rise of profligate favourites. But

we must remember how small a proportion the good or evil effected by a single statesman can bear to the good or evil of a great social system.

Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists; but is very applicable to those historians who write as if the body politic were homogeneous, who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organization which lies deep below.

In the works of such writers as these, England, at the close of the Seven Years' War, is in the highest state of prosperity; at the close of the American war she is in a miserable and degraded condition; as if the people were not on the whole as rich, as well governed, and as well educated at the latter period as at the former. We have read books called *Histories of England*, under the reign of George the Second, in which the rise of Methodism is not even mentioned. A hundred years hence this breed of authors will, we hope, be extinct. If it should still exist, the late ministerial interregnum will be described in terms which will seem to imply that all government was at end; that the social contract was annulled; and that the hand of every man was against his neighbour until the wisdom and virtue of the new cabinet educed order out of the chaos of anarchy. We are quite certain that misconceptions as gross prevail at this moment respecting many important parts of our annals.

The effect of historical reading is analogous, in many respects, to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals and of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never stirred from their

own market-town. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles and the genealogies of many royal houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the King, has hunted with the master of the stag-hounds, has seen the Guards reviewed, and a knight of the garter installed, has cantered along Regent Street, has visited Saint Paul's, and noted down its dimensions; and has then departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. He who would understand these things rightly must not confine his observations to palaces and solemn days. He must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages must proceed on the same principle. If he attends only to public transactions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be as unprofitable as the travels of those imperial, royal and serene sovereigns who form their judgment of our island from having gone in state to a few fine sights, and from having held formal conferences with a few great officers.

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which

have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable

conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with colouring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest, — from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the Legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders, — the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high-mass in its chapel, — the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking, — the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold, — would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous;

and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favourites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesman whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents, — the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne, — the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of *Kenilworth*, without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth, accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the House of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the Civil War. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates whose excesses disgraced the royal cause, — the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the

petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans, — the valour, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises, — the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchyman, the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican, — all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far, before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative, defective in this respect, is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian such as we have been attempting to describe would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes

that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied, in the reign of Queen Anne, at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the school-master, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any highroad, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting-car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

When Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living, worth about two hundred pounds a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent, in his seventh year, to a village school kept by an old quarter-

master on half pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion, but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far, indeed, was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged, that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-

ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had arisen to eminence, those who once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the wool-sack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colors, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the

flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming-house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university — the third university at which he had resided — in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues, and a man who is ordinarily

inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now, it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the continent.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a

miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flag-stones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley-slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous woodcuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; *An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe*, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a *Life of Beau Nash*, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, *History of England*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing *Sketches of London Society*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately; his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which had happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper

occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humour rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers, and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered Parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes called the Literary Club, but which has been always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Toward the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, despatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds, and soon returned with the money. The rent

was paid, and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled the *Traveller*. It was the first work to which he had put his name; and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the *Dunciad*. In one respect, the *Traveller* differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general, his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the *Traveller*, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

While the fourth edition of the *Traveller* was on the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that was ever constructed. It wants not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the

earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the Vicar and his monogamy, the Sharper and his cosmogony, the Squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his *Fudge!* have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker, and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Good-Natured Man* a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, not less than five hundred pounds—five times as much as he had made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Good-Natured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled *False Delicacy*, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to anything more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the *Good-Natured Man*—that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full

courtresses — should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification, this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the *Traveller*; and it is generally preferred to the *Traveller* by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false; but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed the finest didactic poem in any language, was written in defense of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may be easily pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill — for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals — for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were, and never could be, found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape? Who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defense of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sunburnt reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the *Deserted Village* bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong

to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejection he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play — *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The *Good-Natured Man* had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the *Good-Natured Man* was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of, "Turn him out!" or "Throw him over!" Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the *Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, he was employed on works of a very different kind — works from which he derived little reputation, but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome*, by which he made three hundred pounds; a *History of England*, by which he made six hundred pounds; a *History of Greece*, for which he received two hundred and fifty pounds; *Natural History*, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him eight hundred guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely

selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders, for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus, in his *History of England* he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the *History of Greece* an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his *Animated Nature* he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried; "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserve to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome: but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children not as a task, but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great, and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveller*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. They are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work them-

selves clear. When he wrote they had that time, and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked, he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt, he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness; he was so generous, that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him — envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent, than his neighbours. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray do not, talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were

men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villainy. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the *Traveller* he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income during the last seven years of his life certainly exceeded four hundred pounds a year, and four hundred pounds a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as eight hundred pounds a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with four hundred pounds a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of

inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than two thousand pounds, and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians, and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep; he could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription; and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild, blundering talk brought upon

him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen, and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honoured him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor, and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the *Lives of the Poets*. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson; no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttleton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years his life has been written by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must in justice be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

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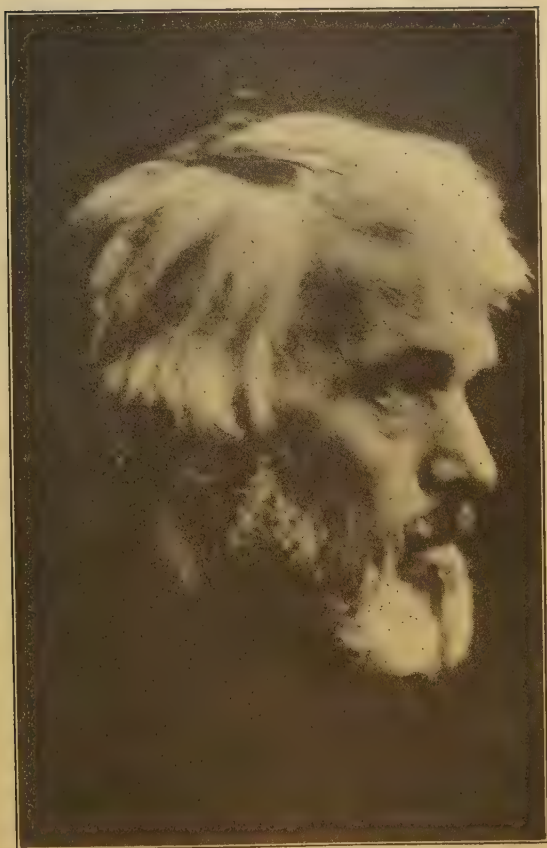
From HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP

WE have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they have shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, what work they did; — on Heroes, namely, and on their reception and performance; what I call Hero-worship and the Heroic in human affairs. Too evidently this is a large topic; deserving quite other treatment than we can expect to give it at present. A large topic; indeed, an ilimitable one; wide as Universal History itself. For, as I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these. Too clearly it is a topic we shall do no justice to in this place!

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened, the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; — in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while. These Six classes of Heroes, chosen out of widely-distant countries and

epochs, and in mere external figure differing altogether, ought, if we look faithfully at them, to illustrate several things for us. Could we see *them* well, we should get some glimpses into the very marrow of the world's history. How happy, could I but, in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism; the divine relation (for I may well call it such) which in all times unites a Great Man to other men; and thus, as it were, not exhaust my subject, but so much as break ground on it! At all events, I must make the attempt.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-World; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, What religion they had? Was it Heathenism, — plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this Mystery of Life, and for chief recognized element therein Physical Force? Was it



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Christianism; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of Force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty, and inquiry whether there was an Unseen World, any Mystery of Life except a mad one;—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts: it was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual;—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them. In these Discourses, limited as we are, it will be good to direct our survey chiefly to that religious phasis of the matter. That once known well, all is known. We have chosen as the first Hero in our series, Odin the central figure of Scandinavian Paganism; an emblem to us of a most extensive province of things. Let us look for a little at the Hero as Divinity, the oldest primary form of Heroism.

Surely it seems a very strange-looking thing, this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities, covering the whole field of Life! A thing that fills us with astonishment; almost, if it were possible, with incredulity,—for truly it is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a set of doctrines. That men should have worshipped their poor fellow-man as a God, and not him only, but stocks and stones and all manner of animate and inanimate objects; and fashioned for themselves such a distracted chaos of hallucinations by way of Theory of the Universe: all this looks like an incredible fable. Nevertheless it is a clear fact that they did it. Such hideous, inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs, men, made as we are, did actually hold by and live at home in. This is

strange. Yes, we may pause in sorrow and silence over the depths of darkness that are in man; if we rejoice in the heights of purer vision he has attained to. Such things were and are in man; in all men; in us too.

Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery, say they; no sane man ever did believe it,—merely contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! It will be often our duty to protest against this sort of hypothesis about men's doings and history; and I here, on the very threshold, protest against it in reference to Paganism, and to all other *isms* by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery and dupery do abound; in religions, above all in the more advanced decaying stages of religions, they have fearfully abounded: but quackery was never the originating influence in such things; it was not the health and life of such things, but their disease, the sure precursor of their being about to die! Let us never forget this. It seems to me a most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. I find Grand Lamaism itself to have a kind of truth in it. Read the candid, clear-sighted, rather sceptical Mr. Turner's *Account of his Embassy* to that country, and see. They have their belief, these poor Thibet people, that Providence sends down always an Incarnation of Himself into every generation. At bottom some belief in a kind of Pope! At bottom still better, belief that there is a *Greatest Man*; that *he* is discoverable; that, once dis-

covered, we ought to treat him with an obedience which knows no bounds! This is the truth of Grand Lamaism; the "discoverability" is the only error here. The Thibet priests have methods of their own of discovering what Man is Greatest, fit to be supreme over them. Bad methods: but are they so much worse than our methods, — of understanding him to be always the eldest-born of a certain genealogy? Alas, it is a difficult thing to find good methods for! — We shall begin to have a chance of understanding Paganism, when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed in it. Ask now, What Paganism could have been?

Another theory, somewhat more respectable, attributes such things to Allegory. It was a play of poetic minds, say these theorists; a shadowing-forth, in allegorical fable, in personification and visual form, of what such poetic minds had known and felt of this Universe. Which agrees, add they, with a primary law of human nature, still everywhere observably at work, though in less important things. That what a man feels intensely, he struggles to speak-out of him, to see represented before him in visual shape, and as if with a kind of life and historical reality in it. Now, doubtless there is such a law, and it is one of the deepest in human nature; neither need we doubt that it did operate fundamentally in this business. The hypothesis which ascribes Paganism wholly or mostly to this agency, I call a little more respectable; but I cannot yet call it the true hypothesis. Think, would we believe, and take with us as our life-guidance, an allegory, a poetic sport? Not sport but earnest is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive!

I find, therefore, that though these

Allegory theorists are on the way towards truth in this matter, they have not reached it either. Pagan Religion is indeed an Allegory, a Symbol of what men felt and knew about the Universe; and all Religions are symbols of that, altering always as that alters: but it seems to me a radical perversion, and even inversion, of the business, to put that forward as the origin and moving cause, when it was rather the result and termination. To get beautiful allegories, a perfect poetic symbol, was not the want of men; but to know what they were to believe about this Universe, what course they were to steer in it; what, in this mysterious Life of theirs, they had to hope and to fear, to do and to forbear doing. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is an Allegory, and a beautiful, just, and serious one: but consider whether Bunyan's Allegory could have preceded the Faith it symbolises! The Faith had to be already there, standing believed by everybody; — of which the Allegory could then become a shadow; and, with all its seriousness, we may say a *sportful* shadow, a mere play of the Fancy, in comparison with that awful Fact and scientific certainty which it poetically strives to emblem. The Allegory is the product of the certainty, not the producer of it; not in Bunyan's, nor in any other case. For Paganism, therefore, we have still to inquire, Whence came that scientific certainty, the parent of such a bewildered heap of allegories, errors, and confusions? How was it, what was it?

Surely it were a foolish attempt to pretend "explaining," in this place, or in any place, such a phenomenon as that far-distant, distracted, cloudy imbroglio of Paganism, — more like a cloudfield than a distant continent of firm land and facts! It is no longer a reality, yet it was one. We ought to understand that this seeming cloudfield was once a reality; that not poetic allegory, least of all that dupery and deception, was the origin of it. Men, I say, never did believe idle songs, never risked their soul's life on allegories; men in all times, especially in early earnest times, have had an instinct for detecting

quacks, for detesting quacks. Let us try if, leaving out both the quack theory and the allegory one, and listening with affectionate attention to that far-off, confused rumour of the Pagan ages, we cannot ascertain so much as this at least, That there was a kind of fact at the heart of them; that they too were not mendacious and distracted, but in their own poor way true and sane!

You remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment, at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free, open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely this child-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sound, shapes, and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like, — and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild, deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing-in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, *preternatural*. This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas; — that great, deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what *is* it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder

at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud "electricity," and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk: but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical*, and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not*: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb, — for we have no word to speak about it. This Universe, ah me — what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousandfold Complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. "There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it: how else could it rot?" Nay, surely, to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge, illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelops us here; never-resting whirlwind, high as Immensity, old as Eternity. What is it? God's creation, the religious people answer; it is the Almighty God's! Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments, and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters; but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing, — ah, an unspeakable, godlike thing;

towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration, and humility of soul; worship, if not in words, then in silence.

But now I remark farther: What in such a time as ours it requires a Prophet or Poet to teach us, namely, the stripping-off of those poor undevout wrappings, nomenclatures, and scientific hearsays, — this, the ancient, earnest soul, as yet unencumbered with these things, did for itself. The world, which is now divine only to the gifted, was then divine to whosoever would turn his eye upon it. He stood bare before it face to face. "All was Godlike or God:" — Jean Paul still finds it so; the giant Jean Paul, who has power to escape out of hearsays: but there then were no hearsays. Canopus shining-down over the desert, with its blue, diamond brightness (that wild, blue, spirit-like brightness, far brighter than we ever witness here), would pierce into the heart of the wild Ishmaelitic man, whom it was guiding through the solitary waste there. To his wild heart, with all feelings in it, with no *speech* for any feeling, it might seem a little eye, that Canopus, glancing-out on him from the great, deep Eternity; revealing the inner Splendour to him. Cannot we understand how these men *worshipped* Canopus; became what we call Sabeans, worshipping the stars? Such is to me the secret of all forms of Paganism. Worship is transcendent wonder; wonder for which there is now no limit or measure; that is worship. To these primeval men, all things and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem of the Godlike, of some God.

And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes? We do not worship in that way now: but is it not reckoned still a merit, proof of what we call a "poetic nature," that we recognize how every object has a divine beauty in it; how every object still verily is "a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself"? He that can discern the loveli-

ness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, gifted, lovable. These poor Sabeans did even what he does, in their own fashion. That they did it, in what fashion soever, was a merit; better than what the entirely stupid man did, what the horse and camel did, — namely, nothing!

But, now, if all things whatsoever that we look upon are emblems to us of the Highest God, I add that more so than any of them is man such an emblem. You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews: "The true Shekinah is Man!" Yes, it is even so: this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I," — ah, what words have we for such things? — is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? "There is but one Temple in the Universe," says the devout Novalis, "and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. *We* are the miracle of miracles, — the great, inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.

Well, these truths were once more readily felt than now. The young generations of the world, who had in them the freshness of young children, and yet the depth of earnest men, who did not think that they had finished-off all things in Heaven and Earth by merely giving them scientific names, but had to gaze direct at them there, with awe and wonder: they felt better what of divinity is in man and Nature; — they, without being mad, could

worship Nature, and man more than anything else in Nature. Worship, that is, as I said above, admire without limit: this, in the full use of their faculties, with all sincerity of heart, they could do. I consider Hero-worship to be the grand modifying element in that ancient system of thought. What I called the perplexed jungle of Paganism sprang, we may say, out of many roots: every admiration, adoration of a star or natural object, was a root or fibre of a root; but Hero-worship is the deepest root of all; the tap-root, from which in a great degree all the rest were nourished and grown.

And now, if worship even of a star had some meaning in it, how much more might that of a Hero! Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions, — all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt, prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest, god-like Form of Man, — is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One — whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

Or coming into lower, less unspeakable provinces, is not all Loyalty akin to religious Faith also? Faith is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great? Society is founded on Hero-worship. All dignities of rank, on which human association rests, are what we may call a *Heroarchy* (Government of Heroes), — or a *Hierarchy*, for it is "sacred" enough withal! The Duke means *Dux*, Leader; King is

Kön-ning, *Kan-ning*, Man that *knows* or *cans*. Society everywhere is some representation, not *insupportably* inaccurate, of a graduated Worship of Heroes; — reverence and obedience done to men really great and wise. Not *insupportably* inaccurate, I say! They are all as bank-notes, these social dignitaries, all representing gold: — and several of them, alas, always are *forged* notes. We can do with some forged, false notes; with a good many even; but not with all, or the most of them, forged! No: there have to come revolutions then; cries of Democracy, Liberty, and Equality, and I know not what: — the notes being all false, and no gold to be had for *them*, people take to crying in their despair that there is no gold, that there never was any! — "Gold," Hero-worship, *is* nevertheless, as it was always and everywhere, and cannot cease till man himself ceases.

I am well aware that in these days Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to inquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luther for example, they begin to what they call "account" for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him, — and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the "creature of the Time," they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing — but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, *calling* its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.

For, if we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin, could have *found* a man great enough, a man wise and good enough: wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valour to lead it on the right road

thither; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common, languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid, doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling-down into ever worse distress towards final ruin;—all this I liken to dry, dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise, healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry, mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly; but as to calling him forth —!— Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry: "See, is it not the sticks that made the fire?" No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren, dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

Such small critics do what they can to promote unbelief and universal spiritual paralysis: but happily they cannot always completely succeed. In all times it is possible for a man to arise great enough to feel that they and their doctrines are chimeras and cobwebs. And what is notable, in no time whatever can they entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for Great Men; genuine admiration, loyalty, adoration, however dim and perverted it may be. Hero-worship endures forever while man endures. Boswell venerates his Johnson, right truly even in the Eighteenth century. The unbelieving French believe in their Voltaire; and burst-out round him into very

curious Hero-worship, in that last act of his life when they "stifle him under roses." It has always seemed to me extremely curious, this of Voltaire. Truly, if Christianity be the highest instance of Hero-worship, then we may find here in Voltaireism one of the lowest! He whose life was that of a kind of Antichrist, does again on this side exhibit a curious contrast. No people ever were so little prone to admire at all as those French of Voltaire. *Persiflage* was the character of their whole mind; adoration had nowhere a place in it. Yet see! The old man of Ferney comes up to Paris; an old, tottering, infirm man of eighty-four years. They feel that he too is a kind of Hero; that he has spent his life in opposing error and injustice, delivering Calases, unmasking hypocrites in high places;—in short that *he* too, though in a strange way, has fought like a valiant man. They feel withal that, if *persiflage* be the great thing, there never was such a *persifleur*. He is the realised ideal of every one of them; the thing they are all wanting to be; of all Frenchmen the most French. *He* is properly their god, — such god as they are fit for. Accordingly all persons, from the Queen Antoinette to the Douanier at the Porte St. Denis, do they not worship him? People of quality disguise themselves as tavern-waiters. The *Maitre de Poste*, with a broad oath, orders his Postillion, "*Va bon train*; thou art driving M. de Voltaire." At Paris his carriage is "the nucleus of a comet, whose train fills whole streets." The ladies pluck a hair or two from his fur, to keep it as a sacred relic. There was nothing highest, beautifullest, noblest in all France, that did not feel this man to be higher, beautifuler, nobler.

Yes, from Norse Odin to English Samuel Johnson, from the divine Founder of Christianity to the withered Pontiff of Encyclopedism, in all times and places, the Hero has been worshipped. It will ever be so. We all love great men; love, venerate, and bow down submissive before great men: nay, can we honestly bow down to anything else? Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made

higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart. And to me it is very cheering to consider that no sceptical logic, or general triviality, insincerity, and aridity of any Time and its influences can destroy this noble inborn loyalty and worship that is in man. In times of unbelief, which soon have to become times of revolution, much down-rushing, sorrowful decay and ruin is visible to everybody. For myself in these days, I seem to see in this indestructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall. The confused wreck of things crumbling and even crashing and tumbling all round us, in these revolutionary ages, will get down so far; *no* farther. It is an eternal cornerstone, from which they can begin to build themselves up again. That man, in some sense or other, worships Heroes; that we all of us reverence and must ever reverence Great Men: this is, to me, the living rock amid all rushings-down whatsoever; — the one fixed point in modern revolutionary history, otherwise as if bottomless and shoreless.

LABOUR

From PAST AND PRESENT

FOR there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it,

like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, — one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what

gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining-off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, “self-knowledge” and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.”

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no!

Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he is able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, “I am here”;—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's-strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp “Great Man” impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first “impossible.” In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven: and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed

dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king, — Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defence, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, dependency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable;

known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

REWARD

"RELIGION" I said; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion: and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old Monks, "*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship."

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have wellbeing. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work;—and burns like a painfully-smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness,—yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovel-hat, with or without Talfourd-Mahon Copyrights, or were it with mere dungeons and gibbets and crosses, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly,

and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite, in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *unspoken* voice, awfulest than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry, — do not these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms, — up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind, — as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home* in honour; to thy far-dis-

tant Home, in honour; doubt it not, — if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, are not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extraordinary Century or Half-Century alone! One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his 'Religion'? That Nature is a Phantasm, where cunning beggary or thievery may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie; and that Man and his Life are a lie. — Alas, alas, who of us *is* there that can say, I have worked? The faithfulest of us are unprofitable servants; the faithfulest of us know that best. The faithfulest of us may say, with sad and true old Samuel, "Much of my life has been trifled away!" But he that has, and except "on public occasions" professes to have, no function but that of going idle in a graceful or graceless manner; and of begetting sons to go idle; and to address Chief Spinners and Diggers, who at least *are* spinning and digging, "Ye scandalous persons who produce too much" — My Corn-Law friends, on what imaginary still richer Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with law of gravitation, are ye rushing!

As to the Wages of Work there might innumerable things be said; there will and must yet innumerable things be said and spoken, in St. Stephen's and out of St. Stephen's; and gradually not a few things be ascertained and written, on Law-parchment, concerning this very matter: — "Fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work" is the most unrefusable demand! Money-

wages "to the extent of keeping your worker alive that he may work more"; these, unless you mean to dismiss him straightway out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest Worker and to the least noble!

One thing only I will say here, in special reference to the former class, the noble and noblest; but throwing light on all the other classes and their arrangements of this difficult matter: The "wages" of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen's Labour-bank, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labour-banks know thee not; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from "rewarding," — all manner of bank-drafts, shop-tills, and Downing-street Exchequers lying very invisible, so far from thee! Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward? Was it thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call "happy," in this world, or in any other world? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, No!

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee; — thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy LIFE to thee, — why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldest have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal; — or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal

heart; let the price be Nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it! The heroic man, — and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero? — has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious: "By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value; I do not need your guineas for them!" It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be "satisfactory" otherwise; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can! Money for my little piece of work "to the extent that will allow me to keep working"; yes, this, — unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me: but as to "wages" —! —

On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work *is* Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen; a small Poet every Worker is. The idea, were it but of his poor Delf Platter, how much more of his Epic Poem, is as yet "seen," half-seen, only by himself; to all others it is a thing unseen, impossible; to Nature herself it is a thing unseen, a thing which never hitherto was; — very "impossible," for it is as yet a No-thing! The Unseen Powers had need to watch over such a man; he works in and for the Unseen. Alas, if he look to the Seen Powers only, he may as well quit the business; his No-thing will never rightly issue as a Thing, but as a Deceptivity, a Sham-thing, — which it had better not do!

Thy No-thing of an Intended Poem, O Poet who hast looked merely to reviewers, copyrights, booksellers, popularities, behold it has not yet become a Thing; for the truth is not in it! Though printed, hotpressed, reviewed, celebrated, sold to the twentieth edition: what is all that? The Thing, in philosophical uncommercial language, is still a No-thing, mostly sem-

blance and deception of the sight; — benign Oblivion incessantly gnawing at it, impatient till Chaos, to which it belongs, do reabsorb it! —

He who takes not counsel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*, to the *Manes*, and Hercules-like long suffer and labour there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war, — for is not this a battle? — thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante's, shall "make thee lean for many years." The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impediments, shall be as a waste ocean-flood; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance: thy star alone, — "*Se tu segui tua stella!*" Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over Chaos, nay now by fits gone out, disastrously eclipsed: this only shalt thou strive to follow. O, it is a business, as I fancy, that of weltering your way through Chaos and the murk of Hell! Green-eyed dragons watching you, three-headed Cerberuses, — not without sympathy of their sort! "*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno.*" (Behold the man who has been in Hell.) For in fine, as Poet Dryden says, you do walk hand in hand with sheer Madness, all the way, — who is by no means pleasant company! You look fixedly into Madness, and *her* undiscovered, boundless, bottomless Night-empire; that you may extort new Wisdom out of it, as an Eurydice from Tartarus. The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighbourhood and kindred with mere Insanity; literally so; — and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling, observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither!

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane; — truly enough

a religious operation; which cannot be carried on without religion. You have not work otherwise; you have eye-service, greedy grasping of wages, swift and ever swifter manufacture of semblances to get hold of wages. Instead of better felt-hats to cover your head, you have bigger lath-and-plaster hats set travelling the streets on wheels. Instead of heavenly and earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have "Black or White Surplice" Controversies, stuffed hair-and-leather Popes; — terrestrial *Lawwards*, Lords and Law-bringers, "organizing Labour" in these years, by passing Corn-Laws. With all which, alas, this distracted Earth is now full, nigh to bursting. Semblances most smooth to the touch and eye; most accursed, nevertheless, to body and soul. Semblances, be they of Sham-woven Cloth or of Dilettante Legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance, but Devil's-dust, accursed of God and man! No man has worked or can work, except religiously; not even the poor day-labourer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Task-master's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.

Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle. Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion; restless, with convulsive energy, as if driven by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil; tearing asunder mountains, — to no purpose, for Mammonism is always Midas-eared! This is sad, on the face of it. Yet courage: the beneficent Destinies, kind in their sternness, are apprising us that this cannot continue. Labour is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism; Labour is ever an imprisoned god, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism! Plugson of Undershot, like Taillefer of Normandy, wants victory; how much happier will even Plugson be to have a chivalrous victory than a Chactaw one! The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful People. Show me a People energetically busy; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the

wheel; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will; — I show you a People of whom great good is already predicable; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working, they will learn; they have, Antæus-like, their foot on Mother Fact: how can they but learn?

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers, and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such: all speed to these, they are England's hope at present! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there! Not without man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodst thou suddenly in his shoes! He has to command a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson! For these his thousand men he has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, houseroom; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his regiment; he has to pick his supplies from the confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be dry eyes if he fail to do it! — He exclaims, at present, "black in the face," near strangled with Dilettante Legislation; "Let me have elbow-room, throat-room, and I will not fail! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant: what 'sinews of war' lie in me, untold resources toward the Conquest of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help me!" — My indomit-

able friend, it is *true*; and thou shalt and must be helped.

This is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn-Laws, even if I could! No, I would fling my Corn-Laws and Shot-belts to the Devil; and try to help this man. I would teach him, by noble precept and law-precept, by noble example most of all, that Mammonism was not the essence of his or of my station in God's Universe; but the adscititious excrescence of it; the gross, terrene, godless embodiment of it; which would have to become, more or less, a godlike one. By noble *real* legislation, by true *noble's-work*, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless effort, in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid, constrain, encourage him to effect more or less this blessed change. I should know that it would have to be effected; that unless it were in some measure effected, he and I and all of us, I first and soonest of all, were doomed to perdition! — Effected it will be; unless it were a Demon that made this Universe; which I, for my own part, do at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.

May it please your Serene Highnesses, your Majesties, Lordships and, Lawwardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now "Arms and the Man"; how much less, "Shirt-frills and the Man": no, it is now "Tools and the Man": that, henceforth to all time, is now our Epic; — and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

THE AIM OF A UNIVERSITY COURSE

From THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

TO-DAY I have confined myself to saying that that training of the intellect, which is best for the individual himself, best enables him to discharge his duties to society. The Philosopher, indeed, and the man of the world differ in their very notion, but the methods, by which they are respectively formed, are pretty much the same. The Philosopher has the same

command of matters of thought, which the true citizen and gentleman has of matters of business and conduct. If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society,

he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete, in its result.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD

From THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

PRIDE, under such training, instead of running to waste in the education of the mind, is turned to account; it gets a new name; it is called self-respect; and ceases to be the disagreeable, uncompanionable quality which it is in itself. Though it be the motive principle of the soul, it seldom comes to view; and when it shows itself, then delicacy and gentleness are its attire, and good sense and sense of honour direct its motions. It is no longer a restless agent, without definite aim; it has a large field of exertion assigned to it, and it subserves those social interests which it would naturally trouble. It is directed into the channel of industry, frugality, honesty, and obedience; and it becomes the very staple of the religion and morality held in honour in a day like our own. It becomes the safeguard of chastity, the guarantee of veracity, in high and



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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

low; it is the very household god of society, as at present constituted, inspiring neatness and decency in the servant girl, propriety of carriage and refined manners in her mistress, uprightness, manliness, and generosity in the head of the family. It diffuses a light over town and country; it covers the soil with handsome edifices and smiling gardens; it tills the field, it stocks and embellishes the shop. It is the stimulating principle of providence on the one hand, and of free expenditure on the other; of an honourable ambition, and of elegant enjoyment. It breathes upon the face of the community, and the hollow sepulchre is forthwith beautiful to look upon.

Refined by the civilization which has brought it into activity, this self-respect infuses into the mind an intense horror of exposure, and a keen sensitiveness of notoriety and ridicule. It becomes the enemy of extravagances of any kind; it shrinks from what are called scenes; it has no mercy on the mock-heroic, on pretence or egotism, on verbosity in language, or what is called prosin in conversation. It detests gross adulation; not that it tends at all to the eradication of the appetite to which the flatterer ministers, but it sees the absurdity of indulging it, it understands the annoyance thereby given to others, and if a tribute must be paid to the wealthy or the powerful, it demands greater subtlety and art in the preparation. Thus vanity is changed into a more dangerous self-conceit, as being checked in its natural eruption. It teaches men to suppress their feelings, and to control their tempers, and to mitigate both the severity and the tone of their judgments. As Lord Shaftesbury would desire, it prefers playful wit and satire in putting down what is objectionable, as a more refined and good-natured, as well as a more effectual method, than the expedient which is natural to uneducated minds. It is from this impatience of the tragic and the bombastic that it is now quietly but energetically opposing itself to the unchristian practice of duelling, which it brands as simply out of taste, and as the remnant of a barbarous

age; and certainly it seems likely to effect what Religion has aimed at abolishing in vain.

Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; — all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.

He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection.

And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

KNOWLEDGE VIEWED IN RELATION TO LEARNING

From THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

It were well if the English, like the Greek language, possessed some definite word to express, simply and generally, intellectual proficiency or perfection, such as "health," as used with reference to the animal frame, and "virtue," with reference to our moral nature. I am not able to find such a term; — talent, ability, genius, belong distinctly to the raw material, which is the subject-matter, not to that excellence which is the result of exercise and training. When we turn, indeed, to the particular kinds of intellectual perfection, words are forthcoming for our purpose, as, for instance, judgment, taste, and skill; yet even these belong, for the most part, to powers or habits bearing upon practice or upon art, and not to any perfect condition of the intellect, considered in itself. Wisdom, again, is certainly a more comprehensive word than any other, but it has a direct relation to conduct, and to human life. Knowledge, indeed, and Science express purely intellectual ideas, but still not a state or quality of the intellect; for knowledge, in its ordinary sense, is but one of its circumstances, denoting a possession or a habit; and science has been appropriated to the subject-matter of the intellect, instead of belonging in English, as it ought to do, to the intellect itself. The consequence is that, on an

occasion like this, many words are necessary, in order, first, to bring out and convey what surely is no difficult idea in itself, — that of the cultivation of the intellect as an end; next, in order to recommend what surely is no unreasonable object; and lastly, to describe and make the mind realize the particular perfection in which that object consists. Every one knows practically what are the constituents of health or of virtue; and every one recognizes health and virtue as ends to be pursued; it is otherwise with intellectual excellence, and this must be my excuse, if I seem to any one to be bestowing a good deal of labour on a preliminary matter.

In default of a recognized term, I have called the perfection or virtue of the intellect by the name of philosophy, philosophical knowledge, enlargement of mind, or illumination; terms which are not uncommonly given to it by writers of this day: but, whatever name we bestow on it, it is, I believe, as a matter of history, the business of a University to make this intellectual culture its direct scope, or to employ itself in the education of the intellect, — just as the work of a Hospital lies in healing the sick or wounded, of a Riding or Fencing School, or of a Gymnasium, in exercising the limbs, of an Almshouse, in aiding and solacing the old, of an Orphanage, in protecting innocence, of a Penitentiary, in restoring the guilty. I say, a University, taken in its bare idea, and before we view it as an instrument of the Church, has this object and this mission; it contemplates neither moral impression nor mechanical production; it professes to exercise the mind neither in art nor in duty; its function is intellectual culture; here it may leave its scholars, and it has done its work when it has done as much as this. It educates the intellect to reason well in all matters, to reach out towards truth, and to grasp it.

This, I said in my foregoing Discourse, was the object of a University, viewed in itself, and apart from the Catholic Church, or from the State, or from any other power which may use it; and I illustrated this in

various ways. I said that the intellect must have an excellence of its own, for there was nothing which had not its specific good; that the word “educate” would not be used of intellectual culture, as it is used, had not the intellect had an end of its own; that, had it not such an end, there would be no meaning in calling certain intellectual exercises “liberal,” in contrast with “useful,” as is commonly done; that the very notion of a philosophical temper implied it, for it threw us back upon research and system as ends in themselves, distinct from effects and works of any kind; that a philosophical scheme of knowledge, or system of sciences, could not, from the nature of the case, issue in any one definite art or pursuit, as its end; and that, on the other hand, the discovery and contemplation of truth, to which research and systematizing led, were surely sufficient ends, though nothing beyond them were added, and that they had ever been accounted sufficient by mankind.

Here then I take up the subject; and, having determined that the cultivation of the intellect is an end distinct and sufficient in itself, and that, so far as words go, it is an enlargement or illumination, I proceed to inquire what this mental breadth, or power, or light, or philosophy consists in. A Hospital heals a broken limb or cures a fever: what does an Institution effect, which professes the health, not of the body, not of the soul, but of the intellect? What is this good, which in former times, as well as our own, has been found worth the notice, the appropriation, of the Catholic Church?

I have then to investigate, in the Discourses which follow, those qualities and characteristics of the intellect in which its cultivation issues or rather consists; and, with a view of assisting myself in this undertaking, I shall recur to certain questions which have already been touched upon. These questions are three: viz. the relation of intellectual culture, first, to *mere* knowledge; secondly, to *professional* knowledge; and thirdly, to *religious* knowledge. In other words, are *acquire-*

ments and attainments the scope of a University Education? or *expertness in particular arts and pursuits*? or *moral and religious proficiency*? or something besides these three? These questions I shall examine in succession, with the purpose I have mentioned; and I hope to be excused, if, in this anxious undertaking, I am led to repeat what, either in these Discourses or elsewhere, I have already put upon paper. And first, of *Mere Knowledge*, or Learning, and its connection with intellectual illumination or Philosophy.

I suppose the *prima-facie* view which the public at large would take of a University, considering it as a place of Education, is nothing more or less than a place for acquiring a great deal of knowledge on a great many subjects. Memory is one of the first developed of the mental faculties; a boy's business when he goes to school is to learn, that is, to store up things in his memory. For some years his intellect is little more than an instrument for taking in facts, or a receptacle for storing them; he welcomes them as fast as they come to him; he lives on what is without; he has his eyes ever about him; he has a lively susceptibility of impressions; he imbibes information of every kind; and little does he make his own in a true sense of the word, living rather upon his neighbours all around him. He has opinions, religious, political and literary, and, for a boy, is very positive in them and sure about them; but he gets them from his schoolfellows, or his masters, or his parents, as the case may be. Such as he is in his other relations, such also is he in his school exercises; his mind is observant, sharp, ready, retentive; he is almost passive in the acquisition of knowledge. I say this in no disparagement of the idea of a clever boy. Geography, chronology, history, language, natural history, he heaps up the matter of these studies as treasures for a future day. It is the seven years of plenty with him: he gathers in by handfuls, like the Egyptians, without counting; and though, as time goes on, there is exercise for his argumentative powers in the Elements of Math-

ematics, and for his taste in the Poets and Orators, still, while at school, or at least, till quite the last years of his time, he acquires, and little more; and when he is leaving for the University, he is mainly the creature of foreign influences and circumstances, and made up of accidents, homogeneous or not, as the case may be. Moreover, the moral habits, which are a boy's praise, encourage and assist this result; that is, diligence, assiduity, regularity, despatch, persevering application; for these are the direct conditions of acquisition, and naturally lead to it. Acquirements, again, are emphatically producible, and at a moment; they are a something to show, both for master and scholar; an audience, even though ignorant themselves of the subject of an examination, can comprehend when questions are answered and when they are not. Here again is a reason why mental culture is in the minds of men identified with the acquisition of knowledge.

The same notion possesses the public mind, when it passes on from the thought of a school to that of a University: and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge. It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions, on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the matter, and even act upon it. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread,

and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

Knowledge then is the indispensable condition of expansion of mind, and the instrument of attaining to it; this cannot be denied, it is ever to be insisted on; I begin with it as a first principle; however, the very truth of it carries men too far, and confirms to them the notion that it is the whole of the matter. A narrow mind is thought to be that which contains little knowledge; and an enlarged mind, that which holds a great deal; and what seems to put the matter beyond dispute is, the fact of the great number of studies which are pursued in a University, by its very profession. Lectures are given on every kind of subject; examinations are held; prizes awarded. There are moral, metaphysical, physical Professors; Professors of languages, of history, of mathematics, of experimental science. Lists of questions are published, wonderful for their range and depth, variety and difficulty; treatises are written, which carry upon their very face the evidence of extensive reading or multifarious information; what then is wanting for mental culture to a person of large reading and scientific attainments? what is grasp of mind but acquirement? where shall philosophical repose be found, but in the consciousness and enjoyment of large intellectual possessions?

And yet this notion is, I conceive, a mistake, and my present business is to show that it is one, and that the end of a Liberal Education is not mere knowledge, or knowledge considered in its *matter*; and I shall best attain my object, by actually setting down some cases, which will be generally granted to be instances of the process of enlightenment or enlargement of mind, and others which are not, and thus, by the comparison, you will be able to judge for yourselves, Gentlemen, whether Knowledge, that is, acquirement, is after all the real principle of the enlargement, or whether that principle is not rather something beyond it.

For instance, let a person, whose experience has hitherto been confined to the

more calm and unpretending scenery of these islands, whether here or in England, go for the first time into parts where physical nature puts on her wilder and more awful forms, whether at home or abroad, as into mountainous districts; or let one, who has ever lived in a quiet village, go for the first time to a great metropolis, — then I suppose he will have a sensation which perhaps he never had before. He has a feeling not in addition or increase of former feelings, but of something different in its nature. He will perhaps be borne forward, and find for a time that he has lost his bearings. He has made a certain progress, and he has a consciousness of mental enlargement; he does not stand where he did, he has a new centre, and a range of thoughts to which he was before a stranger.

Again, the view of the heavens which the telescope opens upon us, if allowed to fill and possess the mind, may almost whirl it round and make it dizzy. It brings in a flood of ideas, and is rightly called an intellectual enlargement, whatever is meant by the term.

And so again, the sight of beasts of prey and other foreign animals, their strangeness, the originality (if I may use the term) of their forms and gestures and habits, and their variety and independence of each other, throw us out of ourselves into another creation, and as if under another Creator, if I may so express the temptation which may come on the mind. We seem to have new faculties, or a new exercise for our faculties, by this addition to our knowledge; like a prisoner, who, having been accustomed to wear manacles or fetters, suddenly finds his arms and legs free.

Hence Physical Science generally, in all its departments, as bringing before us the exuberant riches and resources, yet the orderly course, of the Universe, elevates and excites the student, and at first, I may say, almost takes away his breath, while in time it exercises a tranquilizing influence upon him.

Again, the study of history is said to enlarge and enlighten the mind, and why?

because, as I conceive, it gives it a power of judging of passing events, and of all events, and a conscious superiority over them, which before it did not possess.

And in like manner, what is called seeing the world, entering into active life, going into society, travelling, gaining acquaintance with the various classes of the community, coming into contact with the principles and modes of thought of various parties, interests, and races, their views, aims, habits and manners, their religious creeds and forms of worship, — gaining experience how various yet how alike men are, how low-minded, how bad, how opposed, yet how confident in their opinions; all this exerts a perceptible influence upon the mind, which it is impossible to mistake, be it good or be it bad, and is popularly called its enlargement.

And then again, the first time the mind comes across the arguments and speculations of unbelievers, and feels what a novel light they cast upon what he has hitherto accounted sacred; and still more, if it gives in to them and embraces them, and throws off as so much prejudice what it has hitherto held, and, as if waking from a dream, begins to realize to its imagination that there is now no such thing as law and the transgression of law, that sin is a phantom, and punishment a bugbear, that it is free to sin, free to enjoy the world and the flesh; and still further, when it does enjoy them, and reflects that it may think and hold just what it will, that "the world is all before it where to choose," and what system to build up as its own private persuasion; when this torrent of wilful thoughts rushes over and inundates it, who will deny that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or what the mind takes for knowledge, has made it one of the gods, with a sense of expansion and elevation, — an intoxication in reality, still, so far as the subjective state of the mind goes, an illumination? Hence the fanaticism of individuals or nations, who suddenly cast off their Maker. Their eyes are opened; and, like the judgment-stricken king in the Tragedy, they see two suns, and a magic universe, out of which they look back upon

their former state of faith and innocence with a sort of contempt and indignation, as if they were then but fools, and the dupes of imposture.

On the other hand, Religion has its own enlargement, and an enlargement, not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons, who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become, in point of intellect, different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them; they are mindful of times and seasons, and compare the present with the past; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable, and hopeless, is a various and complicated drama, with parts and an object, and an awful moral.

Now from these instances, to which many more might be added, it is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement, or enlightenment of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied; but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas one with another, as they come before the

mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination; but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental centre, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates. And therefore a truly great intellect, and recognized to be such by the common opinion of mankind, such as the intellect of Aristotle, or of St. Thomas, or of Newton, or of Goethe (I purposely take instances within and without the Catholic pale, when I would speak of the intellect as such), is one which takes a connected view of old and new, past and present, far and near, and which has an insight into the influence of all these one on another; without which there is no whole, and no centre. It possesses the knowledge, not only of things, but also of their mutual and true relations; knowledge, not merely considered as acquirement but as philosophy.

Accordingly, when this analytical, distributive, harmonizing process is away, the mind experiences no enlargement, and is not reckoned as enlightened or comprehensive, whatever it may add to its knowledge. For instance, a great memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relations towards each other. These may be antiquarians, annalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-read men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfils the type of Liberal Education.

In like manner, we sometimes fall in with

persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it, but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word. They abound in information in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things; and, having lived under the influence of no very clear or settled principles, religious or political, they speak of every one and everything, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing, not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. No one would say that these persons, well informed as they are, had attained to any great culture of intellect or to philosophy.

The case is the same still more strikingly where the persons in question are beyond dispute men of inferior powers and deficient education. Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive, in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way, the various facts which are forced upon them there. Seafaring men, for example, range from one end of the earth to the other; but the multiplicity of external objects, which they have encountered, forms no symmetrical and consistent picture upon their imagination; they see the tapestry of human life, as it were on the wrong side, and it tells no story. They sleep, and they rise up, and they find themselves, now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar, or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Every thing stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was. Perhaps you are near such a man on a particular occasion, and expect him to be shocked or perplexed at something which occurs; but one thing is much the same to him as another, or, if he is perplexed, it is as not

knowing what to say, whether it is right to admire, or to ridicule, or to disapprove, while conscious that some expression of opinion is expected from him; for in fact he has no standard of judgment at all, and no landmarks to guide him to a conclusion. Such is mere acquisition, and, I repeat, no one would dream of calling it philosophy.

Instances, such as these, confirm, by the contrast, the conclusion I have already drawn from those which preceded them. That only is true enlargement of mind which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. Thus is that form of Universal Knowledge, of which I have on a former occasion spoken, set up in the individual intellect, and constitutes its perfection. Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of Knowledge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes everything in some sort lead to everything else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning. Just as our bodily organs, when mentioned, recall their function in the body, as the word "creation" suggests the Creator, and "subjects" a sovereign, so, in the mind of the Philosopher, as we are abstractedly conceiving of him, the elements of the physical and moral world, sciences, arts, pursuits, ranks, offices, events, opinions, individualities, are all viewed as one, with correlative functions, and as gradually by successive combinations converging, one and all, to the true centre.

To have even a portion of this illuminative reason and true philosophy is the highest state to which nature can aspire, in the way of intellect; it puts the mind above the influences of chance and necessity, above anxiety, suspense, unsettle-

ment, and superstition, which is the lot of the many. Men, whose minds are possessed with some one object, take exaggerated views of its importance, are feverish in the pursuit of it, make it the measure of things which are utterly foreign to it, and are startled and despond if it happens to fail them. They are ever in alarm or in transport. Those on the other hand who have no object or principle whatever to hold by, lose their way every step they take. They are thrown out, and do not know what to think or say, at every fresh juncture; they have no view of persons, or occurrences, or facts, which come suddenly upon them, and they hang upon the opinion of others for want of internal resources. But the intellect, which has been disciplined to the perfection of its powers, which knows, and thinks while it knows, which has learned to leaven the dense mass of facts and events with the elastic force of reason, such an intellect cannot be partial, cannot be exclusive, cannot be impetuous, cannot be at a loss, cannot but be patient, collected, and majestically calm, because it discerns the end in every beginning, the origin in every end, the law in every interruption, the limit in each delay; because it ever knows where it stands, and how its path lies from one point to another. It is the *τετράγωνος* (four-square) of the Peripatetic, and has the "nil admirari" (freedom from emotion) of the Stoic, —

*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis
avari*

(Happy is he who has been able to learn the causes of things, and has cast beneath his feet all fears, and inexorable fate, and the roar of greedy Acherons.)

There are men who, when in difficulties, originate at the moment vast ideas or dazzling projects; who, under the influence of excitement, are able to cast a light, almost as if from inspiration, on a subject or course of action which comes before them; who have a sudden presence of

mind equal to any emergency, rising with the occasion, and an undaunted magnanimous bearing, and an energy and keenness which is but made intense by opposition. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no Institution can aim: here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching. That perfection of the Intellect, which is the result of Education, and its *beau ideal*, to be imparted to individuals in their respective measures, is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, as far as the finite mind can embrace them, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres.

And now, if I may take for granted that the true and adequate end of intellectual training and of a University is not Learning or Acquirement, but rather, is Thought or Reason exercised upon Knowledge, or what may be called Philosophy, I shall be in a position to explain the various mistakes which at the present day beset the subject of University Education.

* * * * *

I will tell you, Gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years, — not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons,

and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum, that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter, the printing-press is to do with mind; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes. Whether it be the school-boy, or the school-girl, or the youth at college, or the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions. Wise men have lifted up their voices in vain; and at length, lest their own institutions should be outshone and should disappear in the folly of the hour, they have been obliged, as far as they could with a good conscience, to humour a spirit which they could not withstand, and make temporizing concessions at which they could not but inwardly smile.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

THE PRINCIPAL SUBJECTS OF EDUCATION

I KNOW quite well that launching myself into this discussion is a very dangerous operation; that it is a very large subject, and one which is difficult to deal with, however much I may trespass upon your patience in the time allotted to me. But the discussion is so fundamental, it is so completely impossible to make up one's mind on these matters until one has settled the question, that I will even venture to make the experiment. A

great lawyer-statesman and philosopher of a former age — I mean Francis Bacon — said that truth came out of error much more rapidly than it came out of confusion. There is a wonderful truth in that saying. Next to being right in this world, the best of all things is to be clearly and definitely wrong, because you will come out somewhere. If you go buzzing about between right and wrong, vibrating and fluctuating, you come out nowhere; but if you are absolutely and thoroughly and persistently wrong, you must, some of these days, have the extreme good fortune of knocking your head against a fact, and that sets you all straight again. So I will not trouble myself as to whether I may be right or wrong in what I am about to say, but at any rate I hope to be clear and definite; and then you will be able to judge for yourselves whether, in following out the train of thought I have to introduce, you knock your heads against facts or not.

I take it that the whole object of education is, in the first place, to train the faculties of the young in such a manner as to give their possessors the best chance of being happy and useful in their generation; and, in the second place, to furnish them with the most important portions of that immense capitalised experience of the human race which we call knowledge of various kinds. I am using the term knowledge in its widest possible sense; and the question is, what subjects to select by training and discipline, in which the object I have just defined may be best attained.

I must call your attention further to this fact, that all the subjects of our thoughts — all feelings and propositions (leaving aside our sensations as the mere materials and occasions of thinking and feeling), all our mental furniture — may be classified under one of two heads — as either within the province of the intellect, something that can be put into propositions and affirmed or denied; or as within the province of feeling, or that which, before the name was deified, was called the æsthetic side of our nature, and

which can neither be proved nor disproved, but only felt and known.

According to the classification which I have put before you, then, the subjects of all knowledge are divisible into the two groups, matters of science and matters of art; for all things with which the reasoning faculty alone is occupied, come under the province of science; and in the broadest sense, and not in the narrow and technical sense in which we are now accustomed to use the word art, all things feelable, all things which stir our emotions, come under the term of art, in the sense of the subject-matter of the æsthetic faculty. So that we are shut up to this — that the business of education is, in the first place, to provide the young with the means and the habit of observation; and, secondly, to supply the subject-matter of knowledge either in the shape of science or of art, or of both combined.

Now, it is a very remarkable fact — but it is true of most things in this world — that there is hardly anything one-sided, or of one nature; and it is not immediately obvious what of the things that interest us may be regarded as pure science, and what may be regarded as pure art. It may be that there are some peculiarly constituted persons who, before they have advanced far into the depths of geometry, find artistic beauty about it; but, taking the generality of mankind, I think it may be said that, when they begin to learn mathematics, their whole souls are absorbed in tracing the connection between the premisses and the conclusion, and that to them geometry is pure science. So I think it may be said that mechanics and osteology are pure science. On the other hand, melody in music is pure art. You cannot reason about it; there is no proposition involved in it. So, again, in the pictorial art, an arabesque, or a "harmony in grey," touches none but the æsthetic faculty. But a great mathematician, and even many persons who are not great mathematicians, will tell you that they derive immense pleasure from geometrical reasonings. Everybody knows mathemati-

cians speak of solutions and problems as "elegant," and they tell you that a certain mass of mystic symbols is "beautiful, quite lovely." Well, you do not see it. They do see it, because the intellectual process, the process of comprehending the reasons symbolised by these figures and these signs, confers upon them a sort of pleasure, such as an artist has in visual symmetry. Take a science of which I may speak with more confidence, and which is the most attractive of those I am concerned with. It is what we call morphology, which consists in tracing out the unity in variety of the infinitely diversified structures of animals and plants. I cannot give you any example of a thorough æsthetic pleasure more intensely real than a pleasure of this kind — the pleasure which arises in one's mind when a whole mass of different structures run into one harmony as the expression of a central law. That is where the province of art overlays and embraces the province of intellect. And, if I may venture to express an opinion on such a subject, the great majority of forms of art are not in the sense what I just now defined them to be — pure art; but they derive much of their quality from simultaneous and even unconscious excitement of the intellect.

When I was a boy, I was very fond of music, and I am so now; and it so happened that I had the opportunity of hearing much good music. Among other things, I had abundant opportunities of hearing that great old master, Sebastian Bach. I remember perfectly well — though I knew nothing about music then, and, I may add, know nothing whatever about it now — the intense satisfaction and delight which I had in listening, by the hour together, to Bach's fugues. It is a pleasure which remains with me, I am glad to think; but, of late years, I have tried to find out the why and wherefore, and it has often occurred to me that the pleasure derived from musical compositions of this kind is essentially of the same nature as that which is derived from pursuits which are commonly regarded as

purely intellectual. I mean, that the source of pleasure is exactly the same as in most of my problems in morphology — that you have the theme in one of the old master's works followed out in all its endless variations, always appearing and always reminding you of unity in variety. So in painting; what is called "truth to nature" is the intellectual element coming in, and truth to nature depends entirely upon the intellectual culture of the person to whom art is addressed. If you are in Australia, you may get credit for being a good artist — I mean among the natives — if you can draw a kangaroo after a fashion. But, among men of higher civilisation, the intellectual knowledge we possess brings its criticism into our appreciation of works of art, and we are obliged to satisfy it, as well as the mere sense of beauty in colour and in outline. And so, the higher the culture and information of those whom art addresses, the more exact and precise must be what we call its "truth to nature."

If we turn to literature, the same thing is true, and you find works of literature which may be said to be pure art. A little song of Shakespeare or of Goethe is pure art; it is exquisitely beautiful, although its intellectual content may be nothing. A series of pictures is made to pass before your mind by the meaning of words, and the effect is a melody of ideas. Nevertheless the great mass of the literature we esteem is valued, not merely because of having artistic form, but because of its intellectual content; and the value is the higher the more precise, distinct, and true is that intellectual content. And, if you will let me for a moment speak of the very highest forms of literature, do we not regard them as highest simply because the more we know the truer they seem, and the more competent we are to appreciate beauty the more beautiful they are? No man ever understands Shakespeare until he is old, though the youngest may admire him, the reason being that he satisfies the artistic instinct of the youngest and harmonises with the ripest and richest experience of the oldest.

I have said this much to draw your attention to what, in my mind, lies at the root of all this matter, and at the understanding of one another by the men of science on the one hand, and the men of literature, and history, and art, on the other. It is not a question whether one order of study or another should predominate. It is a question of what topics of education you shall select which will combine all the needful elements in such due proportion as to give the greatest amount of food, support, and encouragement to those faculties which enable us to appreciate truth, and to profit by those sources of innocent happiness which are open to us, and, at the same time, to avoid that which is bad, and coarse, and ugly, and keep clear of the multitude of pitfalls and dangers which beset those who break through the natural or moral laws.

I address myself, in this spirit, to the consideration of the question of the value of purely literary education. Is it good and sufficient, or is it insufficient and bad? Well, here I venture to say that there are literary educations and literary educations. If I am to understand by that term the education that was current in the great majority of middle-class schools, and upper schools too, in this country when I was a boy, and which consisted absolutely and almost entirely in keeping boys for eight or ten years at learning the rules of Latin and Greek grammar, construing certain Latin and Greek authors, and possibly making verses which, had they been English verses, would have been condemned as abominable doggerel, — if that is what you mean by liberal education, then I say it is scandalously insufficient and almost worthless. My reason for saying so is not from the point of view of science at all, but from the point of view of literature. I say the thing professes to be literary education that is not a literary education at all. It was not literature at all that was taught, but science in a very bad form. It is quite obvious that grammar is science and not literature. The analysis of a text by the

help of the rules of grammar is just as much a scientific operation as the analysis of a chemical compound by the help of the rules of chemical analysis. There is nothing that appeals to the æsthetic faculty in that operation; and I ask multitudes of men of my own age, who went through this process, whether they ever had a conception of art or literature until they obtained it for themselves after leaving school? Then you may say, "If that is so, if the education was scientific, why cannot you be satisfied with it?" I say, because although it is a scientific training, it is of the most inadequate and inappropriate kind. If there is any good at all in scientific education it is that men should be trained, as I said before, to know things for themselves at first hand, and that they should understand every step of the reason of that which they do.

I desire to speak with the utmost respect of that science — philology — of which grammar is a part and parcel; yet everybody knows that grammar, as it is usually learned at school, affords no scientific training. It is taught just as you would teach the rules of chess or draughts. On the other hand, if I am to understand by a literary education the study of the literatures of either ancient or modern nations — but especially those of antiquity, and especially that of ancient Greece; if this literature is studied, not merely from the point of view of philological science, and its practical application to the interpretation of texts, but as an exemplification of and commentary upon the principles of art; if you look upon the literature of a people as a chapter in the development of the human mind, if you work out this in a broad spirit, and with such collateral references to morals and politics, and physical geography, and the like as are needful to make you comprehend what the meaning of ancient literature and civilisation is, — then, assuredly, it affords a splendid and noble education. But I still think it is susceptible of improvement, and that no man will ever comprehend the real secret of the difference between the ancient world and

our present time, unless he has learned to see the difference which the late development of physical science has made between the thought of this day and the thought of that, and he will never see that difference, unless he has some practical insight into some branches of physical science; and you must remember that a literary education such as that which I have just referred to, is out of the reach of those whose school life is cut short at sixteen or seventeen.

But, you will say, all this is fault-finding; let us hear what you have in the way of positive suggestion. Then I am bound to tell you that, if I could make a clean sweep of everything—I am very glad I cannot because I might, and probably should, make mistakes,—but if I could make a clean sweep of everything and start afresh, I should, in the first place, secure that training of the young in reading and writing, and in the habit of attention and observation, both to that which is told them, and that which they see, which everybody agrees to. But in addition to that, I should make it absolutely necessary for everybody, for a longer or shorter period, to learn to draw. Now, you may say, there are some people who cannot draw, however much they may be taught. I deny that *in toto*, because I never yet met with anybody who could not learn to write. Writing is a form of drawing; therefore if you give the same attention and trouble to drawing as you do to writing, depend upon it, there is nobody who cannot be made to draw, more or less well. Do not misapprehend me. I do not say for one moment you would make an artistic draughtsman. Artists are not made; they grow. You may improve the natural faculty in that direction, but you cannot make it; but you can teach simple drawing, and you will find it an implement of learning of extreme value. I do not think its value can be exaggerated, because it gives you the means of training the young in attention and accuracy, which are the two things in which all mankind are more deficient than in any other mental quality what-

ever. The whole of my life has been spent in trying to give my proper attention to things and to be accurate, and I have not succeeded as well as I could wish; and other people, I am afraid, are not much more fortunate. You cannot begin this habit too early, and I consider there is nothing of so great a value as the habit of drawing, to secure those two desirable ends.

Then we come to the subject-matter, whether scientific or æsthetic, of education, and I should naturally have no question at all about teaching the elements of physical science of the kind I have sketched, in a practical manner; but among scientific topics, using the word scientific in the broadest sense, I would also include the elements of the theory of morals and of that of political and social life, which, strangely enough, it never seems to occur to anybody to teach a child. I would have the history of our own country, and of all the influences which have been brought to bear upon it, with incidental geography, not as a mere chronicle of reigns and battles, but as a chapter in the development of the race, and the history of civilisation.

Then with respect to æsthetic knowledge and discipline, we have happily in the English language one of the most magnificent storehouses of artistic beauty and of models of literary excellence which exists in the world at the present time. I have said before, and I repeat it here, that if a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say, if he cannot get it out of those writers he cannot get it out of anything; and I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess, and, what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision, with force, and with art. I fancy we are almost the only nation in the world

who seem to think that composition comes by nature. The French attend to their own language, the Germans study theirs; but Englishmen do not seem to think it is worth their while. Nor would I fail to include, in the course of study I am sketching, translations of all the best works of antiquity, or of the modern world. It is a very desirable thing to read Homer in Greek; but if you don't happen to know Greek, the next best thing we can do is to read as good a translation of it as we have recently been furnished with in prose. You won't get all you would from the original, but you may get a great deal; and to refuse to know this great deal because you cannot get all, seems to be as sensible as for a hungry man to refuse bread because he cannot get partridge. Finally, I would add instruction in either music or painting, or, if the child should be so unhappy, as sometimes happens, as to have no faculty for either of those, and no possibility of doing anything in any artistic sense with them, then I would see what could be done with literature alone; but I would provide, in the fullest sense, for the development of the æsthetic side of the mind. In my judgment, those are all the essentials of education for an English child. With that outfit, such as it might be made in the time given to education which is within the reach of nine-tenths of the population — with that outfit, an Englishman, within the limits of English life, is fitted to go anywhere, to occupy the highest positions, to fill the highest offices of the State, and to become distinguished in practical pursuits, in science, or in art. For, if he have the opportunity to learn all those things, and have his mind disciplined in the various directions the teaching of those topics would have necessitated, then, assuredly, he will be able to pick up, on his road through life, all the rest of the intellectual baggage he wants.

If the educational time at our disposition were sufficient, there are one or two things I would add to those I have just now called the essentials; and perhaps

you will be surprised to hear, though I hope you will not, that I should add, not more science, but one, or, if possible, two languages. The knowledge of some other language than one's own is, in fact, of singular intellectual value. Many of the faults and mistakes of the ancient philosophers are traceable to the fact that they knew no language but their own, and were often led into confusing the symbol with the thought which it embodied. I think it is Locke who says that one-half of the mistakes of philosophers have arisen from questions about words; and one of the safest ways of delivering yourself from the bondage of words is, to know how ideas look in words to which you are not accustomed. That is one reason for the study of language; another reason is, that it opens new fields in art and in science. Another is the practical value of such knowledge; and yet another is this, that if your languages are properly chosen, from the time of learning the additional languages you will know your own language better than ever you did. So, I say, if the time given to education permits, add Latin and German. Latin, because it is the key to nearly one-half of English and to all the Romance languages; and German, because it is the key to almost all the remainder of English, and helps you to understand a race from whom most of us have sprung, and who have a character and a literature of a fateful force in the history of the world, such as probably has been allotted to those of no other people, except the Jews, the Greeks, and ourselves. Beyond these, the essential and the eminently desirable elements of all education, let each man take up his special line — the historian devote himself to his history, the man of science to his science, the man of letters to his culture of that kind, and the artist to his special pursuit.

Bacon has prefaced some of his works with no more than this: *Franciscus Bacon sic cogitavit* (Francis Bacon so thought); let "*sic cogitavi*" be the epilogue to what I have ventured to address to you to-night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

PRACTICAL people talk with a smile of Plato and of his absolute ideas; and it is impossible to deny that Plato's ideas do often seem unpractical and impracticable, and especially when one views them in connexion with the life of a great work-a-day world like the United States. The necessary staple of the life of such a world Plato regards with disdain; handicraft and trade and the working professions he regards with disdain; but what becomes of the life of an industrial modern community if you take handicraft and trade and the working professions out of it? The base mechanic arts and handicrafts, says Plato, bring about a natural weakness in the principle of excellence in a man, so that he cannot govern the ignoble growths in him, but nurses them, and cannot understand fostering any other. Those who exercise such arts and trades, as they have their bodies, he says, marked by their vulgar businesses, so they have their souls, too, bowed and broken by them. And if one of these uncomely people has a mind to seek self-culture and philosophy, Plato compares him to a bald little tinker, who has scraped together money, and has got his release from service, and has had a bath, and bought a new coat, and is rigged out like a bride-groom about to marry the daughter of his master who has fallen into poor and helpless estate.

Nor do the working professions fare any better than trade at the hands of Plato. He draws for us an inimitable picture of the working lawyer, and of his life of bondage; he shows how this bondage from his youth up has stunted and warped him, and made him small and crooked of soul, encompassing him with difficulties which he is not man enough to rely on justice and truth as means to encounter, but has recourse, for help out of them, to falsehood and wrong. And so, says Plato, this poor creature is bent and broken, and grows

up from boy to man without a particle of soundness in him, although exceedingly smart and clever in his own esteem.

One cannot refuse to admire the artist who draws these pictures. But we say to ourselves that his ideas show the influence of a primitive and obsolete order of things, when the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone in honour, and the humble work of the world was done by slaves. We have now changed all that; the modern majority consists in work, as Emerson declares; and in work, we may add, principally of such plain and dusty kind as the work of cultivators of the ground, handicraftsmen, men of trade and business, men of the working professions. Above all is this true in a great industrious community such as that of the United States.

Now education, many people go on to say, is still mainly governed by the ideas of men like Plato, who lived when the warrior caste and the priestly or philosophical class were alone in honour, and the really useful part of the community were slaves. It is an education fitted for persons of leisure in such a community. This education passed from Greece and Rome to the feudal communities of Europe, where also the warrior caste and the priestly caste were alone held in honour, and where the really useful and working part of the community though not nominally slaves as in the pagan world, were practically not much better off than slaves, and not more seriously regarded. And how absurd it is, people end by saying, to inflict this education upon an industrious modern community, where very few indeed are persons of leisure, and the mass to be considered has not leisure, but is bound, for its own great good, and for the great good of the world at large, to plain labour and to industrial pursuits, and the education in question tends necessarily to make men dissatisfied with these pursuits and unfitted for them!

That is what is said. So far I must defend Plato, as to plead that his view of education and studies is in the general, as it seems to me, sound enough, and fitted

for all sorts and conditions of men, whatever their pursuits may be. "An intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others." I cannot consider *that* a bad description of the aim of education, and of the motives which should govern us in the choice of studies, whether we are preparing ourselves for a hereditary seat in the English House of Lords or for the pork trade in Chicago.

Still I admit that Plato's world was not ours, that his scorn of trade and handicraft is fantastic, that he had no conception of a great industrial community such as that of the United States, and that such a community must and will shape its education to suit its own needs. If the usual education handed down to it from the past does not suit it, it will certainly before long drop this and try another. The usual education in the past has been mainly literary. The question is whether the studies which were long supposed to be the best for all of us are practically the best now; whether others are not better. The tyranny of the past, many think, weighs on us injuriously in the predominance given to letters in education. The question is raised whether, to meet the needs of our modern life, the predominance ought not now to pass from letters to science; and naturally the question is nowhere raised with more energy than here in the United States. The design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is, in this intensely modern world of the United States, even more perhaps than in Europe, a very popular design, and makes great and rapid progress.

I am going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objec-

tion may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences have always strongly moved my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is not competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. To this objection I reply, first of all, that his incompetence, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being to *know ourselves and the world*, we have, as the means to this end, to *know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "The civilised world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge

as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learnt all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life, that knowledge of ourselves and the world, which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ,—how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says, implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for anyone whose object is to get at truth, and to be a practical man. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, preachers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is the knowledge people have called the humanities, I for my part mean a knowl-

edge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right; that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors in the Greek and Latin languages, I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavouring to know Greek and Roman antiquity, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavouring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same also as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the like aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Hux-

ley says—this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military, and political, and legal, and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology, — I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, and histories, and treatises, and speeches, — so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned, says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the

representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education; but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the great results of the modern scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached, ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are reached and established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know,

that, from the albuminous white of the egg, the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers; while, from the fatty yolk of the egg, it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts, which is given by the study of nature, is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his ferry-boat on the river Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet, or Mr. Gladstone the most admirable of statesmen; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does actually happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his mental training, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make

the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my own acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing these disciplines an injustice. The ability and pugnacity of the partisans of natural science make them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me, that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account, the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners, — he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims of them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness, with wisdom. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science would admit it.

But perhaps they may not have suffi-

ciently observed another thing: namely, that the several powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is, in the generality of mankind, a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty, — and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pais* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labour between the veins and the arteries. But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on for ever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We experience, as we go on learning and knowing, — the vast majority of us experience, — the need of relating what we have learnt and known to the sense

which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

A certain Greek prophetess of Mantinea in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds, is, in fact, nothing else but the desire in men that good should for ever be present to them. This desire for good, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental desire, of which fundamental desire every impulse in us is only some one particular form. And therefore this fundamental desire it is, I suppose, — this desire in men that good should be for ever present to them, — which acts in us when we feel the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts. Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

But, no doubt, some kinds of knowledge cannot be made to directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct. These are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for every one to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who is one of the first mathematicians in the world, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I once ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to

hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not, however, stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *païs* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as Mr. Darwin's famous proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for conduct, and to the sense in us for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us,

and will hardly even profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those great "general conceptions of the universe, which are forced upon us all," says Professor Huxley, "by the progress of physical science." But still it will be *knowledge* only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while, unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so uncommonly strong and eminent, that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not very long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them, — religion and poetry; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are extremely rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and

to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong, in general, is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that, probably, for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are at least fifty with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Education lays hold upon us, in fact, by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediæval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great mediæval Universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The mediæval Universities came into being, because the supposed knowledge, delivered by Scripture and the Church, so deeply engaged men's hearts, by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to their desire for conduct, their desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon the affections of men, by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct, their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will soon become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be for ever present to them,—the need of humane letters, to establish a relation between the

new conceptions, and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it,—but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls "mediæval thinking."

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, *how* do they exercise it, so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they to relate to them the results,—the modern results,—of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it so as to affect man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποι-
σιν —

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the philosopher Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest* — "Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the Gospel, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know *how* they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our instinct for conduct, our instinct for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that this art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power, — such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life, — they have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to

man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could, for my own part, desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν —

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"!

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what in truth they really are, — the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points; — so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing genially. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters only.

I once mentioned in a school-report, how a young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterwards relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family, and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mineralogy, and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters

rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

I said that before I ended I would just touch on the question of classical education, and I will keep my word. Even if literature is to retain a large place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers; it is on the constitution of human nature itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature and art as it is served by no other literature and art, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, some day to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did; I believe that in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons are now engirdling our English universities, I find that here in America, in colleges like Smith College in Massachusetts, and Vassar College in the State of New York, and in the happy families of the mixed universities out West, they are studying it already.

Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca,

—“The antique symmetry was the one thing wanting to me,” said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. I will not presume to speak for the Americans, but I am sure that, in the Englishman, the want of this admirable symmetry of the Greeks is a thousand times more great and crying than in any Italian. The results of the want show themselves most glaringly, perhaps, in our architecture, but they show themselves, also, in all our art. *Fit details strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived;* that is just the beautiful *symmetria prisca* of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails. Striking ideas we have, and well-executed details we have; but that high symmetry which, with satisfying and delightful effect, combines them, we seldom or never have. The glorious beauty of the Acropolis at Athens did not come from single fine things stuck about on that hill, a statue here, a gateway there; — no, it arose from all things being perfectly combined for a supreme total effect. What must not an Englishman feel about our deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof this symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here we are coming to our friend Mr. Ruskin’s province, and I will not intrude upon it, for he is its very sufficient guardian.

And so we at last find, it seems, we find flowing in favour of the humanities the natural and necessary stream of things, which seemed against them when we started. The “hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits,” this good fellow carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. Nay, more; we seem finally to be even led to the further conclusion that our hairy ancestor

carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek.

And therefore, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in much actual danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally: they will some day come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favour with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.

SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the
 sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-
 ing-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sun-
 beams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd,
 self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. —
 Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs
 which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious
 brow.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
 Down and away below!
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away!
 This way, this way!
 Call her once before you go —
 Call once yet!
 In a voice that she will know:
 "Margaret! Margaret!"
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;
 Children's voices, wild with pain —
 Surely she will come again!
 Call her once and come away;
 This way, this way!
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay!
 The wild white horses foam and fret."
 Margaret! Margaret!
 Come, dear children, come away down;
 Call no more!
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little gray church on the windy
 shore,
 Then come down!
 She will not come though you call all
 day;
 Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she
 tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of a far-off
 bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the
 clear green sea;
 She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk
 pray
 In the little gray church on the shore to-
 day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here
 with thee."
 I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the
 waves;
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the
 kind sea-caves!"
 She smiled, she went up through the surf
 in the bay.
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan;
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they
 say;
 Come!" I said; and we rose through the
 surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the
 white-wall'd town;
 Through the narrow paved streets, where
 all was still,
 To the little gray church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of
 folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blow-
 ing airs.
 We climb'd on the graves, on the stones
 worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle through the
 small leaded panes.
 She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
 "Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
 Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
 Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more!
 Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
 Down to the depths of the sea!
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child
 with its toy!
 For the priest and the bell, and the holy
 well;
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun!"
 And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Till the spindle drops from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.
 She steals to the window, and looks at
 the sand,
 And over the sand at the sea;
 And her eyes are set in a stare;
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh;
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mer-
 maiden
 And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
 Come children, come down!
 The hoarse wind blows coldly;
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door;
 She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar.
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl,
 Singing: "Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she!
 And alone dwell for ever
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow,
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring tides are low;
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starr'd with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town;
 At the church on the hill-side —
 And then come back down,
 Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she!
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

SELF-DEPENDENCE

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears
 me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
 "Ye who from my childhood up have
 calm'd me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault
of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as
they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things with-
out them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their
shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with
noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregard-
ful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pour-
ing,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely
clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

THYRSIS

A MONODY, *to commemorate the author's
friend*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, *who died at
Florence, 1861*

How changed is here each spot man
makes or fills!

In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the
same;

The village street its haunted man-
sion lacks,

And from the sign is gone Sibylla's
name,

And from the roofs the twisted chim-
ney-stacks —

Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men

To-night from Oxford up your path-
way strays!

Here came I often, often, in old days —
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childs-
worth Farm,

Past the high wood, to where the elm-
tree crowns

The hill behind whose ridge the sun-
set flames?

The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley
Downs,

The Vale, the three lone weirs, the
youthful Thames? —

This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as
spring,

The tender purple spray on copse
and briars!

And that sweet city with her dream-
ing spires,
She needs not June for beauty's height-
ening.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night! —
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's
power

Befalls me wandering through this
upland dim.

Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any
hour;

Now seldom come I, since I came with
him.

That single elm-tree bright
Against the west — I miss it! is it gone?

We prized it dearly; while it stood,
we said,

Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was
not dead;

While the tree lived, he in these fields
lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower,
each stick;

And with the country-folk acquaint-
 tance made
 By barn in threshing-time, by new-
 built rick.
 Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we
 first assay'd.
 Ah me! this many a year
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
 Needs must I lose them, needs with
 heavy heart
 Into the world and wave of men de-
 part;
 But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

 It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
 He loved each simple joy the country
 yields,
 He loved his mates; but yet he could
 not keep,
 For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
 Here with the shepherds and the
 silly sheep:
 Some life of men unblest
 He knew, which made him droop, and
 fill'd his head.
 He went; his piping took a troubled
 sound
 Of storms that rage outside our
 happy ground;
 He could not wait their passing, he is
 dead.

 So, some tempestuous morn in early
 June,
 When the year's primal burst of bloom
 is o'er,
 Before the roses and the longest
 day —
 When garden-walks and all the grassy
 floor
 With blossoms red and white of
 fallen May
 And chestnut-flowers are strewn —
 So have I heard the cuckoo's parting
 cry,
 From the wet field, through the vext
 garden-trees,
 Come with the volleying rain and
 tossing breeze:
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom
 go I!*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou
 go?
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps
 come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break
 and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap-
 dragon,
 Sweet-William with his homely cot-
 tage-smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming
 garden trees,
 And the full moon, and the white even-
 ing-star.

He harkens not! light comer, he is flown!
 What matters it? next year he will
 return,
 And we shall have him in the sweet
 spring-days,
 With whitening hedges, and uncrum-
 pling fern,
 And blue-bells trembling by the
 forest-ways,
 And scent of hay new-mown.
 But Thyrsis never more we swains
 shall see;
 See him come back, and cut a
 smoother reed,
 And blow a strain the world at last
 shall heed —
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd
 thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now! —
 But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
 Some good survivor with his flute
 would go,
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
 And relax Pluto's brow,
 And make leap up with joy the beaute-
 ous head
 Of Proserpine, among whose crowned
 hair
 Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian
 air,
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus,
 from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
 For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
 She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
 She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
 Each rose with blushing face;
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
 And we should tease her with our plaint in vain!

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
 Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
 I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
 I know the Fyfield tree,
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
 And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I? —
 But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
 Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
 High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
 Hath since our day put by

The coronals of that forgotten time;
 Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,
 Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
 Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
 And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
 We track'd the shy Thames shore?
 Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
 Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass? —
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
 In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
 I see her veil draw soft across the day,
 I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
 The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with gray;
 I feel her finger light
 Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train; —
 The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,
 And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
 To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
 And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,

The mountain-tops where is the throne
 of Truth,
 Tops in life's morning-sun so bright
 and bare!
 Unbreachable the fort
 Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its
 wall;
 And strange and vain the earthly
 turmoil grows,
 And near and real the charm of thy
 repose,
 And night as welcome as a friend would
 fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden
 loss
 Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk
 hill-side,
 A troop of Oxford hunters going
 home,
 As in old days, jovial and talking,
 ride!
 From hunting with the Berkshire
 hounds they come,
 Quick! let me fly, and cross
 Into yon further field!—'Tis done,
 and see,
 Back'd by the sunset, which doth
 glorify
 The orange and pale violet evening-
 sky,
 Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the
 Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her
 veil,
 The white fog creeps from bush to
 bush about,
 The west unflushes, the high stars
 grow bright,
 And in the scatter'd farms the lights
 come out.
 I cannot reach the signal-tree to-
 night,
 Yet, happy omen, hail!
 Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-
 vale
 (For there thine earth-forgetting eye-
 lids keep
 The morningless and unawakening
 sleep
 Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is
 there!—
 Ah, vain! These English fields, this
 upland dim,
 These brambles pale with mist en-
 garlanded,
 That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not
 for him;
 To a boon southern country he is fled,
 And now in happier air,
 Wandering with the great Mother's
 train divine
 (And purer or more subtle soul than
 thee,
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not
 see)
 Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of
 old!—
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian
 king,
 For thee the Lityerses-song again
 Young Daphnis with his silver voice
 doth sing;
 Sings his Sicilian fold,
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded
 eyes—
 And how a call celestial round him
 rang,
 And heavenward from the fountain-
 brink he sprang,
 And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest
 here
 Sole in these fields! yet will I not de-
 spair.
 Despair I will not, while I yet descry
 'Neath the mild canopy of English air
 That lonely tree against the western
 sky.
 Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
 Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving
 thee!
 Fields where soft sheep from cages
 pull the hay,
 Woods with anemones in flower till
 May,
 Know him a wanderer still; then why
 not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
 Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
 This does not come with houses or
 with gold,
 With place, with honour, and a flatter-
 ing crew;
 'Tis not in the world's market bought
 and sold —
 But the smooth-slipping weeks
 Drop by, and leave its seeker still
 untired;
 Out of the heed of mortals he is
 gone,
 He wends unfollow'd, he must house
 alone;
 Yet on he fares, by his own heart in-
 spired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast
 bound;
 Thou wanderest with me for a little
 hour!
 Men gave thee nothing; but this
 happy quest,
 If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee
 power,
 If men procured thee trouble, gave
 thee rest.
 And this rude Cumner ground,
 Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet
 fields,
 Here came'st thou in thy jocund
 youthful time,
 Here was thine height of strength,
 thy golden prime!
 And still the haunt beloved a virtue
 yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
 Kept not for long its happy, country
 tone;
 Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy
 note
 Of men contention-tost, of men who
 groan,
 Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and
 tired thy throat —
 It fail'd, and thou wast mute!
 Yet hadst thou always visions of our
 light,
 And long with men of care thou
 couldst not stay.

And soon thy foot resumed its wan-
 dering way,
 Left human haunt, and on alone till
 night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits
 here!
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of
 yore,
 Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is
 my home.
 — Then through the great town's harsh,
 heart-wearying roar,
 Let in thy voice a whisper often
 come,
 To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou! I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shin-
ing still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet
crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; — on the French coast
 the light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of Eng-
 land stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tran-
 quil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-
 air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd
 land,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back,
 and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round
earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges
drear

And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which
seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor
light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle
and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

RUGBY CHAPEL

NOVEMBER, 1857

COLDLY, sadly descends
The autumn-evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent; — hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows; — but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!
That word, *gloom*, to my mind
Brings thee back, in the light
Of thy radiant vigour, again;
In the gloom of November we pass'd
Days not dark at thy side;
Seasons impair'd not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Rest'd as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live —
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraimest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succourest! — this was thy work;
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth? —
Most men eddy about
Here and there — eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die —
Perish; — and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
 Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
 Not with the crowd to be spent,
 Not without aim to go round
 In an eddy of purposeless dust,
 Effort unmeaning and vain.
 Ah yes! some of us strive
 Not without action to die
 Fruitless, but something to snatch
 From dull oblivion, nor all
 Glut the devouring grave!
 We, we have chosen our path —
 Path to a clear-purposed goal,
 Path of advance! — but it leads
 A long, steep journey, through sunk
 Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
 Cheerful, with friends, we set forth —
 Then on the height, comes the storm.
 Thunder crashes from rock
 To rock, the cataracts reply,
 Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
 Roaring torrents have breach'd
 The track, the stream-bed descends
 In the place where the wayfarer once
 Planted his footstep — the spray
 Boils o'er its borders! aloft
 The unseen snow-beds dislodge
 Their hanging ruin; alas,
 Havoc is made in our train!
 Friends who set forth at our side,
 Falter, are lost in the storm.
 We, we only are left!
 With frowning foreheads, with lips
 Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
 On — and at nightfall at last
 Come to the end of our way,
 To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
 Where the gaunt and taciturn host
 Stands on the threshold, the wind
 Shaking his thin white hairs —
 Holds his lantern to scan
 Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
 Whom in our party we bring?
 Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
 Only ourselves! we lost
 Sight of the rest in the storm.
 Hardly ourselves we fought through,
 Stripp'd, without friends, as we are.
 Friends, companions, and train,
 The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
 Be saved, my father! *alone*
 Conquer and come to thy goal,
 Leaving the rest in the wild.
 We were weary, and we
 Fearful, and we in our march
 Fain to drop down and to die.
 Still thou turnest, and still
 Beckonedst the trembler, and still
 Gavest the weary thy hand.

If, in the paths of the world,
 Stones might have wounded thy feet,
 Toil or dejection have tried
 Thy spirit, of that we saw
 Nothing — to us thou wast still
 Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
 Therefore to thee it was given
 Many to save with thyself;
 And, at the end of thy day,
 O faithful shepherd! to come,
 Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.
 And through thee I believe
 In the noble and great who are gone;
 Pure souls honour'd and blest
 By former ages, who else —
 Such, so soulless, so poor,
 Is the race of men whom I see —
 Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
 Seem'd but a cry of desire.
 Yes! I believe that there lived
 Others like thee in the past,
 Not like the men of the crowd
 Who all round me to-day
 Bluster or cringe, and make life
 Hideous, and arid, and vile;
 But souls temper'd with fire,
 Fervent, heroic, and good,
 Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! — or sons
 Shall I not call you? because
 Not as servants ye knew
 Your Father's innermost mind,
 His, who unwillingly sees
 One of his little ones lost —
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! In the rocks of the world
 Marches the host of mankind,
 A feeble, wavering line.

Where are they tending? — A God
 Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.
 Ah, but the way is so long!
 Years they have been in the wild!
 Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
 Rising all around, overawe;
 Factions divide them, their host
 Threatens to break, to dissolve.
 — Ah, keep, keep them combined!
 Else, of the myriads who fill
 That army, not one shall arrive;
 Sole they shall stray; in the rocks
 Stagger for ever in vain.
 Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited race,
 Ye, like angels, appear,
 Radiant with ardour divine!
 Beacons of hope, ye appear!
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,
 Weariness not on your brow.
 Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, re-inspire the brave!
 Order, courage, return;
 Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
 Follow your steps as ye go.
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
 Strengthen the wavering line,
 Stablish, continue our march,
 On, to the bound of the waste,
 On, to the City of God.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers.
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd
 By slow horses; and unhail'd
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot;
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot;
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot;
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot;
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed:
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot;
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armor rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot;
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complain-
 ing,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance —
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loos'd the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right —
 The leaves upon her falling light —
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot;
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.



From a photograph by Barraud

ALFRED TENNYSON

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer,
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed to-
 ward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shore-
 ward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did
 swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary
 dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And, like a downward smoke, the slender
 stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall
 did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a down-
 ward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,
 did go;

And some thro' wavering lights and shad-
 ows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward
 flow

From the inner land; far off, three moun-
 tain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with
 showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the
 woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West; thro' mountain clefts
 the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding
 vale

And meadow, set with slender galingale;
 A land where all things always seem'd
 the same!

And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters
 came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted
 stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they
 gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the
 grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart
 did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow
 sand,

Between the sun and moon upon the
 shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-
 more

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the
 oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren
 foam.

Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls

Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,

While all things else have rest from weariness?

All things have rest: why should we toil alone,

We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;

Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 "There is no joy but calm!" —

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there

Grows green and broad, and takes no care,

Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.

Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of days
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,

Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life; ah, why
 Should life all labour be?

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have

To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave

In silence — ripen, fall, and cease:
 Give us long rest or death, dark death,
 or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,

With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!

To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,

Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;

To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
 Eating the Lotos day by day,

To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray;

To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;

To muse and brood and live again in
memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an
urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd
change;
For surely now our household hearths
are cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble
joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel
sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many
wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the
pilot-stars.

VII

But, propped on beds of amaranth and
moly,
How sweet — while warm airs lull us,
blowing lowly —
With half-dropped eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy.
To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly
His waters from the purple hill —
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined
vine —
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath
divine!

Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling
brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out
beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren
peak,
The Lotos blows by every winding
creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mel-
lower tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the
yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of
motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,
when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted
his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with
an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie
reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless
of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the
bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the
clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with
the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over
wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and
sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred
in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an an-
cient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words
are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men
that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with
enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and
wine, and oil;

Till they perish and they suffer — some,
 'tis whisper'd — down in hell
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
 valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of
 asphodel.
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet
 than toil, the shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind
 and wave and oar;
 O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
 wander more.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea,
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,
 King Arthur; then, because his wound
 was deep,

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such
 a sleep

They sleep — the men I loved. I think
 that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly
 deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made, —
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
 again

To rule once more — but let what will be
 be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride; for thou remem-
 berest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an
 arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,

Holding the sword — and how I row'd
 across

And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known.

But now delay not; take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere;
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring
 me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
 thus,

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy best will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
 word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he
 stept

And in the moon athwart the place of
 tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient
 men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind
 sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,
 stepping down

By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excali-
 bur,

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
 ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the
 hilt;

For all the haft twinkled with diamond
 sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he
 stood,

This way and that dividing the swift
 mind,

In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted water-flags,

That whistled stiff and dry about the
marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded
king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-
vere:

"Hast thou perform'd my mission which
I gave?"

What is it thou hast seen, or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint
and pale:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy
name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second
time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the
mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in
thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he
smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of
many men.

What good should follow this, if this were
done?"

What harm, undone? deep harm to dis-
obey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then if a king de-
mand

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The king is sick, and knows not what he
does

What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this
kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the
deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the after-
time

To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honour and much fame
were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own con-
ceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded
king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much
in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what
thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious
hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee
hence;

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd
the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The
great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the
moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd
in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter
shock

By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonder-
ful,
And caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the
mere.

And lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath:

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard,
or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never
saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I
die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-
ing him;

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere."

And answer made King Arthur breath-
ing hard:

"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I
were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my
weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
die."

So saying, from the pavement he half
rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue
eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found
not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on
one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid
hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of
tombs.

But, as he walk'd King Arthur panted
hard,

Like one that feels a nightmare on his
bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd
the king,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear,
"Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge
to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as
he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a
cry

Before. His own thought drove him
like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and
right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him,
as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
heels —

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky
barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were
ware

That all the decks were dense with stately
forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream
 — by these
 Three queens with crowns of gold — and
 from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one
 comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the
 world.
 Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me
 in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There
 those three queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the king,
 and wept.
 But she that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
 chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining
 loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his
 brow
 Striped with dark blood; for all his face
 was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
 east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd
 with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous
 curls —
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne — were parch'd
 with dust;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that
 fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in
 rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
 charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I
 go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my
 eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble
 chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble
 knight.
 Such times have been not since the light
 that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dis-
 solved
 Which was an image of the mighty world;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken around me, and the
 years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other
 minds."
 And slowly answer'd Arthur from the
 barge:
 "The old order changeth, yielding place
 to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the
 world.
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I
 have done
 May He within himself make pure! but
 thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are
 wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,
 let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or
 goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
 prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call
 them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of
 God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
 For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard
 lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer
sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous
wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and
sail

Moved from the brink, like some full-
breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes
the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge
of dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren
crag,

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and
dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
know not me.

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with
those

That loved me, and alone; on shore, and
when

Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities of
men

And manners, climates, councils, govern-
ments,

Myself not least, but honour'd of them
all, —

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose
margin fades

For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled
on life

Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something
more,

A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the
isle, —

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make
mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties decent, not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I
mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her
sail;

There gloom the dark broad seas. My
mariners,
Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and
thought with me, —

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and op-
posed

Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I
are old;

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the
end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be
done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with
Gods.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon
climbs; the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come,
my friends

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose
holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulf will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in
old days

Moved earth and heaven, that which we
are, we are, —

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong
in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LYRICS

From THE PRINCESS

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply-
ing,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dy-
ing, dying.

From IN MEMORIAM

A. H. H.

OBITUARY MDCCCXXXIII

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die ;
 And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be ;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know,
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock thee when we do not fear :
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
 What seem'd my worth since I began ;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
 O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,
 What whispers from thy lying lip ?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run ;
 A web is woven across the sky ;
 From out waste places comes a cry,
 And murmurs from the dying sun ;

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands —
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own, —
 A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,
 Embrace her as my natural good ;
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
 Upon the threshold of the mind ?

LIV

O, yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream ; but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night ;
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likeliest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.
 From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
 She cries, "A thousand types are gone;
 I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
 I bring to life, I bring to death;
 The spirit does but mean the breath:
 I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last word, who seem'd so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And love Creation's final law —
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tear each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
 What hope of answer, or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
 I hear thee where the waters run;
 Thou standest in the rising sun,
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
 But tho' I seem in star and flower
 To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before ;
 My love is vaster passion now ;
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them
 pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
 To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE
OF WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation ;
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty
 nation ;
 Mourning when their leaders fall,
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we
 deplore ?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,

Let the long, long procession go,
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it
 grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow ;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the past,
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute !
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, reso-
 lute,

Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war,
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew,
 O voice from which their omens all men
 drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fallen at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds
 that blew !

Such was he whom we deplore.
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be
 seen no more.

V

All is over and done,
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river,
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds.

Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
 roll'd

Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
 He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame,
 With those deep voices our dead captain
 taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI

"Who is he that cometh, like an hon-
 our'd guest,
 With banner and with music, with sol-
 dier and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking
 on my rest?" —

Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous
 man,
 The greatest sailor since our world be-
 gan.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O, give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;

This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes,
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing
 wings,

And barking for the thrones of kings;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron
 crown
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler
 down;

A day of onsets of despair!
 Dash'd on every rocky square,
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves
 away;

Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and
 overthrew.

So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all.
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by
 thine!

And thro' the centuries let a people's
 voice

In full acclaim,
 A people's voice;
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to
 him,
 Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams
 forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
 Powers,
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly
 set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming
 showers,
 We have a voice with which to pay the
 debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and
 regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept
 it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute
 control!
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,
 the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom
 sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there
 springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate
 kings!
 For, saving that, ye help to save man-
 kind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march
 of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns
 be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward
 wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall

For ever; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who
 spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the
 hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and
 low;
 Whose life was work, whose language
 rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one
 rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the
 right.
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred
 named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke!
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her
 horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great
 But as he saves or serves the state.
 Not once or twice in our rough island-
 story
 The path of duty was the way to glory.
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle burst-
 ing
 Into glossy purples, which out-redden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story
 The path of duty was the way to glory.
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and
 hands,

Thro' the long gorge to the far light has
won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty
scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and
sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman
pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he saved
from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to
him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet un moulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and
brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,

Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
roll

Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
Our God and Godlike men we build our
trust.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the
people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are
sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal dis-
appears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave
him.

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him!

FROM MAUD

XXII

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she
loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine
 stirr'd
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 For one that will never be thine?
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the
 rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my
 blood,
 As the music clash'd in the Hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to
 the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left
 so sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for your
 sake,
 Knowing your promise to me;
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
 girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with
 curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate,
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate.
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is
 near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is
 late;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,
 Would start and tremble under her
 feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

NORTHERN FARMER

OLD STYLE

WHEER 'asta bean saw long and mea
 ligin' 'ere aloan?
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy,
 Doctor's abean an' agoan;
 Says that I moant 'a naw moor aale, but
 I beant a fool;
 Git ma my aale, fur I beant a-gawin'
 to break my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says
 what's nawways true;
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to saay the
 things that a do.
 I've 'ed my point o' aale ivry noight
 sin' I bean 'ere.
 An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight
 for foorty year.

Parson 's a bean loikewise, an' a sittin'
ere o' my bed.

"The Amoighty's a taakin o' you¹ to
'issén, my friend," a said,

An' a tow'd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were
due, an' I gied it in hond;

I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

Larn'd a ma' bea. I reckons I 'annot
sa mooch to larn.

But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy
Marris's barne.

Thaw a knaws I hallus voated wi' Squoire
an' choorch an' staate,

An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver
agin the raate.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor
moy Sally wur dead,

An' 'eard 'um a bummin' awaay loike a
buzzard-clock² ower my 'ead,

An' I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd but
I thowt a 'ad summut to saay,

An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said,
an' I coom'd awaay.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she
laaid it to mea.

Mowt a bean, mayhap, for she wur a
bad un, shea.

'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass,
tha mun understand;

I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

But Parson a cooms an' a goas, an' a
says it easy an' freea:

"The Amoighty 's a taakin o' you to
'issén, my friend," says 'ea.

I weant saay men be loiars, thaw sum-
mun said it in 'aaste;

But 'e reads wonn sarmin a weeak, an' I
'a stubb'd Thurnaby waaste.

D' ya moind the waaste, my lass? naw,
naw, tha was not born then;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eard
'um mysén;

Moast loike a butter-bump,¹ fur I 'eard
'um about an' about,

But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an'
raaved an' rembled 'um out.

Keaper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer
a-laaid of 'is faace

Down i' the woild 'enemies² afoor I
coom'd to the plaace.

Noaks or Thimbleby — toaner³ 'ed shot
'um as dead as a naail.

Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize —
but git ma my aale.

Dubbut looök at the waaste; theer warn't
not feead for a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, 'an'
look at it now —

Warn't worth nowt a haacre, an' now
theer's lots o' feead,

Fourscoor yows⁴ upon it, an' some on it
down i' seead.⁵

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I mean'd to
'a stubb'd it at fall,

Done it ta-year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow
thruff it an' all,

If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let
ma aloan, —

Mea, wi' haate hoonderd haacre o'
Squoire's, an lond o' my oan.

Do Godamoighty know what a's doing
a-taakin' o' mea?

I beant wonn as saws 'ere a bean an yon-
der a pea;

An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a'
dear, a' dear!

And I 'a managed for Squoire coom
Michaelmas thutty year.

A mowt 'a taaen owd Joanes, as 'ant not
a 'aapoth o' sense,

Or a mowt a' taaen young Robins — a
niver mended a fence;

But Godamoighty a moost taake a mea an'
taake ma now,

Wi' aaf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby
hoalms to plow!

¹ *ou* as in *hour*. [The notes on this poem are
Tennyson's.]

² Cockchafer.

¹ Bittern.

² Anemones.

³ One or other.

⁴ *Ou* as in *hour*.

⁵ Clover.

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they
 sees ma a passin' boy,
 Says to thessén, naw doubt, "What a
 man a bea sewer-loy!"
 Fur they knaws what I bean to Squoire
 sin' fust a coom'd to the 'All;
 I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done
 moy'duty boy hall.

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons
 'ull 'a to wroite,
 For whoa 's to howd the lond ater mea
 thot muddles ma quoit;
 Sartin-sewer I bea thot a weant niver
 give it to Joanes,
 Naw, nor a moant to Robins — a niver
 rembles the stoans.

But summun 'ull come ater mea mayhap
 wi' 'is kittle o' steam
 Huzzin' an' maazin' the blessed fealds
 wi' the divil's oan team.
 Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife
 they says is sweet,
 But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I
 couldn abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn
 bring ma the aale?
 Doctor 's a 'toattler, lass, an a's hallus i'
 the owd taale;
 I weant break rules fur Doctor, a knaws
 naw moor nor a floy;
 Git ma my aale, I tell tha, an' if I mun
 doy I mun doy.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower — but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard
 Grenville lay,
 And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came
 flying from far away;

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have
 sighted fifty-three!"
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard:
 "'Fore God I am no coward;
 But I cannot meet them here, for my
 ships are out of gear,
 And the half my men are sick. I must
 fly, but follow quick.
 We are six ships of the line; can we fight
 with fifty-three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I
 know you are no coward;
 You fly them for a moment to fight with
 them again.
 But I've ninety men and more that are
 lying sick ashore.
 I should count myself the coward if I
 left them, my Lord Howard,
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devil-
 doms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard past away with five
 ships of war that day,
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
 summer heaven;
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
 men from the land
 Very carefully and slow,
 Men of Bideford in Devon,
 And we laid them on the ballast down
 below:
 For we brought them all aboard,
 And they blest him in their pain, that
 they were not left to Spain,
 To the thumb-screw and the stake, for
 the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work
 the ship and to fight
 And he sailed away from Flores till the
 Spaniard came in sight,
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon
 the weather bow.
 "Shall we fight or shall we fly?
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
 For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time
 this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again: "We be all
 good English men.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the
 children of the devil,
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or
 devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and
 we roar'd a hurrah, and so
 The little Revenge ran on sheer into the
 heart of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and
 her ninety sick below;
 For half of their fleet to the right and
 half to the left were seen,
 And the little Revenge ran on thro' the
 long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down
 from their decks and laugh'd,
 Thousands of their seamen made mock
 at the mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delay'd
 By their mountain-like San Philip that,
 of fifteen hundred tons,
 And up-shadowing high above us with
 her yawning tiers of guns,
 Took the breath from our sails, and we
 stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung
 above us like a cloud
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud,
 Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon
 the starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them
 all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she be-
 thought herself and went,
 Having that within her womb that had
 left her ill content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and
 they fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their
 pikes and musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
 dog that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
 came out far over the summer sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of
 the one and the fifty-three.
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
 high-built galleons came,
 Ship after ship, the whole night long,
 with her battle-thunder and flame;
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
 back with her dead and her shame.
 For some were sunk and many were
 shatter'd, and so could fight us no
 more —
 God of battles, was ever a battle like
 this in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
 And it chanced that, when half of the
 short summer night was gone,
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had
 left the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was dress-
 ing it suddenly dead,
 And himself he was wounded again in
 the side and the head,
 And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun
 smiled out far over the summer sea,
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides
 lay round us all in a ring;
 But they dared not touch us again, for
 they fear'd that we still could
 sting,
 So they watch'd what the end would be.
 And we had not fought them in vain,
 But in perilous plight were we,
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
 slain,

And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
 In the crash of the cannonades and the
 desperate strife;
 And the sick men down in the hold were
 most of them stark and cold,
 And the pikes were all broken or bent,
 and the powder was all of it spent;
 And the masts and the rigging were lying
 over the side;
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
 "We have fought such a fight for a day
 and a night
 As may never be fought again!
 We have won great glory, my men
 And a day less or more
 At sea or ashore,
 We die — does it matter when?
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink
 her, split her in twain!
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the
 hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the
 seamen made reply:
 "We have children, we have wives,
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if
 we yield, to let us go;
 We shall live to fight again and to strike
 another blow."
 And the lion there lay dying, and they
 yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their
 flagship bore him then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old
 Sir Richard caught at last,
 And they praised him to his face with
 their courtly foreign grace;
 But he rose upon their decks, and he
 cried:
 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like
 a valiant man and true;
 I have only done my duty as a man is
 bound to do.
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
 ville die!"
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had
 been so valiant and true,
 And had holden the power and glory of
 Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship
 and his English few;
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for
 aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honour down
 into the deep.
 And they mann'd the Revenge with a
 swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and
 long'd for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had
 ruin'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the
 weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great
 gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised
 by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
 and their masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on
 the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down
 by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the
 boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;
 For tho' from out our bourne of Time
 and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

ROBERT BROWNING

DAWN

From PIPPA PASSES

DAY!

Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's
brim

Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another,
curled,

Till the whole sunrise, not to be sup-
pressed,

Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then over-
flowed the world.

SONG

From PIPPA PASSES

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

CAVALIER TUNES

I. MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament
swing:

And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest
folk droop,

Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this
song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such
carles

To the Devil that prompts 'em their
treasonous parles!

Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor
sup

Till you're —

CHORUS. — Marching along, fifty-score
strong,

Great-hearted gentlemen,
singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies'
knell.

Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry
as well!

England, good cheer! Rupert is near!

Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHORUS. — Marching along; fifty-score
strong,

Great-hearted gentlemen,
singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and
his snarls

To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent
carles!

Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the
fight,

CHORUS. — March we along, fifty-score
strong,

Great-hearted gentlemen,
singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right
now?

King Charles, and who's ripe for fight
now?

Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite
now,

King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?

Who raised me the house that sank once?

Who helped me to gold I spent since?

Who found me in wine you drank once?

CHORUS. — King Charles, and who'll do
him right now?

King Charles, and who's ripe
for fight now?

Give a rouse: here's, in hell's
despite now,

King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

CHORUS. — King Charles, and who'll do
him right now?

King Charles, and who's ripe
for fight now?

Give a rouse: here's, in hell's
despite now,

King Charles!

III. BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse and
away!

Ride past the suburbs; asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up
the lay —

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and
away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Round-
heads' array:

Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by
my fay,

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and
away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest
and gay,

Laughs when you talk of surrendering,
"Nay!

I've better counsellors; what counsel
they?

CHORUS. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and
away!"

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the
wall,

Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's
hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her? I
said

"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured coun-
tenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest
glance,

But to myself they turned (since none
puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if

they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not
the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir,
'twas not

Her husband's presence only, called that
spot

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle
laps

Over my lady's wrist too much," or
"Paint

Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:"
such stuff

Was courtesy, she thought, and cause
enough

For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart — how shall I say? — too soon
made glad,

Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went every-
where.

Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her
breast,

The dropping of the daylight in the
West,

The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white
mule

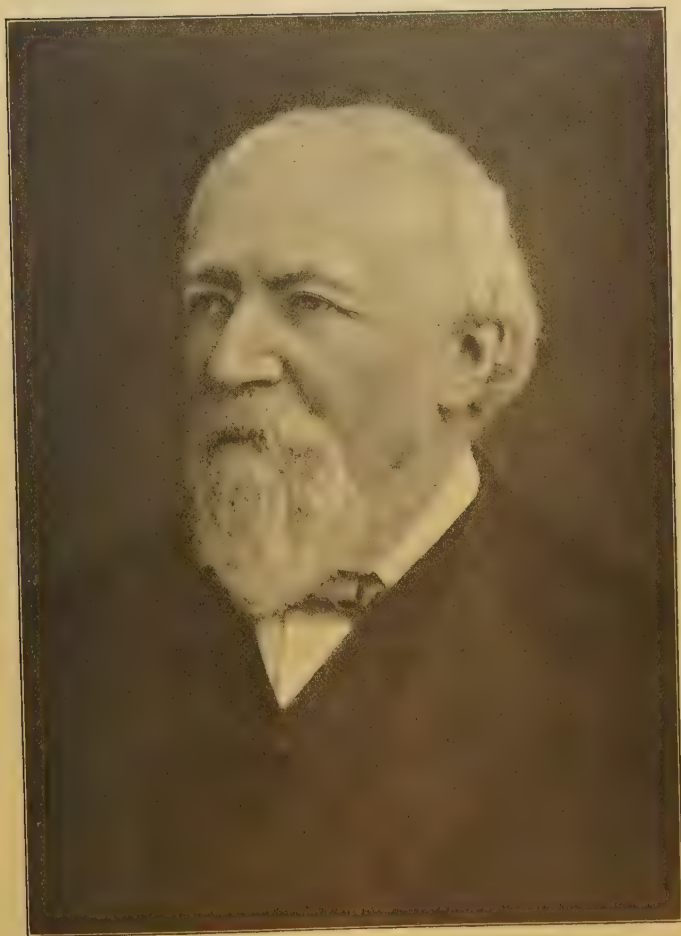
She rode with round the terrace — all
and each

Would draw from her alike the approv-
ing speech,

Or blush, at least. She thanked men, —
good! but thanked

Somehow — I know not how — as if she
ranked

My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to
blame



ROBERT BROWNING

This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech — (which I have not) — to
 make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just
 this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you
 miss,
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she
 let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made
 excuse,
 — E'en then would be some stooping;
 and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no
 doubt,
 When'er I passed her; but who passed
 without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I
 gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There
 she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise?
 We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munifi-
 cence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I
 avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune,
 though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze
 for me!

IN A GONDOLA

He sings

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my heart
 In this my singing.
 For the stars help me, and the sea bears
 part;
 The very night is clinging
 Closer to Venice' streets to leave one
 space
 Above me, whence thy face
 May light my joyous heart to thee its
 dwelling place.

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
 My very words, as if each word
 Came from you of your own accord,
 In your own voice, in your own way:
 "This woman's heart and soul and brain
 Are mine as much as this gold chain
 She bids me wear; which" (say again)
 "I choose to make by cherishing
 A precious thing, or choose to fling
 Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
 And yet once more say . . . no word
 more!
 Since words are only words: Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same,
 Familiarly by my pet name,
 Which if the Three should hear you call,
 And me reply to, would proclaim
 At once our secret to them all.
 Ask of me, too, command me, blame, —
 Do, break down the partition-wall
 'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
 Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
 What's left but — all of me to take?
 I am the Three's: prevent them, slake
 Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arab sage,
 In practising with gems, can loose
 Their subtle spirit in his cruce
 And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
 Leave them my ashes when thy use
 Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 What's that poor Agnese doing
 Where they make the shutters fast?
 Gray Zanobi's just a-wooing
 To his couch the purchased bride:
 Past we glide!

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
 Like a beacon to the blast?
 Guests by hundreds, not one caring
 If the dear host's neck were wried:
 Past we glide!

She sings

The moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,

How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can
pursue,
To a feast of our tribe;
Where they need thee to bribe
The devil that blasts them unless he
imbibe
Thy . . . Scatter the vision forever!
And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

Say again, what we are?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies bar
My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray
Than my pale one announce there is
withering away
Some . . . Scatter the vision forever!
And now,
As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing

Lie back; could thought of mine im-
prove you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!

Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world!

Rescue me thou, the only real!
And scare away this mad ideal
That came, nor motions to depart!
Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader? While there's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stylet through my back; I reel;
And . . . is it thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that saints and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on thy breast I sink!

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-
deep,
As I do: thus: were death so unlike
sleep,
Caught this way? Death's to fear from
flame or steel,
Or poison doubtless; but from water —
feel!
Go find the bottom! Would you stay
me? There!
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-
grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away: since you have praised
my hair,
'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks

Row home? must we row home? Too
surely
Know I where its front's demurely

Over the Giudecca piled;
 Window just with window mating,
 Door on door exactly waiting,
 All's the set face of a child:
 But behind it, where's a trace
 Of the staidness and reserve,
 And formal lines without a curve,
 In the same child's playing-face?
 No two windows look one way
 O'er the small sea-water thread
 Below them. Ah, the autumn day
 I, passing, saw you overhead!
 First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
 Then a sweet cry, and last came you —
 To catch your lory that must needs
 Escape just then, of all times then,
 To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
 And make me happiest of men.
 I scarce could breathe to see you reach
 So far back o'er the balcony
 To catch him ere he climbed too high
 Above you in the Smyrna peach,
 That quick the round smooth cord of
 gold,
 This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
 Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
 The Roman girls were wont, of old,
 When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
 To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
 Dear lory, may his beak retain
 Ever its delicate rose stain
 As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
 Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
 Than mine! What should your chamber
 do?

— With all its rarities that ache
 In silence while day lasts, but wake
 At night-time and their life renew,
 Suspended just to pleasure you
 Who brought against their will together
 These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
 Around them such a magic tether
 That dumb they look: your harp, be-
 lieve,

With all the sensitive tight strings
 Which dare not speak, now to itself
 Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
 Went in and out the chords, his wings
 Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
 As an angel may, between the maze

Of midnight palace-pillars, on
 And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
 Through guilty glorious Babylon.
 And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
 Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
 As the dry limpet for the lymph
 Come with a tune he knows so well.
 And how your statues' hearts must swell!
 And how your pictures must descend
 To see each other, friend with friend!
 Oh, could you take them by surprise,
 You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
 Doing the quaintest courtesies
 To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
 And, deeper into her rock den,
 Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
 You'd find retreated from the ken
 Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser —
 As if the Tizian thinks of her,
 And is not, rather, gravely bent
 On seeing for himself what toys
 Are these, his progeny invent,
 What litter now the board employs
 Whereon he signed a document
 That got him murdered! Each enjoys
 Its night so well, you cannot break
 The sport up, so, indeed must make
 More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
 Is used to tie the jasmine back
 That overfloods my room with sweets,
 Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
 My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
 The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola — let Zorzi wreath
 A mesh of water-weeds about
 Its prow, as if he unaware
 Had struck some quay or bridge-foot
 stair!

That I may throw a paper out
 As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are
 we.

Only one minute more to-night with me?
 Resume your past self of a month ago!
 Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
 The lady with the colder breast than
 snow.

Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch
 my hand
 More than I touch yours when I step to
 land,
 And say, "All thanks, Siora!" —
 Heart to heart
 And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere
 we part,
 Clasp me and make me thine, as mine
 thou art!

[*He is surprised, and stabbed.*]

It was ordained to be so, sweet! — and
 best
 Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy
 breast.
 Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards!
 Care
 Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
 My blood will hurt! The Three, I do
 not scorn
 To death, because they never lived: but I
 Have lived indeed, and so — (yet one more
 kiss) — can die!

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped
 all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the
 gatebolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us gallop-
 ing through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank
 to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
 Not a word to each other; we kept the
 great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
 changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths
 tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the
 pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker
 the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while
 we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
 dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out
 to see;
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
 could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we
 heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there
 is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the
 sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black
 every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping
 past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at
 last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting
 away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland
 its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp
 ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out
 on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence, — ever
 that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
 askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which
 aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping
 on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
 Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's
 not in her.
 We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard
 the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and
 staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the
 flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered
 and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
 the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
 laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright
 stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
 white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is
 in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a
 moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as
 a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the
 whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix
 from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to
 the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
 rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each hol-
 ster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt
 and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
 his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse
 without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
 any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
 and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking
 round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees
 on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland
 of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last
 measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common
 consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought
 good news from Ghent.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity!
 Draw round my bed: is Anselm keep-
 ing back?

Nephews — sons mine . . . ah God, I
 know not! Well —

She, men would have to be your mother
 once,

Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was!
 What's done is done, and she is dead
 beside,

Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
 And as she died so must we die ourselves,
 And thence ye may perceive the world's
 a dream.

Life, how and what is it? As here I lie
 In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
 Hours and long hours in the dead night,
 I ask

"Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace
 seems all.

Saint Praxed's ever was the church for
 peace;

And so, about this tomb of mine. I
 fought

With tooth and nail to save my niche,
 ye know:

— Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my
 care;

Shrewd was that snatch from out the
 corner South

He graced his carrion with, God curse
 the same!

Yet still my niche is not so cramped but
 thence

One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
 And somewhat of the choir, those silent
 seats,

And up into the very dome where live
 The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:

And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
 And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,

With those nine columns round me, two
 and two,

The odd one at my feet where Anselm
 stands:

Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the
 ripe

As fresh poured red wine of a mighty
 pulse.

— Old Gandolf with his paltry onionstone,
Put me where I may look at him! True
peach,

Rosy and flawless: how I earned the
prize!

Draw close: that conflagration of my
church

— What then? So much was saved if
aught were missed!

My sons, ye would not be my death?

Go dig

The white-grape vineyard where the oil-
press stood,

Drop water gently till the surface sink,
And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not,

I! . . .

Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,

Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast.

Sons, all have, I bequeathed you, villas,
all,

That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my
knees,

Like God the Father's globe on both his
hands

Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and
burst!

Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
Did I say basalt for my slab, sons?
Black —

'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How
else

Shall ye contrast my frieze to come be-
neath?

The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me.
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and
perchance

Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last gar-
ment off,

And Moses with the tables . . . but I
know

Ye mark me not! What do they whisper
thee,

Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope

To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy trav-
ertine

Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles
at!

Nay, boys, ye love me — all of jasper,
then!

'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I
grieve

My bath must needs be left behind, alas!
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There's plenty jasper somewhere in the
world —

And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manu-
scripts,

And mistresses with great smooth marbly
limbs?

— That's if ye carve my epitaph aright.
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's
every word,

No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second
line —

Tully, my masters? Ulpian serves his
need!

And then how I shall lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long,
And feel the steady candle-flame, and
taste

Good strong thick stupefying incense-
smoke!

For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
And stretch my feet forth straight as
stone can point,

And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth,
drop

Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-
work:

And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange
thoughts

Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
About the life before I lived this life,
And this life too, popes, cardinals, and
priests,

Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
Your tall pale mother with her talking
eyes,

And new-found agate urns as fresh as
day,

And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,

— Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend?
No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best!
Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,

Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,

Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase

With grapes, and add a visor and a Term,
And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,

To comfort me on my entablature
Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
"Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me, there!

For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
To death — ye wish it — God, ye wish it! Stone —

Gritstone, a-crumble! Clammy squares which sweat

As if the corpse they keep were oozing through —

And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row: and, going, turn your backs

— Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,

That I may watch at leisure if he leers —
Old Gandolf — at me, from his onion-stone,

As still he envied me, so fair she was!

SAUL

I

SAID Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,

Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.

And he: "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,

Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent

Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,

Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.

For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,

Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,

To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,

And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.

II

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with his dew

On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue

Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as if no wild heat

Were now raging to torture the desert!"

III

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,

And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;

I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;

Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all withered and gone,

That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on

Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I prayed,

And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid

But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.

At the first I saw naught but the blackness: but soon I descried

A something more black than the blackness — the vast, the upright

Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight

Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.

Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, showed Saul.

IV

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both
 arms stretched out wide
 On the great cross-support in the centre,
 that goes to each side;
 He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there
 as, caught in his pangs
 And waiting his change, the king-serpent
 all heavily hangs,
 Far away from his kind, in the pine, till
 deliverance come
 With the spring-time, — so agonized Saul,
 drear and stark, blind and dumb.

V

Then I tuned my harp, — took off the
 lilies we twine round its chords
 Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noon-
 tide — those sunbeams like swords!
 And I first played the tune all our sheep
 know, as, one after one,
 So docile they come to the pen-door till
 folding be done.
 They are white and untorn by the bushes,
 for lo, they have fed
 Where the long grasses stifle the water
 within the stream's bed;
 And now one after one seeks its lodging,
 as star follows star
 Into eve and the blue far above us, — so
 blue and so far!

VI

— Then the tune for which quails on the
 cornland will each leave his mate
 To fly after the player; then, what makes
 the crickets elate
 Till for boldness they fight one another;
 and then, what has weight
 To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside
 his sand house —
 There are none such as he for a wonder,
 half bird and half mouse!
 God made all the creatures and gave
 them our love and our fear,
 To give sign, we and they are his children,
 one family here.

VII

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers,
 their wine-song, when hand

Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good
 friendship, and great hearts expand
 And grow one in the sense of this world's
 life. — And then, the last song
 When the dead man is praised on his jour-
 ney — “Bear, bear him along,
 With his few faults shut up like dead flow-
 erets! Are balm seeds not here
 To console us? The land has none left
 such as he on the bier.
 Oh, would we might keep thee, my
 brother!” — And then, the glad
 chant
 Of the marriage, — first go the young
 maidens, next, she whom we vaunt
 As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.
 — And then, the great march
 Wherein man runs to man to assist him
 and buttress an arch
 Naught can break; who shall harm them,
 our friends? Then, the chorus
 intoned
 As the Levites go up to the altar in glory
 enthroned.
 But I stopped here: for here in the dark-
 ness Saul groaned.

VIII

And I paused, held my breath in such
 silence, and listened apart;
 And the tent shook, for mighty Saul
 shuddered: and sparkles 'gan dart
 From the jewels that woke in his turban,
 at once, with a start,
 All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies
 courageous at heart.
 So the head: but the body still moved not,
 still hung there erect.
 And I bent once again to my playing,
 pursued it unchecked,
 As I sang: —

IX

“Oh, our manhood's prime vigor!
 No spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing
 nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping
 from rock up to rock,
 The strong rending of boughs from the
 fire-tree, the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water,
 the hunt of the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is
 couched in his lair.
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed
 over with gold dust divine,
 And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher,
 the full draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel
 where bulrushes tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling
 so softly and well.
 How good is man's life, the mere living!
 how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses
 forever in joy!
 Hast thou loved the white locks of thy
 father, whose sword thou didst
 guard
 When he trusted thee forth with the
 armies, for glorious reward?
 Didst thou see the thin hands of thy
 mother, held up as men sung
 The low song of the nearly-departed, and
 hear her faint tongue
 Joining in while it could to the witness,
 "Let one more attest,
 I have lived, seen God's hand through a
 lifetime, and all was for best?"
 Then they sung through their tears in
 strong triumph, not much, but
 the rest.
 And thy brothers, the help and the con-
 test, the working whence grew
 Such result as, from seething grape-
 bundles, the spirit strained true:
 And the friends of thy boyhood — that
 boyhood of wonder and hope,
 Present promise and wealth of the future
 beyond the eye's scope, —
 Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a
 people is thine;
 And all gifts, which the world offers
 singly, on one head combine!
 On one head, all the beauty and strength,
 love and rage (like the throe
 That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour
 and lets the gold go)
 High ambition and deeds which surpass
 it, fame crowning them, — all
 Brought to blaze on the head of one crea-
 ture — King Saul!"

x

And lo, with that leap of my spirit, —
 heart, hand, harp, and voice,
 Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow,
 each bidding rejoice
 Saul's fame in the light it was made for
 — as when, dare I say,
 The Lord's army, in rapture of service,
 strains through its array,
 And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot —
 "Saul!" cried I, and stopped,
 And waited the thing that should follow.
 Then Saul, who hung propped
 By the tent's cross-support in the centre,
 was struck by his name.
 Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy sum-
 mons goes right to the aim,
 And some mountain, the last to with-
 stand her, that held (he alone,
 While the vale laughed in freedom and
 flowers) on a broad bust of stone
 A year's snow bound about for a breast-
 plate, — leaves grasp of the sheet?
 Fold on fold all at once it crowds thun-
 derously down to his feet,
 And there fronts you, stark, black, but
 alive yet, your mountain of old,
 With his rents, the successive bequeath-
 ing of ages untold —
 Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles,
 each furrow and scar
 Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the
 tempest — all hail, there they are!
 — Now again to be softened with verdure,
 again hold the nest
 Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young
 to the green on his crest
 For their food in the arduous of summer.
 One long shudder thrilled
 All the tent till the very air tingled, then
 sank and was stilled
 At the King's self left standing before me,
 released and aware.
 What was gone, what remained? All to
 traverse 'twixt hope and despair,
 Death was past, life not come: so he
 waited. Awhile his right hand
 Held the brow, helped the eyes left too
 vacant forthwith to remand
 To their place what new objects should
 enter: 'twas Saul, as before.

I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes,
 nor was hurt any more
 Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn,
 ye watch from the shore,
 At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean —
 a sun's slow decline
 Over hills which, resolved in stern silence,
 o'erlap and entwine
 Base with base to knit strength more in-
 tensely: so, arm folded arm
 O'er the chest whose slow heavings sub-
 sided.

XI

What spell or what charm,
 (For awhile there was trouble within me),
 what next should I urge
 To sustain him where song had restored
 him? — Song filled to the verge
 His cup with the wine of this life, pressing
 all that it yields
 Of mere fruitage, the strength and the
 beauty: beyond, on what fields,
 Glean a vintage more potent and perfect
 to brighten the eye
 And bring blood to the lip, and commend
 them the cup they put by?
 He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks
 not: he lets me praise life,
 Gives assent, yet would die for his own
 part.

XII

Then fancies grew rife
 Which had come long ago on the pasture,
 when round me the sheep
 Fed in silence — above, the one eagle
 wheeled slow as in sleep;
 And I lay in my hollow and mused on
 the world that might lie
 'Neath his ken, though I saw but the
 strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:
 And I laughed — "Since my days are or-
 dained to be passed with my flocks,
 Let me people at least, with my fancies,
 the plains and the rocks,
 Dream the life I am never to mix with,
 and image the show
 Of mankind as they live in those fashions
 I hardly shall know!
 Schemes of life, its best rules and right
 uses, the courage that gains,

And the prudence that keeps what men
 strive for." And now these old trains
 Of vague thought came again; I grew
 surer; so, once more the string
 Of my harp made response to my spirit,
 as thus —

XIII

"Yea, my King,"
 I began — "thou dost well in rejecting
 mere comforts that spring
 From the mere mortal life held in com-
 mon by man and by brute:
 In our flesh grows the branch of this life,
 in our soul it bears fruit.
 Thou hast marked the slow rise of the
 tree, — how its stem trembled first
 Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler;
 then safely outburst
 The fan-branches all round; and thou
 mindest when these too, in turn,
 Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed
 perfect: yet more was to learn,
 E'en the good that comes in with the palm-
 fruit. Our dates shall we slight,
 When their juice brings a cure for all
 sorrow? or care for the plight
 Of the palm's self whose slow growth pro-
 duced them? Not so! stem and
 branch
 Shall decay, nor be known in their place,
 while the palm-wine shall stanch
 Every wound of man's spirit in winter.
 I pour thee such wine,
 Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for!
 the spirit be thine!
 By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome
 thee, thou still shalt enjoy
 More indeed, than at first when incon-
 scious, the life of a boy.
 Crush that life, and behold its wine run-
 ning! Each deed thou hast done
 Dies, revives, goes to work in the world!
 until e'en as the sun
 Looking down on the earth, though clouds
 spoil him, though tempests efface,
 Can find nothing his own deed produced
 not, must everywhere trace
 The results of his past summer-prime, —
 so, each ray of thy will,
 Every flash of thy passion and prowess,
 long over, shall thrill

Thy whole people, the countless, with
ardour, till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn, fill
the South and the North
With the radiance thy deed was the germ
of. Carouse in the past!
But the license of age has its limit; thou
diest at last:
As the lion when age dims his eyeball,
the rose at her height,
So with man — so his power and his
beauty forever take flight.
No! Again a long draught of my soul-
wine! Look forth o'er the years!
Thou hast done now with eyes for the
actual; begin with the seer's!
Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale
make his tomb — bid arise
A gray mountain of marble heaped four-
square, till, built to the skies,
Let it mark where the great First King
slumbers: whose fame would ye
know?
Up above see the rock's naked face, where
the record shall go
In great characters cut by the scribe, —
Such was Saul, so he did;
With the sages directing the work, by
the populace chid, —
For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised
there! Which fault to amend,
In the grove with his kind grows the
cedar, whereon they shall spend
(See, in tablets 'tis level before them)
their praise, and record
With the gold of the graver, Saul's story,
— the stateman's great word
Side by side with the poet's sweet com-
ment. The river's a-wave
With smooth paper-reeds grazing each
other when prophet-winds rave:
So the pen gives unborn generations their
due and their part
In thy being! Then, first of the mighty,
thank God that thou art!"

XIV

And behold while I sang . . . but O Thou
who didst grant me that day,
And before it not seldom hast granted
thy help to essay,

Carry on and complete an adventure, —
my shield and my sword
In that act where my soul was thy serv-
ant, thy word was my word, —
Still be with me, who then at the summit
of human endeavour
And scaling the highest, man's thought
could, gazed hopeless as ever
On the new stretch of heaven above me
— till, mighty to save,
Just one lift of thy hand cleared that
distance — God's throne from
man's grave!
Let me tell out my tale to its ending —
my voice to my heart
Which can scare dare believe in what
marvels last night I took part,
As this morning I gather the fragments,
alone with my sheep,
And still fear lest the terrible glory evan-
ish like sleep!
For I wake in the gray dewy covert,
while Hebron upheaves
The dawn struggling with night on his
shoulder, and Kidron retrieves
Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

XV

I say then, — my song
While I sang thus, assuring the monarch,
and ever more strong
Made a proffer of good to console him —
he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly.
The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted compos-
ure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, and see — the huge sweat
that his countenance bathes,
He wipes off with the robe; and he girds
now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price,
with the clasp set before.
He is Saul, ye remember in glory, — ere
error had bent
The broad brow from the daily com-
munion; and still, though much
spent
Be the life and the bearing that front
you, the same, God did choose,
To receive what a man may waste, dese-
crate, never quite lose.

So sank he along by the tent-prop till,
 stayed by the pile
 Of his armor and war-cloak and garments,
 he leaned there awhile,
 And sat out my singing, — one arm round
 the tent-prop, to raise
 His bent head, and the other hung slack
 — till I touched on the praise
 I foresaw from all men in all time, to the
 man patient there;
 And thus ended, the harp falling forward.
 Then first I was 'ware
 That he sat, as I say, with my head just
 above his vast knees
 Which were thrust out on each side around
 me, like oak roots which please
 To encircle a lamb when it slumbers.
 I looked up to know
 If the best I could do had brought solace;
 he spoke not, but slow
 Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till
 he laid it with care
 Soft and grave, but in mild settled will,
 on my brow: through my hair
 The large fingers were pushed, and he bent
 back my head, with kind power —
 All my face back, intent to peruse it, as
 men do a flower.
 Thus held he me there with his great eyes
 that scrutinized mine —
 And oh, all my heart how it loved him!
 but where was the sign?
 I yearned — "Could I help thee, my
 father, inventing a bliss,
 I would add, to that life of the past, both
 the future and this;
 I would give thee new life altogether, as
 good, ages hence,
 As this moment, — had love but the war-
 rant, love's heart to dispense!"

XVI

Then the truth came upon me. No harp
 more — no song more! outbroke —

XVII

"I have gone the whole round of creation:
 I saw and I spoke:
 I, a work of God's hand for that purpose,
 received in my brain
 And pronounced on the rest of his hand-
 work — returned him again

His creation's approval or censure:— I
 spoke as I saw:
 I report, as a man may of God's work —
 all's love, yet all's law.
 Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me.
 Each faculty tasked
 To perceive him, has gained an abyss,
 where a dewdrop was asked.
 Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels
 at Wisdom laid bare.
 Have I forethought? how purblind, how
 blank to the Infinite Care!
 Do I task any faculty highest, to image
 success?
 I but open my eyes, — and perfection,
 no more and no less,
 In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me,
 and God is seen God
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in
 the soul and the clod.
 And thus looking within and around me,
 I ever renew
 (With that stoop of the soul which in
 bending upraises it too)
 The submission of man's nothing-perfect
 to God's all-complete,
 As by each new obeisance in spirit, I
 climb to his feet.
 Yet with all this abounding experience,
 this deity known,
 I shall dare to discover some province,
 some gift of my own.
 There's a faculty pleasant to exercise,
 hard to hoodwink,
 I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I
 laugh as I think)
 Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it,
 wot ye, I worst
 E'en the Giver in one gift. — Behold, I
 could love if I durst!
 But I sink the pretension as fearing a
 man may o'ertake
 God's own speed in the one way of love:
 I abstain for love's sake.
 — What, my soul? see thus far and no
 farther? when doors great and
 small,
 Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch,
 should the hundredth appall?
 In the least things have faith, yet dis-
 trust in the greatest of all?

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's
ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete
with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator, —
the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning
do all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help
him, who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the
bare will, much less power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the
marvellous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with?
to make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for
insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my
warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on,
and give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him,
maintain at the height
This perfection, — succeed with life's day-
spring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch
Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,
— and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the pre-
lude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,
— a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended —
who knows? — or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream,
of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning
intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose,
by the struggles in this.

XVIII

"I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that givest,
'tis I who receive:
In the first is the last, in thy will is my
power to believe.
All's one gift: thou canst grant it more-
over, as prompt to my prayer
As I breathe out this breath, as I open
these arms to the air.

From thy will stream the worlds, life
and nature, thy dread Sabaoth:
I will? — the mere atoms despise me!
Why am I not loth
To look that, even that in the face too?
Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance?
What stops my despair?
This; — 'tis not what man Does which
exalts him, but what man Would
do!
See the King — I would help him but
cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow,
grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I
would — knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh,
speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So
wouldst thou — so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffa-
blest, uttermost crown —
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor
leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It
is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salva-
tion joins issue with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty,
almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it,
of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the
strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry
for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.
O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee;
a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever:
a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee! See the Christ stand!"

XIX

I know not too well how I found my way
home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me,
to left and to right,

Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen,
 the alive, the aware :
 I repressed, I got through them as hardly,
 as strugglingly there,
 As a runner beset by the populace famished
 for news —
 Life or death. The whole earth was
 awakened, hell loosed with her
 crews ;
 And the stars of night beat with emotion,
 and tingled and shot
 Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowl-
 edge : but I fainted not,
 For the Hand still impelled me at once
 and supported, suppressed
 All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet,
 and holy behest,
 Till the rapture was shut in itself, and
 the earth sank to rest.
 Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had
 withered from earth —
 Not so much, but I saw it die out in the
 day's tender birth ;
 In the gathered intensity brought to the
 gray of the hills ;
 In the shuddering forests' held breath ;
 in the sudden wind-thrills ;
 In the startled wild beasts that bore off,
 each with eye sidling still
 Though averted with wonder and dread ;
 in the birds stiff and chill
 That rose heavily, as I approached them,
 made stupid with awe :
 E'en the serpent that slid away silent, —
 he felt the new law.
 The same stared in the white humid faces
 upturned by the flowers ;
 The same worked in the heart of the cedar
 and moved the vine-bowers :
 And the little brooks witnessing mur-
 mured, persistent and low,
 With their obstinate, all but hushed
 voices — "E'en so, it is so !"

EVELYN HOPE

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-
 flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass ;
 Little has yet been changed, I think :
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass
 Save two long rays through the hinge's
 chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
 name ;
 It was not her time to love ; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,
 Duties enough and little cares,
 And now was quiet, now astir,
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares, —
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope ?
 What, your soul was pure and true,
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew —
 And, just because I was thrice as old
 And our paths in the world diverged
 so wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be told ?
 We were fellow mortals, naught beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love :
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a
 few :
 Much is to learn, much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will,
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I
 shall say)
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,
 That body and soul so pure and gay ?
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own gera-
 nium's red —
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old life's
 stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since
 then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me:
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
 What is the issue? Let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
 My heart seemed full as it could hold;
 There was place and to spare for the frank
 young smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's
 young gold.
 So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep:
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
 There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
 You will wake, and remember, and
 understand.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

WHERE the quiet-colored end of evening
 smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight,
 stray or stop
 As they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils,
 wielding far
 Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast
 a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain
 rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they
 run
 Into one,)
 Where the domed and daring palace shot
 its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er a hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on
 nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of
 grass
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'er-
 spreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone —
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy
 and woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up,
 dread of shame
 Struck them tame;
 And that glory and that shame alike,
 the gold
 Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that re-
 mains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of
 blossom winks
 Through the chinks —
 Marks the basement whence a tower in
 ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots
 traced
 As they raced.
 And the monarch and his minions and
 his dames
 Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored
 eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling
 fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished
 gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers
 caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks
 now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples,
 all the glades'
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, —
 and then,
 All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not, she
 will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first
 embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and
 speech
 Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar
 high
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full
 force —
 Gold, of course.
 Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood
 that burns!
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories
 and the rest!
 Love is best.

MY STAR

ALL that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,
 hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the
 Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; there-
 fore I love it.

MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
 And also you are living after;
 And the memory I started at —
 My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
 And a certain use in the world no doubt,
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
 Well, I forget the rest.

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE grey sea and the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, through its joys and
 fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!

PARTING AT MORNING

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the
 sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountain's
 rim:
 And straight was a path of gold for
 him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

THERE's a palace in Florence, the world
 knows well,
 And a statue watches it from the square.
 And this story of both do our townsmen
 tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
 At the farthest window facing the East
 Asked, "Who rides by with the royal
 air!"

The bridesmaids' prattle around her
 ceased;
 She leaned forth, one on either hand;
 They saw how the blush of the bride in-
 creased —

They felt by its beats her heart expand —
 As one at each ear and both in a breath
 Whispered, "The Great-Duke Ferdinand."

That selfsame instant, underneath,
 The Duke rode past in his idle way,
 Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
 Till he threw his head back — "Who is
 she?"
 — "A bride the Riccardi brings home
 to-day."

Hair in heaps lay heavily
 Over a pale brow spirit-pure —
 Carved like the heart of the coal-black
 tree,

Crisped like a war steed's encolure —
 And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
 Of the blackest black our eyes endure,

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise
 Filled the fine empty sheath of a man, —
 The Duke grew straightway brave and
 wise.

He looked at her as a lover can;
 She looked at him, as one who awakes:
 The past was a sleep, and her life began.

Now, love so ordered for both their sakes,
 A feast was held that selfsame night
 In the pile which the mighty shadow
 makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
 But the palace overshadows one,
 Because of a crime, which may God re-
 quite!

To Florence and God the wrong was done,
 Through the first republic's murder there
 By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the
 square)
 Turned in the midst of his multitude
 At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
 A single minute and no more
 While the bridegroom bent as a man sub-
 dued —

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor —
 For the Duke on the lady a kiss con-
 ferred,
 As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
 If a word did pass, which I do not think,
 Only one out of a thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's
 brink
 He and his bride were alone at last
 In a bed chamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast,
 That the door she had passed was shut
 on her
 Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir,
 Through a certain window facing the East
 She could watch like a convent's chroni-
 cler.

Since passing the door might lead to a
 feast,
 And a feast might lead to so much beside,
 He, of many evils, chose the least.

"Freely I choose too," said the bride —
 "Your window and its world suffice,"
 Replied the 'tongue, while the heart
 replied —

"If I spend the night with that devil
 twice,
 May his window serve as my loop of hell
 Whence a damned soul looks on paradise!

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well,
 Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
 Ere I count another ave-bell.

"'Tis only the coat of a page to borrow,
 And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
 And I save my soul — but not to-mor-
 row — "

(She checked herself and her eye grew
 dim)

"My father tarries to bless my state:
 I must keep it one day more for him.

"Is one day more so long to wait?
 Moreover the Duke rides past, I know;
 We shall see each other, sure as fate."

She turned on her side and slept. Just so!
 So we resolve on a thing and sleep:
 So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, "Dear or cheap
 As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
 To body or soul, I will drain it deep."

And on the morrow, bold with love,
 He beckoned the bridegroom (close on call,
 As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove)

And smiled "'Twas a very funeral,
 Your lady will think, this feast of ours, —
 A shame to efface whate'er befall!

"What if we break from the Arno bowers,
 And try if Petraja, cool and green,
 Cure last night's faults with this morning's
 flowers?"

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
 On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
 Said, "Too much favour for me so mean!

"But alas! my lady leaves the South;
 Each wind that comes from the Apennine
 Is a meance to her tender youth:

"Nor a way exists, the wise opine,
 If she quits her palace twice this year,
 To avert the flower of life's decline."

Quoth the Duke, "A sage and a kindly fear.
 Moreover Petraja is cold this spring:
 Be our feast to-night as usual here!"

And then to himself — "Which night
 shall bring
 Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool —
 Or I am the fool, and thou art the king!

"Yet my passion must wait a night, nor
 cool —
 For to-night the Envoy arrives from
 France
 Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my tool.

"I need thee still and might miss per-
 chance.
 To-day is not wholly lost, beside,
 With its hope of my lady's countenance:

"For I ride — what should I do but ride?
 And passing her palace, if I list,
 May glance at its window — well betide!"

So said, so done: nor the lady missed
 One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
 Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit
 kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow,
 No morrow's sun should arise and set
 And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
 With still fresh cause to wait one day more
 Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
 With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
 They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
 But not in despite of heaven and earth:
 The rose would blow when the storm
 passed by.

Meantime they could profit in winter's
dearth
By store of fruits that supplant the rose:
The world and its ways have a certain
worth:

And to press a point while these oppose
Were simple policy; better wait:
We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's fate,
Who daily may ride and pass and look
Where his lady watches behind the grate!

And she — she watched the square like a
book
Holding one picture and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook:

When the picture was reached the book
was done,
And she turned from the picture at night
to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

So weeks grew months, years; gleam by
gleam
The glory dropped from their youth and
love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a
dream;

Which hovered as dreams do, still above:
But who can take a dream for a truth?
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove!

One day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so
peaked, —
And wondered who the woman was,
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass —
"Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass,

"Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,
Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

"Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range.

"Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square!

"And let me think that it may beguile
Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

"To say, 'What matters it at the end?
I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced
friend.'

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm —

"Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow."

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine,
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine —

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,
As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face —

Eying ever, with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless
stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by —)

The duke had sighed like the simplest
wretch

In Florence, "Youth — my dream es-
capes!

Will its record stay?" And he bade
them fetch

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes —
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes?

"John of Douay shall effect my plan,
Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

"In the very square I have crossed so oft :
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

"While the mouth and the brow stay
brave in bronze —
Admire and say, 'When he was alive
How he would take his pleasure once!'

"And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen the while, and laugh in my tomb
At idleness which aspires to strive."

So! While these wait the trump of doom,
How do their spirits pass, I wonder,
Nights and days in the narrow room?

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Only they see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss —
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way through the
world to this.

I hear you reproach, "But delay was best,
For their end was a crime." — Oh, a crime
will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

Must a game be played for the sake of
pelf?
Where a button goes, 't were an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.

The true has no value beyond the sham ;
As well the counter as coin, I submit,
When your table's a hat, and your prize,
a dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,

If you choose to play! — is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin :
And the sin I impute to each frustrate
ghost

Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you? *De te, fabula!*

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

I AM poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
You need not clap your torches to my face.
Zooks, what's to blame? you think you see
a monk!

What, 'tis past midnight, and you go the
rounds,

And here you catch me at an alley's end
Where sportive ladies leave their doors
ajar?

The Carmine's my cloister: hunt it up,
Do, — harry out, if you must show your
zeal,

Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong
hole,

And nip each softling of a wee white
mouse,

Weke, weke, that's crept to keep him
company!

Aha, you know your betters! Then,
you'll take

Your hand away that's fiddling on my
throat,

And please to know me likewise. Who
am I?

Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a
friend

Three streets off — he's a certain . . . how
d'ye call?

Master — a . . . Cosimo of the Medici.
I' the house that caps the corner. Boh!
you were best!

Remember and tell me, the day you're
hanged,

How you affected such a gullet's-gripe!

But you, sir, it concerns you that your
knaves

Pick up a manner nor discredit you :
 Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep
 the streets
 And count fair prize what comes into
 their net?
 He's Judas to a tittle, that man is!
 Just such a face! Why, sir, you make
 amends.
 Lord, I'm not angry! Bid your hang-
 dogs go
 Drink out this quarter-florin to the
 health
 Of the munificent House that harbours
 me
 (And many more beside, lads! more
 beside!)
 And all's come square again. I'd like
 his face —
 His, elbowing on his comrade in this
 door
 With the pike and lantern, — for the
 slave that holds
 John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair
 With one hand ("Look you, now," as
 who should say)
 And his weapon in the other, yet un-
 wiped!
 It's not your chance to have a bit of
 chalk,
 A wood-coal or the like? or you should see!
 Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so.
 What, brother Lippo's doings, up and
 down
 You know them and they take you?
 like enough!
 I saw the proper twinkle in your eye —
 'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.
 Let's sit and set things straight now, hip
 to haunch.
 Here's spring come, and the nights one
 makes up bands
 To roam the town and sing our carnival,
 And I've been three weeks shut within
 my mew,
 A-painting for the great man, saints and
 saints
 And saints again. I could not paint all
 night —
 Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air.
 There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
 A sweep of lute strings, laughs, and
 whiffs of song, —

*Flower o' the broom,
 Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
 Flower o' the quince,
 I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
 Flower o' the thyme — and so on. Round
 they went.*
 Scarce had they turned the corner when
 a titter
 Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,
 — three slim shapes,
 And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir,
 flesh and blood,
 That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it
 went,
 Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
 All the bed-furniture — a dozen knots,
 There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
 Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and
 so dropped,
 And after them. I came up with the fun
 Hard by Saint Laurence, hail fellow, well
 met, —
*Flower o' the rose,
 If I've been merry, what matter who knows?
 And so as I was stealing back again
 To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
 Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work
 On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast
 With his great round stone to subdue the
 flesh,*
 You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see!
 Though your eye twinkles still, you shake
 your head —
 Mine's shaved — a monk, you say — the
 sting's in that!
 If Master Cosimo announced himself,
 Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!
 Come, what am I a beast for? tell us, now!
 I was a baby when my mother died
 And father died and left me in the street.
 I starved there, God knows how, a year
 or two
 On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and
 shucks,
 Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty
 day,
 My stomach being empty as your hat,
 The wind doubled me up and down I went.
 Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one
 hand,
 (Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
 And so along the wall, over the bridge,

By the straight cut to the convent. Six
words there,

While I stood munching my first bread
that month:

"So, boy, you're minded," quoth the
good fat father,

Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refection-
time, —

"To quit this very miserable world?

Will you renounce" . . . "the mouthful
of bread?" thought I;

By no means! Brief, they made a monk
of me;

I did renounce the world, its pride and
greed,

Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-
house,

Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to — all at eight
years old.

Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure,
'Twas not for nothing — the good bellyful,
The warm serge and the rope that goes
all round,

And day-long blessed idleness beside!

"Let's see what the urchin's fit for" —
that came next.

Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
Such a to-do! They tried me with their
books;

Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in
pure waste!

Flower o' the clove,

All the Latin I construe is "amo," I love!

But, mind you, when a boy starves in the
streets

Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folk's faces to know who will
fling

The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he
desires,

And who will curse or kick him for his
pains, —

Which gentleman processional and fine,

Holding a candle to the Sacrament,

Will wink and let him lift a plate and
catch

The droppings of the wax to sell again,

Or holla for the Eight and have him
whipped, —

How say I? — nay, which dog bites,
which lets drop

His bone from the heap of offal in the
street, —

Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp
alike,

He learns the look of things, and none
the less

For admonition from the hunger-pinch.

I had a store of such remarks, be sure,

Which, after I found leisure, turned to use.

I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's
marge,

Joined legs and arms to the long music-
notes,

Found eyes and nose and chin for A's
and B's,

And made a string of pictures of the world
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door. The
monks looked black.

"Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out,
d'ye say?

In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
And Preaching Friars, to do our church up
fine

And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he bade me daub away.

Thank you! my head being crammed,
the walls a blank,

Never was such prompt disburdening.

First, every sort of monk, the black and
white,

I drew them, fat and lean: then, folk
at church,

From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-
ends, —

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting
there

With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration, half for his beard and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because of
Christ

(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years)

Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her
head,

(Which the intense eyes looked through)
 came at eve
 On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,
 Her pair of earrings and a bunch of flowers
 (The brute took growling), prayed, and
 so was gone.
 I painted all, then cried " 'Tis ask and
 have;
 Choose, for more's ready!" — laid the
 ladder flat,
 And showed my covered bit of cloister-
 wall,
 The monks closed in a circle and praised
 loud
 Till checked, taught what to see and not
 to see,
 Being simple bodies, — "That's the very
 man!
 Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
 That woman's like the Prior's niece who
 comes
 To care about his asthma: it's the life!"
 But there my triumph's straw-fire flared
 and funk'd;
 Their betters took their turn to see and
 say:
 The Prior and the learned pulled a face
 And stopped all that in no time. "How?
 what's here?
 Quite from the mark of painting, bless us
 all!
 Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
 As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-game!
 Your business is not to catch men with
 show,
 With homage to the perishable clay,
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,
 Make them forget there's such a thing as
 flesh.
 Your business is to paint the souls of
 men —
 Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . .
 no, it's not . . .
 It's vapour done up like a new-born babe —
 (In that shape when you die it leaves your
 mouth)
 It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's
 the soul!
 Give us no more of body than shows
 soul!
 Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising
 God,

That sets us praising, — why not stop
 with him?
 Why put all thoughts of praise out of our
 head
 With wonder at lines, colours, and what
 not?
 Paint the soul, never mind the legs and
 arms!
 Rub all out, try at it a second time.
 Oh, that white smallish female with the
 breasts,
 She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I
 would say, —
 Who went and danced and got men's
 heads cut off!
 Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I
 ask?
 A fine way to paint soul, by painting
 body
 So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go
 further
 And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow
 does for white
 When what you put for yellow's simply
 black,
 And any sort of meaning looks intense
 When all beside itself means and looks
 naught.
 Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
 Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
 Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
 Both in their order? Take the prettiest
 face,
 The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint — is
 it so pretty
 You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
 Sorrow, or joy? won't beauty go with
 these?
 Suppose I've made her eyes all right and
 blue,
 Can't I take breath and try to add life's
 flash,
 And then add soul and heighten them
 three-fold?
 Or say there's beauty with no soul at all —
 (I never saw it — put the case the same —)
 If you get simple beauty and naught else,
 You get about the best thing God invents:
 That's somewhat: and you'll find the
 soul you have missed,
 Within yourself, when you return him
 thanks.

"Rub all 'out!" Well, well, there's my
 life, in short,
 And so the thing has gone on ever since.
 I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken
 bounds:
 You should not take a fellow eight years
 old.
 And make him swear to never kiss the girls.
 I'm my own master, paint now as I
 please —
 Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-
 house!
 Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in
 front —
 Those great rings serve more purposes
 than just
 To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse!
 And yet the old schooling sticks, the old
 grave eyes
 Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
 The heads shake still — "It's art's de-
 cline, my son!
 You're not of the true painters, great
 and old;
 Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find;
 Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer:
 Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the
 third!"

Flower o' the pine,
You keep your mistr . . . manners, and
I'll stick to mine!
 I'm not the third, then: bless us, they
 must know!
 Don't you think they're the likeliest to
 know,
 They with their Latin? So, I swallow my
 rage,
 Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight,
 and paint
 To please them — sometimes do and some-
 times don't;
 For, doing most, there's pretty sure to
 come
 A turn, some warm eve finds me at my
 saints —
 A laugh, a cry, the business of the world —
(Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all, and his own life for each!)
 And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs
 over,
 The world and life's too big to pass for
 a dream,

And I do these wild things in sheer despite,
 And play the fooleries you catch me at,
 In pure rage! The old mill-horse, out
 at grass
 After hard years, throws up his stiff heels
 so,
 Although the miller does not preach to him
 The only good of grass is to make chaff.
 What would men have? Do they like
 grass or no —
 May they or may n't they? all I want's
 the thing
 Settled forever one way. As it is,
 You tell too many lies and hurt yourself:
 You don't like what you only like too
 much,
 You do like what, if given you at your
 word,
 You find abundantly detestable.
 For me, I think I speak as I was taught;
 I always see the garden and God there
 A-making man's wife: and, my lesson
 learned,
 The value and significance of flesh,
 I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.

You understand me: I'm a beast, I
 know.
 But see, now — why, I see as certainly
 As that the morning-star's about to shine,
 What will hap some day. We've a
 youngster here
 Comes to our convent, studies what I do,
 Slouches and stares and lets no atom drop:
 His name is Guidi — he'll not mind the
 monks —
 They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them
 talk —
 He picks my practice up — he'll paint
 apace.
 I hope so — though I never live so long,
 I know what's sure to follow. You be
 judge!
 You speak no Latin more than I, belike;
 However, you're my man, you've seen
 the world
 — The beauty and the wonder and the
 power,
 The shapes of things, their colours, lights,
 and shades,
 Changes, surprises, — and God made it
 all!

— For what? Do you feel thankful, ay
or no.

For this fair town's face, yonder river's
line,

The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman,
child,

These are the frame to? What's it all
about?

To be passed over, despised? or dwelt
upon,

Wondered at? oh, this last of course! —
you say.

But why not do as well as say, — paint
these

Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works — paint any one, and count
it crime

To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His
works

Are here already; nature is complete:

Suppose you reproduce her — (which you
can't)

There's no advantage! you must beat
her, then."

For, don't you mark? we're made so that
we love

First when we see them painted, things
we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted — better
to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given
for that;

God uses us to help each other so,

Lending our minds out. Have you no-
ticed, now,

Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of
chalk,

And trust me but you should, though!
How much more,

If I drew higher things with the same
truth!

That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,
Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh,

It makes me mad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world's

no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and

means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and

drink.

"Ay, but you don't so instigate to
prayer!"

Strikes in the Prior: "when your mean-
ing's plain

It does not say to folk — remember
matins,

Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why,
for this

What need of art at all? A skull and
bones,

Two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or,
what's best,

A bell to chime the hour with, does as
well.

I painted a Saint Laurence six months
since

At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style:
"How looks my painting, now the scaf-
fold's down?"

I ask a brother: "Hugely," he returns —
"Already not one phiz of your three slaves

Who turn the Deacon off his toasted side,
But's scratched and prodded to our

heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their own

With coming to say prayers there in a rage:
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.

Expect another job this time next year,
For pity and religion grow i' the crowd —

Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang
the fools!

— That is — you'll not mistake an idle
word

Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which turns

The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport me,

now!
It's natural a poor monk out of bounds

Should have his apt word to excuse
himself:

And harken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece

... There's for you! Give me six
months, then go, see

Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless
the nuns!

They want a cast o' my office. I shall
paint

God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,

Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet

As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to Church at mid-
summer.

And then i' the front, of course a saint or
two —

Saint John, because he saves the Flo-
rentines,

Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black
and white

The convent's friends and gives them a
long day,

And Job, I must have him there past
mistake,

The man of Uz (and Us without the z,
Painters who need his patience). Well,
all these

Secured at their devotion, up shall come
Out of a corner when you least expect,
As one by a dark stair into a great light,
Music and talking, who but Lippo! I! —
Mazed, motionless, and moonstruck —
I'm the man!

Back I shrink — what is this I see and
hear?

I, caught up with my monk's-things by
mistake,

My old serge gown and rope that goes
all-round,

I, in this presence, this pure company!
Where's a hole, where's a corner for
escape?

Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
Forward, puts out a soft palm — "Not so
fast!"

— Addresses the celestial presence,
"nay —

He made you and devised you, after all,
Though he's none of you! Could Saint
John there draw —

His camel-hair make up a painting-brush?

We come to brother Lippo for all that,
Iste perfecit opus!" So, all smile —

I shuffle sideways with my blushing face
Under the cover of a hundred wings
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when
you're gay

And play hot cockles, all the doors being
shut,

Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle off
To some safe bench behind, not letting go
The palm of her, the little lily thing

That spoke the good word for me in the
nick,

Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy,
I would say,

And so all's saved for me, and for the
church

A pretty picture gained. Go, six months
hence!

Your hand, sir, and good-by: no lights,
no lights!

The street's hushed, and I know my own
way back,

Don't fear me! There's the gray be-
ginning. Zooks!

ANDREA DEL SARTO

CALLED "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER"

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your
heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend,
never fear,

Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? ten-
derly?

Oh, I'll content him, — but to-morrow,
Love!

I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems
As if — forgive now — should you let me
sit

Here by the window with your hand in
mine

And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole,
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for this!
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls
inside.

Don't count the time lost, neither; you
must serve

For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so —

My serpentine beauty, rounds on
rounds!

— How could you ever prick those perfect
ears,

Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet —
My face, my moon, my everybody's
moon,

Which everybody looks on and calls his,
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks — no one's: very dear, no
less.

You smile? why, there's my picture ready
made,

There's what we painters call our har-
mony!

A common grayness silvers everything, —
All in a twilight, you and I alike

— You, at the point of your first pride in
me

(That's gone you know), — but I, at every
point;

My youth, my hope, my art, being all
toned down

To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.

There's the bell clinking from the chapel-
top;

That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days
decrease,

And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's
hand.

How strange now looks the life he makes
us lead;

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!

I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!

This chamber for example — turn your
head —

All that's behind us! You don't under-
stand

Nor care to understand about my art,
But you can hear at least when people
speak:

And that cartoon, the second from the door
— It is the thing, Love! so such thing
should be —

Behold Madonna! — I am bold to say.

I can do with my pencil what I know,

What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep —

Do easily, too — when I say, perfectly,
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are
judge,

Who listened to the Legate's talk last
week,

And just as much they used to say in
France.

At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!

No sketches first, no studies, that's long
past:

I do what many dream of all their lives,
— Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. I could count twenty
such

On twice your fingers, and not leave this
town,

Who strive — you don't know how the
others strive

To paint a little thing like that you
smeared

Carelessly passing with your robes
afloat, —

Yet do much less, so much less, Someone
says,

(I know his name, no matter) — so much
less!

Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-
up brain,

Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to
prompt

This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's
hand of mine.

Their works drop groundward, but them-
selves, I know,

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut
to me,

Enter and take their place there sure
enough,

Though they come back and cannot tell the
world.

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
The sudden blood of these men! at a
word —

Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it
boils too.

I, painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's
blame

Or their praise either. Somebody remarks

Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
Rightly traced and well ordered; what of that?

Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,

Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
I know both what I want and what might gain,

And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
"Had I been two, another and myself,
Our head would have o'erlooked the world!" No doubt.

Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth

The Urbinate who died five years ago.

('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)

Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,

Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,

Above and through his art — for it gives way;

That arm is wrongly put — and there again —

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right — that, a child may understand.

Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight, and the stretch —

Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,

We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think —

More than I merit, yes, by many times.
But had you — oh, with the same perfect brow,

And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,

And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —

Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!

Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged

"God and the glory! never care for gain.
The present by the future, what is that?
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
I might have done it for you. So it seems:

Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;

The rest avail not. Why do I need you?
What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?
In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
Yet the will's somewhat — somewhat, too, the power —

And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
That I am something underrated here,
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.

I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,

For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
The best is when they pass and look aside;
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.

Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,

And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!

I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
In that humane great monarch's golden look, —

One finger in his beard or twisted curl
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
I painting proudly with his breath on me,
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those
 hearts, —
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my
 work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
 And had you not grown restless . . . but
 I know —
 'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my in-
 stinct said;
 Too live the life grew, golden and not
 gray,
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should
 tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make
 his world.
 How could it end in any other way?
 You called me, and I came home to your
 heart.
 The triumph was — to reach and stay
 there; since
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 Let my hands frame your face in your
 hair's gold,
 You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!
 "Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;
 The Roman's is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife" —
 Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer
 grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think.
 For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
 Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
 To Rafael . . . I have known it all these
 years . . .
 (When the young man was flaming out his
 thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
 Too lifted up in heart because of it)
 "Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
 Goes up and down our Florence, none cares
 how,
 Who, were he set to plan and execute
 As you are, pricked on by your popes and
 kings,
 Would bring the sweat into that brow of
 yours!"
 To Rafael's! — And indeed the arm is
 wrong.
 I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,

Give the chalk here — quick, thus the line
 should go!
 Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
 Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
 (What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
 Do you forget already words like those?)
 If really there was such a chance, so lost, —
 Is, whether you're — not grateful — but
 more pleased.
 Well, let me think so. And you smile in-
 deed!
 This hour has been an hour! Another
 smile?
 If you would sit thus by me every night
 I should work better, do you comprehend?
 I mean that I should earn more, give you
 more.
 See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
 Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the
 wall,
 The cue-owls speak the name we call them
 by.
 Come from the window, love, — come in,
 at last,
 Inside the melancholy little house
 We built to be so gay with. God is just.
 King Francis may forgive me: oft at
 nights
 When I look up from painting, eyes tired
 out,
 The walls become illumined, brick from
 brick
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright
 gold,
 That gold of his I did cement them with!
 Let us but love each other. Must you go?
 That Cousin here again? he waits outside?
 Must see you — you, and not with me?
 Those loans?
 More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for
 that?
 Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to
 spend?
 While hand and eye and something of a
 heart
 Are left me, work's my ware, and what's
 it worth?
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
 The gray remainder of the evening out,
 Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
 How I could paint, were I but back in
 France,

One picture, just one more — the Virgin's
face,
Not yours this, time! I want you at my
side
To hear them — that is, Michel Agnolo —
Judge all I do, and tell you of its worth.
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
I take the subjects for his corridor,
Finish the portrait out of hand — there,
there,
And throw him in another thing or two
If he demurs; the whole should prove
enough
To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Be-
side,
What's better and what's all I care about,
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff!
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what
does he,
The Cousin! what does he to please you
more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
The very wrong to Francis! — it is true
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
And built this house and sinned, and all is
said.

My father and my mother died of want.
Well, had I riches of my own? you see
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his
lot.

They were born poor, lived poor, and poor
they died:

And I have laboured somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely. Some good
son

Paint my two hundred pictures — let him
try!

No doubt, there's something strikes a bal-
ance. Yes,

You loved me quite enough, it seems to-
night.

This must suffice me here. What would
one have?

In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more
chance —

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me
To cover — the three first without a wife,

While I have mine! So — still they over-
come

Because there's still Lucrezia, — as I
choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was
made:

Our times are in his hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see
all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"

Not that, admiring stars,

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends,
transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears

Annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!

Rather I prize the doubt

Low kinds exist without,

Finished and finite clods, untroubled by
a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,

Were man but formed to feed

On joy, to solely seek and find a feast:

Such feasting ended, then

As sure an end to men;

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt
the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoice we are allied

To that which doth provide

And not partake, effect and not receive!

A spark disturbs our clod;

Nearer we hold of God

Who gives, than of his tribes that take,
I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough;

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go!

Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!

For thence, — a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks, —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would
not sink i' the scale.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs
want play?
To man, propose this test —
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its
lone way?

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How
good to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect
too:
Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete, — I trust what
thou shalt do!"

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for
rest:

Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute, — gain most, as
we did best!

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day

I strove, made head, gained ground upon
the whole!"

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
than flesh helps soul!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its
term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though
in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and
new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to
indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know,
being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots — "Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies an-
other day."

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at
last,

"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain;
The Future I may face now I have proved
the Past."

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved

To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the
 tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught
 found made :

So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death
 nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand
 thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let
 thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announced to each his station in the
 Past !

Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
 Right? Let age speak the truth and
 give us peace at last !

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me ; we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that : whom shall
 my soul believe ?

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had
 the price ;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could
 value in a trice :

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,

So passed in making up the main account ;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
 the man's amount :

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and
 escaped ;

All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel
 the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor ! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our
 clay, —

Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past
 gone, seize to-day !"

Fool ! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall ;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God
 stand sure :

What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
 Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter
 and clay endure.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain
 arrest :

Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently
 impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the
 sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up !
 To uses of a cup,

The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
 needst thou with earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was
 worst,
 Did I — to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to
 slake thy thirst:

So, take and use thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings
 past the aim!
 My times be in thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death
 complete the same!

YOUTH AND ART

It once might have been, once only:
 We lodged in a street together,
 You, a sparrow on the house top lonely,
 I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
 You thumbed, thrust, patted and
 polished,
 Then laughed "They will see some day
 Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
 I chirped, cheeped, trilled and twittered,
 "Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
 And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
 Than you by a sketch in plaster:
 You wanted a piece of marble,
 I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
 Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
 For air, looked out on the tiles,
 For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
 Cap and blouse — nay, a bit of beard
 too:

Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
 With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I — soon managed to find
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
 Was forced to put up a blind
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
 If you never turned your eye's tail up
 As I shook upon E *in alt.*,
 Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
 And the boys and girls gave guesses,
 And stalls in our street looked rare
 With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
 In a pellet of clay and fling it?
 Why did not I put a power
 Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
 (And yet the memory rankles,)
 When models arrived, some minx
 Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
 "That foreign fellow, — who can know
 How she pays, in a playful mood,
 For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
 "Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
 And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short
 tunes?"

No, no: you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over:
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
 I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
 I've married a rich old lord,
 And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life unfulfilled, you see ;

It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired, — been
happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And peple suppose me clever :
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it forever.

A FACE

If one could have that little head of
hers
Painted upon a background of pale
gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers !
No shade encroaching on the matchless
mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening
soft *.
In the pure profile: not as when she
laughs,
For that spoils all: but rather as if aloft
Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its
staff's
Burden of honey-coloured buds to kiss
And capture 'twixt the lips apart for
this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might
surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold
ground
Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it
lifts !
I know, Correggio loves to mass, in rifts
Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on orb
Breaking its outline, burning shades
absorb :
But these are only massed there, I should
think,
Waiting to see some wonder momentarily
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the
sky
(That's the pale ground you'd see this
sweet face by),
All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into
one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should
it wink.

PROSPICE

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts
denote

I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the
storm,

The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a
visible form,

Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit
attained,

And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon
be gained,

The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last !

I would hate that death bandaged my
eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.

No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like
my peers

The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
life's arrears

Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to
the brave,

The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices
that rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace
out of pain,

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee
again,

And with God be the rest !

EPILOGUE

At the midnight in the silence of the
sleep-time,

When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where — by death, fools
think, imprisoned —

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom
you loved so,
— Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the
 unmanly ?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I
 drivel

— Being — who ?

One who never turned his back but
 marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were
 worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
 better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's
 work-time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !
 Bid him forward, breast and back as
 either should be,
 "Strive and thrive !" cry "Speed, —
 fight on, fare ever
 There as here !"

WILLIAM MORRIS

TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON

THERE was a lady lived in a hall,
 Large of her eyes and slim and tall ;
 And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

There was a knight came riding by
 In early spring, when the roads were dry ;
 And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Yet none the more he stopp'd at all,
 But he rode a-gallop past the hall ;
 And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
 And the scarlet and blue had got to be
 met,
 He rode on the spur till the next warm
 noon :
Two red roses across the moon.

But the battle was scatter'd from hill
 to hill,
 From the windmill to the watermill ;
 And he said to himself, as it near'd the
 noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

You scarce could see for the scarlet and
 blue,
 A golden helm or a golden shoe :
 So he cried, as the fight grew thick at
 the noon,
Two red roses across the moon !

Verily then the gold bore through
 The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue ;
 And they cried, as they cut them down
 at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon !

I trow he stopp'd when he rode again
 By the hall, though draggled sore with
 the rain ;
 And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon.

Under the may she stoop'd to the crown,
 All was gold, there was nothing of brown,
 And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

THE DAY IS COMING

COME hither, lads, and harken, for a tale
 there is to tell,
 Of the wonderful days a-coming, when
 all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country,
 a land in the midst of the sea,
 And folk shall call it England in the
 days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand in
 the days that are yet to come,
 Shall have some hope of the morrow,
 some joy of the ancient home.

For then, laugh not, but listen to this
 strange tale of mine,
 All folk that are in England shall be
 better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his
hand,
Nor yet come home in the even too faint
and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming shall work
and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning and the
hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man
then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch
at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth shall
then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by
him that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice! But
for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labour in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing but to
fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market, and
pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city, and the
little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories, the
tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder; and
the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music: all
those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living in the
days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!
But what are the deeds of to-day,
In the days of the years we dwell in,
that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we wait-
ing? There are three words to
speak;

WE WILL IT, and what is the foeman
but the dream-strong wakened and
weak?

O why and for what are we waiting?
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens a
wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us where
crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-
crushed, hungry hell?

Through squalid life they laboured, in
sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother, those
props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo
it, nor save our souls from the
curse;

But many a million cometh, and shall
they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten, and
open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror, and
the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom till
the waiting-tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us, the
living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle a glim-
mering light is shed.

Come, then, let us cast off fooling, and
 put by ease and rest,
 For the Cause alone is worthy till the
 good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle wherein no
 man can fail,
 Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his
 deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling, for this,
 at least, we know:
 That the Dawn and the Day is coming,
 and forth the Banners go.

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE

BUT, knowing now that they would have
 her speak,
 She threw her wet hair backward from
 her brow,
 Her hand close to her mouth touching
 her cheek,

As though she had had there a shameful
 blow,
 And feeling it shameful to feel aught
 but shame
 All through her heart, yet felt her cheek
 burned so,

She must a little touch it; like one lame
 She walked away from Gauwaine, with
 her head
 Still lifted up; and on her cheek of flame

The tears dried quick; she stopped at
 last and said:
 "O knights and lords, it seems but little
 skill
 To talk of well-known things past now
 and dead.

"God wot I ought to say, I have done ill,
 And pray you all forgiveness heartily!
 Because you must be right, such great
 lords; still

"Listen, suppose your time were come
 to die,
 And you were quite alone and very weak;
 Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

"The wind was ruffling up the narrow
 streak
 Of river through your broad lands run-
 ning well:
 Suppose a hush should come, then some
 one speak:

"One of these cloths is heaven, and one
 is hell,
 Now choose one cloth for ever; which
 they be,
 I will not tell you, you must somehow
 tell

"Of your own strength and mightiness;
 here, see!
 Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your
 eyes,
 At foot of your familiar bed to see

"A great God's angel standing, with
 such dyes,
 Not known on earth, on his great wings,
 and hands,
 Held out two ways, light from the inner
 skies

"Showing him well, and making his
 commands
 Seem to be God's commands, moreover,
 too,
 Holding within his hands the cloths on
 wands;

"And one of these strange choosing
 cloths was blue,
 Wavy and long, and one cut short and
 red;
 No man could tell the better of the two.

"After a shivering half-hour you said:
 'God help! heaven's colour, the blue;'
 and he said, 'hell.'
 Perhaps you would then roll upon your
 bed,

"And cry to all good men that loved
 you well,
 'Ah Christ! if only I had known, known,
 known;'
 Launcelot went away, then I could tell,

"Like wisest man how all things would
be; moan,
And roll and hurt myself, and long to die,
And yet fear much to die for what was
sown.

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happened through
these years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that
you lie."

Her voice was low at first, being full of
tears,
But as it cleared, it grew full loud and
shrill,
Growing a windy shriek in all men's
ears,

A ringing in their startled brains, until
She said that Gauwaine lied, then her
voice sunk,
And her great eyes began again to fill,

Though still she stood right up, and
never shrunk,
But spoke on bravely, glorious lady fair!
Whatever tears her full lips may have
drunk,

She stood, and seemed to think, and
wring her hair,
Spoke out at last with no more trace of
shame,
With passionate twisting of her body
there:

"It chanced upon a day that Launcelot
came
To dwell at Arthur's court: at Christ-
mastime
This happened; when the heralds sung
his name,

"Son of King Ban of Benwick, seemed
to chime
Along with all the bells that rang that
day,
O'er the white roofs, with little change
of rhyme.

"Christmas and whitened winter passed
away,
And over me the April sunshine came,
Made very awful with black hail-clouds,
yea

"And in the Summer I grew white with
flame,
And bowed my head down: Autumn,
and the sick
Sure knowledge things would never be
the same,

"However often Spring might be most
thick
Of blossoms and buds, smote on me, and
I grew
Careless of most things, let the clock
tick, tick,

"To my unhappy pulse, that beat right
through
My eager body; while I laughed out loud,
And let my lips curl up at false or true,

"Seemed cold and shallow without any
cloud.
Behold, my judges, then the cloths were
brought;
While I was dizzied thus, old thoughts
would crowd,

"Belonging to the time ere I was bought
By Arthur's great name and his little love;
Must I give up for ever then, I thought,

"That which I deemed would ever round
me move
Glorifying all things; for a little word,
Scarce ever meant at all, must I now prove

"Stone-cold for ever? Pray you, does
the Lord
Will that all folks should be quite happy
and good?
I love God now a little, if this cord

"Were broken, once for all what striving
could
Make me love anything in earth or
heaven?
So day by day it grew, as if one should

"Slip slowly down some path worn smooth
and even,
Down to a cool sea on a summer day;
Yet still in slipping there was some small
leaven

"Of stretched hands catching small stones
by the way,
Until one surely reached the sea at last,
And felt strange new joy as the worn
head lay

"Back, with the hair like sea-weed;
yea all past
Sweat of the forehead, dryness of the lips,
Washed utterly out by the dear waves
o'ercast,

"In the lone sea, far off from any ships!
Do I not know now of a day in Spring?
No minute of that wild day ever slips

"From out my memory; I hear thrushes
sing,
And wheresoever I may be, straightway
Thoughts of it all come up with most
fresh sting:

"I was half mad with beauty on that day,
And went without my ladies all alone,
In a quiet garden walled round every way;

"I was right joyful of that wall of stone,
That shut the flowers and trees up with
the sky,
And trebled all the beauty: to the bone,

"Yea right through to my heart, grown
very shy
With wary thoughts, it pierced, and
made me glad;
Exceedingly glad, and I knew verily,

"A little thing just then had made me mad;
I dared not think, as I was wont to do,
Sometimes, upon my beauty; If I had

"Held out my long hand up against the
blue,
And, looking on the tenderly darken'd
fingers,
Thought that by rights one ought to see
quite through,

"There, see you, where the soft still
light yet lingers,
Round by the edges; what should I have
done,
If this had joined with yellow spotted
singers,

"And startling green drawn upward by
the sun?
But shouting, loosed out, see now! all
my hair,
And trancedly stood watching the west
wind run

"With faintest half-heard breathing
sound: why there
I lose my head e'en now in doing this;
But shortly listen: In that garden fair

"Came Launcelot walking; this is true,
the kiss
Wherewith we kissed in meeting that
spring day,
I scarce dare talk of the remember'd bliss,

"When both our mouths went wander-
ing in one way,
And aching sorely, met among the leaves;
Our hands being left behind strained
far away.

"Never within a yard of my bright
sleeves
Had Launcelot come before: and now
so nigh!
After that day why is it Guenevere grieves?

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever happened on through all those
years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that
you lie.

"Being such a lady could I weep these tears
If this were true? A great queen such as I
Having sinn'd this way, straight her
conscience sears;

"And afterwards she liveth hatefully,
Slaying and poisoning, certes never weeps:
Gauwaine, be friends now, speak me
lovingly.

"Do I not see how God's dear pity
 creeps
 All through your frame, and trembles in
 your mouth?
 Remember in what grave your mother
 sleeps,

"Buried in some place far down in the
 south
 Men are forgetting as I speak to you;
 By her head sever'd in that awful drouth

"Of pity that drew Agravaïne's fell blow,
 I pray your pity! let me not scream out
 For ever after, when the shrill winds
 blow

"Through half your castle-locks! let
 me not shout
 For ever after in the winter night
 When you ride out alone! in battle-rout

"Let not my rusting tears make your
 sword light!
 Ah! God of mercy, how he turns away!
 So, ever must I dress me to the fight,

"So: let God's justice work! Gauwaine,
 I say,
 See me hew down your proofs: yea all
 men know
 Even as you said how Mellyagraunce one
 day,

"One bitter day in *la Fausse Garde*, for so
 All good knights held it after, saw:
 Yea, sirs, by cursed unknighly outrage;
 though

"You, Gauwaine, held his word without
 a flaw.

.

Not so, fair lords, even if the world should
 end

"This very day, and you were judges
 here
 Instead of God. Did you see Melly-
 graunce
 When Launcelot stood by him? what
 white fear

"Curdled his blood, and how his teeth
 did dance,
 His side sink in? as my knight cried and
 said:

'Slayer of unarm'd men, here is a chance!

"'Setter of traps, I pray you guard your
 head,
 By God I am so glad to fight with you,
 Stripper of ladies, that my hand feels lead

"'For driving weight; hurrah now!
 draw and do,
 For all my wounds are moving in my
 breast,
 And I am getting mad with waiting so.'

"He struck his hands together o'er the
 beast,
 Who fell down flat, and grovell'd at his
 feet,
 And groan'd at being slain so young:
 'At least,'

"My knight said, 'Rise you, sir, who are
 so fleet
 At catching ladies, half-arm'd will I
 fight,
 My left side all uncovered!' then I weet,

"Up sprang Sir Mellyagraunce with
 great delight
 Upon his knave's face; not until just
 then
 Did I quite hate him, as I saw my knight

"Along the lists look to my stake and pen
 With such a joyous smile, it made me sigh
 From agony beneath my waist-chain,
 when

"The fight began, and to me they drew
 nigh;
 Ever Sir Launcelot kept him on the right,
 And traversed warily, and ever high

"And fast leapt caitiff's sword, until my
 knight
 Sudden threw up his sword to his left
 hand,
 Caught it and swung it; that was all the
 fight;

"Except a spout of blood on the hot
land;
For it was hottest summer; and I know
I wonder'd how the fire, while I should
stand,

"And burn, against the heat, would
quiver so,
Yards above my head; thus these mat-
ters went;
Which things were only warnings of
the woe

"That fell on me. Yet Mellyagraunce
was shent,
For Mellyagraunce had fought against
the Lord;
Therefore, my lords, take heed lest you
be blent

"With all his wickedness; say no rash
word
Against me, being so beautiful; my eyes
Wept all away to gray, may bring some
sword

"To drown you in your blood; see my
breast rise,
Like waves of purple sea, as here I stand;
And how my arms are moved in won-
derful wise,

"Yea also at my full heart's strong com-
mand,
See through my long throat how the
words go up
In ripples to my mouth; how in my hand

"The shadow lies like wine within a cup
Of marvellously color'd gold; yea now
This little wind is rising, look you up,

"And wonder how the light is falling so
Within my moving tresses: will you dare
When you have looked a little on my
brow,

"To say this thing is vile? or will you
care
For any plausible lies of cunning woof,
When you can see my face with no lie
there

"For ever? am I not a gracious proof? —
'But in your chamber Launcelot was
found' —
Is there a good knight then would stand
aloof,

"When a queen says with gentle queenly
sound:
'O true as steel, come now and talk with
me,
I love to see your step upon the ground

"Unwavering, also well I love to see
That gracious smile light up your face,
and hear
Your wonderful words, that all mean
verily

"The thing they seem to mean: good
friend, so dear
To me in everything, come here to-
night,
Or else the hours will pass most dull and
drear;

"If you come not, I fear this time I
might
Get thinking over much of times' gone
by,
When I was young, and green hope was
in sight:

"For no man cares now to know why I
sigh;
And no man comes to sing me pleasant
songs,
Nor any brings me the sweet flowers
that lie

"So thick in the gardens; therefore
one so longs
To see you, Launcelot; that we may be
Like children once again, free from all
wrongs

"Just for one night.' Did he not come
to me?
What thing could keep true Launcelot
away
If I said, 'Come?' there was one less
than three

"In my quiet room that night, and we
were gay;
Till sudden I rose up, weak, pale, and
sick,
Because a bawling broke our dream up,
yea

"I looked at Launcelot's face and could
not speak,
For he looked helpless too, for a little
while;

Then I remember how I tried to shriek,

"And could not, but fell down; from
tile to tile

The stones they threw up rattled o'er
my head

And made me dizzier; till within a while

"My maids were all about me, and my
head

On Launcelot's breast was being soothed
away,

From its white chattering, until Launce-
lot said: . . .

"By God! I will not tell you more to-
day,

Judge any way you will: what matters
it?

You know quite well the story of that
fray,

"How Launcelot still'd their bawling,
the mad fit

That caught up Gauwaine, all, all,
verily,

But just that which would save me;
these things flit.

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happen'd these long
years,

God knows I speak truth, saying that
you lie!

"All I have said is truth, by Christ's
dear tears."

She would not speak another word, but
stood

Turn'd sideways; listening, like a man
who hears

His brother's trumpet sounding through
the wood

Of his foes' lances. She leaned eagerly,
And gave a slight spring sometimes, as
she could

At last hear something really; joyfully
Her cheek grew crimson, as the head-
long speed

Of the roan charger drew all men to
see,

The knight who came was Launcelot at
good need.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

MY SISTER'S SLEEP

SHE fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle
sound

Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and
blank;

Like a sharp strengthening wine it
drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindle
 dling years
 Heard in each hour, crept off; and
 then
 The ruffled silence spread again,
 Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
 Her needles, as she laid them down,
 Met lightly, and her silken gown
 Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
 So, as said angels, she did say;
 Because we were in Christmas Day,
 Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
 There was a pushing back of chairs,
 As some who had sat unawares
 So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
 Our mother went where Margaret lay,
 Fearing the sounds o'erhead — should
 they
 Have broken her long watched-for rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned;
 But suddenly turned back again;
 And all her features seemed in pain
 With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
 And held my breath, and spoke no
 word:
 There was none spoken; but I heard
 The silence for a little-space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
 And both my arms fell; and I said,
 "God knows I knew that she was
 dead."
 And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
 A little after twelve o'clock
 We said, ere the first quarter struck,
 "Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun;
 So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart-remembered names;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she leaned on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
 strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
 Its path; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! 'Even now, in that bird's
 song,
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be harkened? When those bells
 Possessed the mid-day air,
 Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on
 earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light;
 As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the
 groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded;
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robos for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak:
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
 Bowed with their aureoles:
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me: —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now,
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She
ceased.

The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

AUTUMN SONG

KNOW'ST thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the heart feels a languid grief
Laid on it for a covering;
And how sleep seems a goodly thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

And how the swift beat of the brain
Falters because it is in vain,
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf
Knowest thou not? and how the chief
Of joys seems — not to suffer pain?

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

THE SONNET

*A Sonnet is a moment's monument, —
Memorial from the Soul's eternity
To one dead deathless hour. Look that
it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:*

*Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time
see*

*Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The Soul, — its converse, to what Power
'tis due: —*

*Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous
breath,
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.*

THE PORTRAIT

O LORD of all compassionate control,
O Love! let this my lady's picture glów
Under my hand to praise her name, and
show

Even of her inner self the perfect whole:
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest
goal,

Beyond the light that the sweet glances
throw

And reflowing wave of the sweet smile,
may know

The very sky and sea-line of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the enthroning
throat

The mouth's mould testifies of voice and
kiss,

The shadowed eyes remember and fore-
see.

Her face is made her shrine. Let all men
note

That in all years (O Love, thy gift is
this!)

They that would look on her must come
to me.

THE LOVE-LETTER

WARMED by her hand and shadowed by
her hair

As close she leaned and poured her heart
through thee,

Whereof the articulate throbs accom-
pany

The smooth black stream that makes thy
whiteness fair, —

Sweet fluttering sheet, even of her breath
aware, —

Oh let thy silent song disclose to me
 That soul wherewith her lips and eyes agree
 Like married music in Love's answering air.
 Fain had I watched her when, at some
 fond thought,
 Her bosom to the writing closelier press'd,
 And her breast's secrets peered into her
 breast;
 When, through eyes raised an instant,
 her soul sought
 My soul, and from the sudden confluence
 caught
 The words that made her love the love-
 liest.

BRIDAL BIRTH

As when desire, long darkling, dawns,
 and first
 The mother looks upon the new-born
 child,
 Even so my Lady stood at gaze and
 smiled
 When her soul knew at length the Love
 it nurs'd.
 Born with her life, creature of poignant
 thirst
 And exquisite hunger, at her heart Love
 lay
 Quickening in darkness, till a voice that day
 Cried on him, and the bonds of birth
 were burst.
 Now, shadowed by his wings, our faces
 yearn
 Together, as his fullgrown feet now
 range
 The grove, and his warm hands our
 couch prepare:
 Till to his song our bodiless souls in turn
 Be born his children, when Death's nup-
 tial change
 Leaves us for light the halo of his hair.

MICHELANGELO'S KISS

GREAT Michelangelo, with age grown
 bleak
 And uttermost labors, having once o'er-
 said
 All grievous memories on his long life
 shed,
 This worst regret to one true heart could
 speak:—

That when, with sorrowing love and rever-
 erence meek,
 He stooped o'er sweet Colonna's dying bed,
 His Muse and dominant Lady, spirit-
 wed, —
 Her hand he kissed, but not her brow or
 cheek.
 O Buonarrotti, — good at Art's fire-
 wheels
 To urge her chariot! — even thus the Soul,
 Touching at length some sorely-chastened
 goal,
 Earns oftenest but a little: her appeals
 Were deep and mute, — lowly her claim.
 Let be:
 What holds for her Death's garner?
 And for thee?

SISTER HELEN

"WHY did you melt your waxen man,
 Sister Helen?
 To-day is the third since you began."
 "The time was long, yet the time ran,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Three days to-day, between Hell and
 Heaven!)*
 "But if you have done your work aright,
 Sister Helen,
 You'll let me play, for you said I might."
 "Be very still in your play to-night,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Third night, to-night, between Hell and
 Heaven!)*
 "You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,
 Sister Helen;
 If now it be molten, all is well."
 "Even so, — nay, peace! you cannot tell,
 Little brother."
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 O what is this, between Hell and Heaven?)*
 "Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
 Sister Helen;
 How like dead folk he has dropped away!"
 "Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
 Little brother?"
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
 What of the dead, between Hell and
 Heaven?)*

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as
blood!"

"Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother?"

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick
and sore,

Sister Helen,
And I'll play without the gallery door."
"Aye, let me rest, — I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother."

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What rest to-night, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me."

"Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother."

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sight to-night, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen;

In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you
spake,

Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sound to-night, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,

Three horsemen that ride terribly."
"Little brother, whence come the three,

Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Whence should they come, between Hell
and Heaven?*)

"They come by the hill-verge from
Boyne Bar,

Sister Helen,
And one draws nigh, but two are afar."

"Look, look, do you know them who
they are,

Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Who should they be, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,

For I know the white mane on the blast."
"The hour has come, has come at last,

Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"He has made a sign and called Halloo!
Sister Helen,

And he says that he would speak with
you."

"Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother."

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and
Heaven!*)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen.

That Keith of Ewern's like to die."
"And he and thou, and thou and I,

Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,

He sickened, and lies since then forlorn."
"For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn,

Little brother?"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"Three days and nights he has laid abed,
Sister Helen,

And he prays in torment to be dead."
"The thing may chance, if he have
prayed,

Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he have prayed, between Hell and
Heaven!*)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,

That you should take your curse away."

"My prayer was heard, — he need but
pray,

Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*Shall God not hear, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"But he says, till you take back your
ban,

Sister Helen,

His soul would pass, yet never can."

"Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,

And says that he melts before a flame."

"My heart for his pleasure fared the
same,

Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,

For I know the white plume on the
blast."

"The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his
horse,

Sister Helen;

But his words are drowned in the wind's
course."

"Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear
perforce,

Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*What word now heard, between Hell and
Heaven?*)

"Oh he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,

Is ever to see you ere he die."

"In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*The soul's one sight, between Hell and
Heaven!*)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,

And bids you mind the banks of Boyne."

"What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
No, never joined, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,

You pardon him in his mortal pain."

"What else he took will he give again,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,

That even dead Love must weep to see."

"Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
*Love turned to hate, between Hell and
Heaven!*)

"Oh it's Keith of Keith now that rides
fast,

Sister Helen,

For I know the white hair on the blast."

"The short, short hour will soon be past,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,

But oh! his voice is sad and weak!"

"What here should the mighty Baron
seek,

Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,

The body dies, but the soul shall live."

"Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh he prays you, as his heart would
 rive,

Sister Helen,
 To save his dear son's soul alive."
 "Fire cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
 Sister Helen,
 To go with him for the love of God!"
 "The way is long to his son's abode,
 Little brother."
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
 Sister Helen,
 So darkly clad, I saw her not."
 "See her now or never see aught,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
What more to see, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Her hood falls back, and the moon
 shines fair,
 Sister Helen,
 On the Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
 "Blest hour of my power and her despair,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Hour blest and bann'd, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride
 did glow,
 Sister Helen,
 'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago."
 "One morn for pride and three days for
 woe.

Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days, three nights, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Her clasped hands stretch from her
 bending head,
 Sister Helen;
 With the loud wind's wail her sobs are
 wed."

"What wedding-strains hath her bridal-
 bed,

Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
What strain but death's, between Hell and Heaven?)

"She may not speak, she sinks in a
 swoon,

Sister Helen,
 She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
 "Oh! might I but hear her soul's blithe
 tune,

Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's
 saddle-bow,

Sister Helen,
 And her moonlit hair gleams white in
 its flow."

"Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and Heaven!)

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
 Sister Helen!
 More loud than the vesper-chime it fell."
 "No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
 Sister Helen;
 Is it in the sky or in the ground?"
 "Say, have they turned their horses
 round,

Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
What would she more, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They have raised the old man from his
knee,

Sister Helen,
And they ride in silence hastily."

"More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!"

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
Sister Helen,

But the lady's dark steed goes alone."

"And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath
flown,

Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen,

And weary sad they look by the hill."

"But he and I are sadder still,
Little brother!"

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"See, see, the wax has dropped from its
place,

Sister Helen,
And the flames are winning up apace!"

"Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother!"

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven!*)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has
cross'd,

Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"

"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!*)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
for years,

Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:

And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy
years,

Those of my own life, who by turns had
flung

A shadow across me. Straightway I
was 'ware,

So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by
the hair;

And a voice said in mastery, while I
strove, —

"Guess now who holds thee?" — "Death,"
I said. But, there,

The silver answer rang, — "Not Death,
but Love."

II

BUT only three in all God's universe
Have heard this word thou hast said, —
Himself, beside

Thee speaking, and me listening! and
replied

One of us . . . *that* was God, . . . and
laid the curse

So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce
My sight from seeing thee, — that if I
had died,

The deathweights, placed there, would
have signified

Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is worse
From God than from all others, O my
friend!

Men could not part us with their worldly
jars,

Nor seas change us, nor the tempests
bend;

Our hands would touch for all the moun-
tain-bars:

And, heaven being rolled between us at
the end,

We should but vow the faster for the
stars.

III

UNLIKE are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.

Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart

Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink
thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play
thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at
me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing
through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrim is on thine head, — on mine,
the dew, —
And Death must dig the level where these
agree.

VII

THE face of all the world is changed, I
think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy
soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they
stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought
to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught
the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of
dole
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with
thee anear.
The names of country, heaven, are changed
away
For where thou art or shalt be, there or
here;
And this . . . this lute and song . . .
loved yesterday;
(The singing angels know) are only dear
Because thy name moves right in what
they say.

XIV

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile — her look — her
way
Of speaking gently, — for a trick of
thought

That falls in well with mine, and certes
brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day" —
For these things in themselves, Belovèd,
may
Be changed, or change for thee, — and
love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me
for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks
dry, —
A creature might forget to weep, who
bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love
thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that ever-
more
Thou mayst love on, through love's eter-
nity.

XVIII

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thought-
fully,
I ring out to the full brown length and say
"Take it." My day of youth went yester-
day:
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's
glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more; it only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark
of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that
hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the
funeral-shears
Would take this first, but love is justi-
fied, —
Take it thou, finding pure, from all those
years,
The kiss my mother left here when she
died.

XXI

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the
word repeated
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou
dost treat it,
Remember, never to the hill or plain,

Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.

Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain

Cry, "Speak once more — thou lovest!"
Who can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,

Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me — toll

The silver iterance! — only minding, Dear,
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

XXVIII

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!

And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string

And let them drop down on my knee to-night.

This said, — he wished to have me in his sight

Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,

Yet I wept for it! — this, . . . the paper's light . . .

Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and quailed

As if God's future thundered on my past.

This said, *I am thine* — and so its ink has paled

With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed

If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

XLIV

BELOVÉD, thou hast brought me many flowers

Plucked in the garden, all the summer through

And winter, and it seemed as if they grew
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.

So, in the like name of that love of ours,
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,

And which on warm and cold days I withdrew

From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers

Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,

Here's ivy! — take them, as I used to do
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.

Instruct thine eyes to keep their colours true,

And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE

THE YOUTH OF THE YEAR

From ATALANTA IN CALYDON

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign
faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying
of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with
might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west
shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet
of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we
sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and
cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could
spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams
that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling
to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-
wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year
flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot
kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with de-
light
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in
sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves
bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of
its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that
scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that
flies.

RONDEL

KISSING her hair I sat against her
feet,
Wove and unwove it, wound and found
it sweet.
Made fast therewith her hands, drew
down her eyes.
Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like
dim skies;
With her own tresses bound and found
her fair,
Kissing her hair.
Sleep were no sweeter than her face to
me,
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold
sea;
What pain could get between my face
and hers?
What new sweet thing would love not
relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed
me there,
Kissing her hair?

A BALLAD OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

PRINCE OF ALL BALLAD-MAKERS

BIRD of the bitter bright gray golden
morn,
Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous
years,
First of us all and sweetest singer born,
Whose far shrill note the world of new
men hears

Cleave the cold shuddering shade as
twilight clears;
When song new-born put off the old
world's attire
And felt its tune on her changed lips ex-
pire,

Writ foremost on the roll of them that
came
Fresh girt for service of the latter lyre,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
name!

Alas, the joy, the sorrow, and the scorn,
That clothed thy life with hopes and
sins and fears,

And gave thee stones for bread and tares
for corn

And plume-plucked gaol-birds for thy
starveling peers,
Till death clipt close their flight with
shameful shears;

Till shifts came short and loves were
hard to hire,

When lilt of song nor twitch of twang-
ling wire

Could buy thee bread or kisses; when
light fame

Spurned like a ball and haled through
brake and briar,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
name!

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled
and torn!

Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with
light quick tears!

Poor perfect voice, most blithe when
most forlorn,

That rings athwart the sea whence no
man steers,

Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells
in our ears!

What far delight has cooled the fierce desire
That, like some ravenous bird, was
strong to tire

On that frail flesh and soul consumed
with flame,

But left more sweet than roses to respire,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
name?

ENVOI

PRINCE of sweet songs made out of tears
and fire,

A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
Shame soiled thy song, and song as-
soiled thy shame.

But from thy feet now death has washed
the mire,

Love reads out first at head of all our
quire,

Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
name.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the
heat

They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurl'd,
They close, clench'd hard like tighten-
ing bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearl'd
 Match, even in loveliest lands,
 The sweetest flowers in all the world —
 A baby's hands.

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
 Ere lips learn words or sighs,
 Bless all things bright enough to win
 A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and
 lies,
 And sleep flows out and in,
 Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
 Their speech make dumb the wise,
 By mute glad godhead felt within
 A baby's eyes.

IN THE WATER

THE sea is awake, and the sound of the
 song of the joy of her waking is
 rolled

From afar to the star that recedes, from
 anear to the wastes of the wild
 wide shore.

Her call is a trumpet compelling us home-
 ward: if dawn in her east be acold,
 From the sea shall we crave not her grace
 to rekindle the life that it kindled
 before,

Her breath to requicken, her bosom to
 rock us, her kisses to bless as of
 yore?

For the wind, with his wings half open,
 at pause in the sky, neither fettered
 nor free,

Leans waveward and flutters the ripple
 to laughter: and fain would the
 twain of us be

Where lightly the wave yearns forward
 from under the curve of the deep
 dawn's dome,

And, full of the morning and fired with
 the pride of the glory thereof and
 the glee,

Strike out from the shore as the heart
 in us bids and beseeches, athirst for
 the foam.

Life holds not an hour that is better to
 live in: the past is a tale that is
 told,

The future is a sun-flecked shadow, alive
 and asleep, with a blessing in
 store.

As we give us again to the waters, the
 rapture of limbs that the waters
 enfold

Is less than the rapture of spirit whereby,
 though the burden it quits were
 sore,

Our souls and the bodies they wield at
 their will are absorbed in the life
 they adore —

In the life that endures no burden, and
 bows not the forehead, and bends
 not the knee —

In the life everlasting of earth and of
 heaven, in the laws that atone and
 agree,

In the measureless music of things, in the
 fervour of forces that rest or that
 roam,

That cross and return and reissue, as I
 after you and as you after me

Strike out from the shore as the heart in
 us bids and beseeches, athirst for
 the foam.

For, albeit he were less than the least of
 them, haply the heart of a man
 may be bold

To rejoice in the word of the sea, as a
 mother's that saith to the son she
 bore,

"Child, was not the life in thee mine,
 and my spirit the breath in thy lips
 from of old?"

Have I let not thy weakness exult in my
 strength, and thy foolishness learn
 of my lore?

Have I helped not or healed not thine
 anguish, or made not the might of
 thy gladness more?"

And surely his heart should answer, "The
 light of the love of my life is in
 thee."

She is fairer than earth, and the sun is not
 fairer, the wind is not blither than
 she:

From my youth hath she shown me the
joy of her bays that I crossed, of her
cliffs that I clomb,

Till now that the twain of us here, in
desire of the dawn and in trust of
the sea,

Strike out from the shore as the heart in
us bids and beseeches, athirst for
the foam.

Friend, earth is a harbour of refuge for
winter, a covert whereunder to flee
When day is the vassal of night, and the
strength of the hosts of her mightier
than he;

But here is the presence adored of me,
here my desire is at rest and at
home.

There are cliffs to be climbed upon land,
there are ways to be trodden and
ridden: but we

Strike out from the shore as the heart
in us bids and beseeches, athirst for
the foam.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly break-
ing,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets
making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the
light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ALL IS WELL

WHATE'ER you dream, with doubt pos-
sessed,

Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
And lay you down and take your rest;
Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
And when you wake, to work again.
The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well: no need of care;
Though how it will, and when, and where,
We cannot see, and can't declare.
In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS

"BOSWELL: We grow weary when idle.

"JOHNSON: That is, sir, because others being
busy, we want company; but if we were idle,
there would be no growing weary; we should all
entertain one another."

JUST now, when every one is bound,
under pain of a decree in absence convict-
ing them of *lèse-respectability*, to enter on
some lucrative profession, and labour
therein with something not far short of
enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party
who are content when they have enough,
and like to look on and enjoy in the mean-
while, savours a little of bravado and
gasconade. And yet this should not be.
Idleness so called, which does not consist
in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal
not recognised in the dogmatic formularies
of the ruling class, has as good a right to
state its position as industry itself. It is
admitted that the presence of people who
refuse to enter in the great handicap race
for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult
and a disenchantment for those who do.
A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes
his determination, votes for the sixpences,
and in the emphatic Americanism, "goes
for" them. And while such an one is
ploughing distressfully up the road, it is



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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favour of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a

stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thoughts.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truantry that you regret; you would rather cancel some lacklustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the

conversation that should thereupon ensue:—

"How, now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade, neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment."

Hereupon, Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatening countenance, broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spread its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older,

came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter xx., which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix., which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, your truant may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have "plied their book diligently," and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanour, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes the idler, who began life along with them — by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with

only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way took him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Commonsense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many firelit parlours; good people laughing, drinking, and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require

to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuffbox empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who

look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result. You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stock-broker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Colonel Newcome helped to lose his friend's money; Fred Bayham had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than Mr. Barnes. And though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabases whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate

as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humour; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an

evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into bankrupt court; scribblers who

keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centrepoint of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

ÆS TRIPLEX

THE changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve

some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon

it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battlefield in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having out-

lived someone else; and when a draught might puff them out like a fluttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making

it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout — that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some

degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, someone is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleas-

ure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall — a mere bag's end, as the French say — or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a Bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognise our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly

upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlours with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlour with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-

blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be

at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, fullblooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

LEARNING TO WRITE¹

ALL through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also; often accom-

panied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

This was all excellent, no doubt; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep, but always and very speedily discarded, finding them a school of posturing and melancholy self-deception. And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. Good though it was, it only taught me (so far as I have learned them at all) the lower and less intellectual elements of the art, the choice of the essential note and the right word: things that to a happier constitution had perhaps come by nature. And regarded as training, it had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labours at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and coördination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann. I remember one of these monkey tricks, which was called *The Vanity of Morals*: it was to have had a second part, *The Vanity of Knowledge*; and as I had neither morality nor scholarship, the names were apt; but the second part was never attempted, and the first part was written (which is my reason for recalling it, ghostlike, from its ashes) no less than three times: first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. So with my other works: *Cain*, an epic,

¹ From *A College Magazine*.

was (save the mark!) an imitation of *Sordello*: *Robin Hood*, a tale in verse, took an eclectic middle course among the fields of Keats, Chaucer, and Morris: in *Monmouth*, a tragedy, I reclined on the bosom of Mr. Swinburne; in my innumerable gouty-footed lyrics, I followed many masters; in the first draft of *The King's Pardon*, a tragedy, I was on the trail of no lesser man than John Webster; in the second draft of the same piece, with staggering versatility, I had shifted my allegiance to Congreve, and of course conceived my fable in a less serious vein — for it was not Congreve's verse, it was his exquisite prose, that I admired and sought to copy. Even at the age of thirteen I had tried to do justice to the inhabitants of the famous city of Peebles in the style of the *Book of Snobs*. So I might go on for ever, through all my abortive novels, and down to my later plays, of which I think more tenderly, for they were not only conceived at first under the bracing influence of old Dumas, but have met with resurrections: one, strangely bettered by another hand, came on the stage itself and was played by bodily actors; the other, originally known as *Semiramis: a Tragedy*, I have observed on book-stalls under the *alias* of *Prince Otto*. But enough has been said to show by what arts of impersonation, and in what purely ventriloquial efforts I first saw my words on paper.

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there was never a finer temperament for literature than Keats's; it was so if we could trace it out, that all men have learned; and that is why a revival of letters is always accompanied or heralded by a cast back, to earlier and fresher models. Perhaps I hear someone cry out: But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality. There can be none more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more

unlike Cicero; yet no craftsman can fail to see how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters: he was of all men the most imitative. Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. It is only from a school that we can expect to have good writers; it is almost invariably from a school that great writers, these lawless exceptions, issue. Nor is there anything here that should astonish the considerate. Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practised the literary scales; and it is only after years of such gymnastic that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrase simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and (within the narrow limit of a man's ability) able to do it.

And it is the great point of these imitations that there still shines beyond the student's reach his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure; and it is a very old and a very true saying that failure is the only high-road to success. I must have had some disposition to learn; for I clear-sightedly condemned my own performances. I liked doing them indeed; but when they were done, I could see they were rubbish. In consequence, I rarely showed them even to my friends; and such friends as I chose to be my confidants I must have chosen well, for they had the friendliness to be quite plain with me. "Padding," said one. Another wrote: "I cannot understand why you do lyrics so badly." No more could I! Thrice I put myself in the way of a more authoritative rebuff, by sending a paper to a magazine. These were returned; and I was not surprised nor even pained. If they had not been looked at, as (like all amateurs) I suspected was the case, there was no good in repeating the experiment; if they had been looked at — well, then I had not yet

learned to write, and I must keep on learning and living. Lastly, I had a piece of good fortune, which is the occasion of this paper, and by which I was able to see my literature in print, and to measure experimentally how far I stood from the favour of the public.

A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE

IN anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story—if it be a story—repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, “towards the close of the year 17—,” several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to westward, and a scowling fellow of herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. This was further afield than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favourite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words “post-chaise,” the “great North road,” “ostler,”

and “nag,” still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long afterwards to be the admirable opening of *What will he Do with It?* It was no wonder that I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague; it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sickroom. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted windows and the figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck.¹ Different as they are, all these early favourites have a common note—they have all a touch of the romantic.

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but

¹ Since traced by many obliging correspondents to the gallery of Charles Kingsley. [Stevenson's note.]

the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build upon this ground the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant harbour puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny,

suggestive and impenetrable, "miching mallecho." The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbours and green garden and silent, eddying river — though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion* and Nelson parted from his Emma — still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smoulders, waiting for its hour. The old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine — in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of *The Antiquary*. But you need not tell me — that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determined at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into trivial acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near, with express intimations — "here my destiny awaits me" — and we have but dined there and passed on! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man of the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip

upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.¹

Now this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as the imaginative grown person, joining in the game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together, and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears, — these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up at one blow our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the

impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

English people of the present day are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Reduced even to the lowest terms, a certain interest can be communicated by the art of narrative, a sense of human kinship stirred; and a kind of monotonous fitness, comparable to the words and air of "Sandy's Mull," preserved among the infinitesimal occurrences recorded. Some people work in this manner, with even a strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen arise to the mind in this connection. But even Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to chronicling small beer. Mr. Crawley's collision with the bishop's wife, Mr. Melnotte dallying in the deserted banquet-room, are typical incidents, epically conceived, fitly embodying a crisis. Or again look at Thackeray. If Rawdon Crawley's blow were not delivered, *Vanity Fair* would cease to be a work of art.

¹ Since the above was written I have tried to launch the boat with my own hand in *Kidnapped*. Some day, perhaps, I may try a rattle at the shutters. [Stevenson's note.]

That scene is the chief ganglion of the tale; and the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist is the reward and consolation of the reader. The end of *Esmond* is a yet wider excursion from the author's customary fields; the scene at Castlewood is pure Dumas; the great and wily English borrower has here borrowed from the great unblushing French thief; as usual, he has borrowed admirably well, and the breaking of the sword rounds off the best of all his books with a manly, martial note. But perhaps nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity for marking incident than to compare the living fame of *Robinson Crusoe* with the discredit of *Clarissa Harlowe*. *Clarissa* is a book of a far more startling import, worked out, on a great canvas, with inimitable courage and unflagging art. It contains wit, character, passion, plot, conversations full of spirit and insight, letters sparkling with unstrained humanity; and if the death of the heroine be somewhat frigid and artificial, the last days of the hero strike the only note of what we now call Byronism, between the Elizabethans and Byron himself. And yet a little story of a shipwrecked sailor, with not a tenth part of the style nor a thousandth part of the wisdom, exploring none of the arcana of humanity and deprived of the perennial interest of love, goes on from edition to edition, while *Clarissa* lies upon the shelves unread. A friend of mine, a Welsh blacksmith, was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of *Robinson* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance, but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read *Robinson*. It is like the

story of a love-chase. If he had heard a letter from *Clarissa*, would he have been fired with the same chivalrous ardour? I wonder. Yet *Clarissa* has every quality that can be shown in prose, one alone excepted—pictorial or picture-making romance. While *Robinson* depends, for the most part and with the overwhelming majority of its readers, on the charm of circumstance.

In the highest achievements of the art of words, the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest, rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure. Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age—I mean the *Arabian Nights*—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, in the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment, and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors, in the purely material charm of some of his romances. The early part of *Monte Cristo*, down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremour; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread and Dantès little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error, gloomy, bloody, unnatural and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe

there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance. It is very thin and light, to be sure, as on a high mountain; but it is brisk and clear and sunny in proportion. I saw the other day, with envy, an old and very clever lady setting forth on a second or third voyage into *Monte Cristo*. Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets. The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them; their springs are an open secret; their faces are of wood; their bellies filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures. And the point may be illustrated still further. The last interview between Lucy and Richard Feveril is pure drama; more than that, it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue. Their first meeting by the river, on the other hand, is pure romance; it has nothing to do with character; it might happen to any other boy and maiden, and be none the less delightful for the change. And yet I think he would be a bold man who should choose between these passages. Thus in the same book we may have two scenes, each capital in its order: in the one, human passion, deep calling unto deep, shall utter its genuine voice; in the second, according circumstances, like instruments in tune, shall build up a trivial but desirable incident, such as we love to prefigure for ourselves; and in the end, in spite of the critics, we may hesitate to give the preference to either. The one may ask more genius — I do not say it does; but at least the other dwells as clearly in the memory.

True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. *Robinson Crusoe* is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti,

pirates, war and murder, is to conjure with great names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa¹ is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of *Crusoe* at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is "a joy for ever" to the man who reads of them. They are the things that should be found, and bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a new book, *The Sailor's Sweetheart*, by Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig *Morning Star* is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books, and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry, legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of the Swiss Family Robinson, that dreary family. They found article after article, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection, — there was no smack or relish in the invoice, and these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's *Mysterious Island* is another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamour about that; it might have come from a shop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the *Morning Star* fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, besides the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I was made for the moment as happy as a reader has a right to be.

To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the

¹ In George Sand's *Consuelo*.

peculiarity of our attitude to any art. No art produces illusion; in the theatre we never forget that we are in the theatre; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic storytelling: when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy for courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac,¹ for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death, — ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded, or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy

¹ Crawley in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Rastignac in Balzac's *Père Goriot* and other tales.

that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him at every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

A SONG OF THE ROAD

THE gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what would Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away?*

Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gaily in the track
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way —
The self-same air for me you play;
For I do think and so do you
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky,
Or let the streams of civil mode
Direct your choice upon the road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

A LAD THAT IS GONE

SING me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum¹ on the port,
Egg² on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is one.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

THE sheets were frozen hard, and they
cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where the
seaman scarce could stand,
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing
squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were
the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the
break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we
saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter,
with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and
stood by to go about.

All day we tack'd and tack'd between
the South Head and the North;
All day we haul'd the frozen sheets, and
got no further forth;

^{1 2} Two small islands in the Hebrides.

All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain
and dread,
For very life and nature we tack'd from
head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for
there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the
North Head close aboard;
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the
breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with
his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white
as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright
in every 'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the
chimneys volley'd out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the
vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with
a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how
(of all days in the year)
The day of our adversity was blessèd
Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's
was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleas-
ant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's
silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight
of homely elves
Go dancing round the china plates that
stand upon the shelves!

And well I knew the talk they had, the
talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the
son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seem'd, in every
kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on
blessèd Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark
 began to fall.
 "All hands to loose topgallant sails!"
 I heard the captain call.
 "By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our
 first mate Jackson cried.
 . . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr.
 Jackson," he replied.

She stagger'd to her bearings, but the
 sails were new and good,
 And the ship smelt up to windward just
 as though she understood.
 As the winter's day was ending, in the
 entry of the night,
 We clear'd the weary headland, and
 passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every
 soul on board but me,
 As they saw her nose again pointing hand-
 some out to sea;
 But all that I could think of, in the dark-
 ness and the cold,
 Was just that I was leaving home and
 my folks were growing old.

TO S. R. CROCKETT

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and
 the rain are flying,
 Blows the wind on the moors to-day
 and now,
 Where about the graves of the martyrs
 the whaups are crying,
 My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in
 desert places,
 Standing stones on the vacant wine-red
 moor,
 Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent
 vanished races,
 And winds, austere and pure:

Be it granted me to behold you again in
 dying,
 Hills of home! and to hear again the
 call;
 Hear about the graves of the martyrs the
 peewees crying,
 And hear no more at all.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*A naked house, a naked moor,
 A shivering pool before the door,
 A garden bare of flowers and fruit
 And poplars at the garden foot:
 Such is the place that I live in,
 Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
 The incomparable pomp of eve,
 And the cold glories of the dawn
 Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
 And when the wind from place to place
 Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
 Your garden gloom and gleam again,
 With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
 Here shall the wizard moon ascend
 The heavens, in the crimson end
 Of day's declining splendour; here
 The army of the stars appear.
 The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
 Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
 And oft the morning muses see
 Larks rising from the broomy lea,
 And every fairy wheel and thread
 Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
 When daisies go, shall winter time
 Silver the simple grass with rime;
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
 And when snow-bright the moor ex-
 pands,
 How shall your children clap their hands!
 To make this earth our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a changeful page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
 In my great task of happiness;
 If I have moved among my race
 And shown no glorious morning face;
 If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,
 Books, and my food, and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake;

Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in!

"HOME NO MORE HOME TO ME"

HOME no more home to me, whither must
I wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I
must.

Cold blows the winter wind over hill and
heather;

Thick drives the rain, and my roof is
in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my
roof-tree.

The true word of welcome was spoken
in the door —

Dear days of old, with the faces in the
firelight,

Kind folks of old, you come again no
more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of
kindly faces,

Home was home then, my dear, happy
for the child.

Fire and the windows bright glittered
on the moorland;

Song, tuneful song, built a palace in
the wild.

Now, when day dawns on the brow of the
moorland,

Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.

Lone let it stand, now the friends are all
departed,

The kind hearts, the true hearts, that
loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling
up the moor-fowl,

Spring shall bring the sun and rain,
bring the bees and flowers;

Red shall the heather bloom over hill
and valley,

Soft flow the stream through the even-
flowing hours;

Fair the day shine as it shone on my
childhood —

Fair shine the day on the house with
open door;

Birds come and cry there and twitter
in the chimney —

But I go for ever and come again no
more.

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:

Here he lies where he longed to be;

Home is the sailor, home from sea,

And the hunter home from the hill.

NINETEENTH CENTURY LETTERS

"It is usually assumed that even the best of the letter-writers of the nineteenth century are inferior to those of the eighteenth, that they fall short of the standard set by Lady Mary, Walpole, Gray, Cowper, and their contemporaries in the 'golden age of letter-writing.' Inasmuch as we are not altogether clear as to the particular desiderata which we should demand in a letter, such a judgment as to the respective products of the two centuries is venturesome.

"Without question the changes that took place during the nineteenth century in the method of disseminating public information wrought in some degree to an enrichment in the content of letters. In the older time, the correspondent was in duty bound to furnish the kind of news which, at a later day, the newspaper conveyed more satisfactorily; he often loaded his pages with matter which no grace of manner could invest with charm, and he left little room for discussing, what now interests us most, himself and his little, immediate world.

"Often, indeed, the eighteenth century letter-writer was quite disinclined to say much either about himself or about his immediate world. Until fairly late in the century he was likely to be a man untouched by romanticism, unaccustomed to introspection, and inattentive to Nature. Whatever the affectations and excesses to which the Romantic Movement led, it made possible, in the happier instances, an absorbing self-portrayal; and, no less important, it opened the eyes of men and women to the beauty of flower and tree, of mountain and torrent, of southing wind and gleaming star, to all the incredible pageantry of the physical world which Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley and Keats knew and interpreted. As the crest of the romantic wave passed, the egotism that had at times been portentous was relieved by a growth in the power of self-criticism, and by an increase in appreciation of the value of perspective. Men seemed less inspired but more normal. They acquired a taste for looking at things from more than one point of view. Still subjective, still observant, they became more tolerant and more urbane. In no type of literature is the effect of these changes more noteworthy than in the letter; in no form of writing is there a clearer or happier reflection of the state of literary taste and feeling that resulted from the rise of romanticism and its subsequent gradual adjustment to everyday human life. Without wishing to be dogmatic, or to underestimate the achievement of a remoter past, one is surely warranted in regarding many of the letters of the latter part of the nineteenth century as eminently felicitous examples of epistolary correspondence. To read the letters of Edward FitzGerald, of George Meredith, and of Robert Louis Stevenson is to feel the subtle and lasting charm that is induced by blending in one genre deftly-depicted personality, a comfortable sense of intimacy, and the alert urbanity of cultivated society. Whatever the future development of the letter may be — a development that the postal card, the telegraph, the telephone, and the typewriter will probably affect but slightly — it is scarcely conceivable that there should be for generations to come a significant and satisfying letter-literature which will not owe its salient merits to the heritage bequeathed by letter-writers of the nineteenth century."¹

¹ From Introduction to *Nineteenth Century Letters*, by B. J. Rees.

THOMAS CARLYLE

TO THOMAS DE QUINCEY

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 11th December, 1828.

My dear Sir,

Having the opportunity of a frank, I cannot resist the temptation to send you a few lines, were it only to signify that two well-wishers of yours are still alive in these remote moors, and often thinking of you with the old friendly feelings. My wife encourages me in this innocent purpose: she has learned lately that you were inquiring for her of some female friend; nay, even promising to visit us here — a fact of the most interesting sort to both of us. I am to say, therefore, that your presence at this fireside will diffuse no ordinary gladness over all members of the household; that our warmest welcome, and such solacements as even the desert does not refuse, are at any time and at all times in store for one we love so well. Neither is this expedition so impracticable. We lie but a short way out of your direct route to Westmoreland; communicate by gravelled roads with Dumfries and other places in the habitable globe. Were you to warn us of your approach, it might all be made easy enough. And then such a treat it would be to hear the sound of philosophy and literature in the hitherto quite savage wolds, where since the creation of the world no such music, scarcely even articulate speech, had been uttered or dreamed of! Come, therefore, come and see us; for we often long after you. Nay, I can promise, too, that we are almost a unique sight in the British Empire; such a quantity of German periodicals and mystic speculation embosomed in plain Scottish *Peatmoor* being nowhere else that I know of to be met with.

In idle hours we sometimes project founding a sort of colony here, to be called the "Misanthropic Society"; the settlers all to be men of a certain philosophic depth, and intensely sensible of the present state of literature; each to have his own cottage, encircled with roses or

thistles as he might prefer; a library and pantry within, and huge stack of turf-fuel without; fenced off from his neighbours by fir woods, and, when he pleased, by cast-metal railing, so that each might feel himself strictly an individual, and free as a son of the wilderness; but the whole settlement to meet weekly over coffee, and there unite in their *Miserere*, or what were better, hurl forth their defiance, pity, expostulation, over the whole universe, civil, literary, and religious. I reckon this place a much fitter site for such an establishment than your Lake Country — a region abounding in natural beauty, but blown on by coach-horns, betrodde[n] by picturesque tourists, and otherwise exceedingly desecrated by too frequent resort; whereas here, though still in communication with the manufacturing world, we have a solitude altogether Druidical — grim hills tenanted chiefly by the wild grouse, tarns and brooks that have soaked and slumbered unmolested since the Deluge of Noah, and nothing to disturb you with speech, except Arcturus and Orion, and the Spirit of Nature, in the heaven and in the earth, as it manifests itself in anger or love, and utters its inexplicable tidings, unheard by the mortal ear. But the misery is the almost total want of colonists! Would you come hither and be king over us; then indeed we had made a fair beginning, and the "Bog School" might snap its fingers at the "Lake School" itself, and hope to be one day recognized of all men.

But enough of this fooling. Better were it to tell you in plain prose what little can be said of my own welfare, and inquire in the same dialect after yours. It will gratify you to learn that here, in the desert, as in the crowded city, I am moderately active and well; better in health, not worse; and though active only on the small scale, yet in my own opinion honestly, and to as much result as has been usual with me at any time. We have horses to ride on, gardens to cultivate, tight walls and strong fires to defend us against winter; books to read, paper to scribble on; and no man or

thing, at least in this visible earth, to make us afraid; for I reckon that so securely sequestered are we, not only would no Catholic rebellion, but even no new Hengist and Horsa invasion, in anywise disturb our tranquillity. True, we have no society; but who has, in the strict sense of that word? I have never had any worth speaking much about since I came into this world: in the next, it may be, they will order matters better. Meanwhile, if we have not the *wheat* in great quantity, we are nearly altogether free from the *chaff*, which often in this matter is highly annoying to weak nerves. My wife and I are busy learning Spanish; far advanced in *Don Quixote* already. I purpose writing mystical *Reviews* for somewhat more than a twelve month to come; have Greek to read, and the whole universe to study (for I understand less and less of it); so that here as well as elsewhere I find that a man may "*dree his wierd*" (serve out his earthly apprenticeship) with reasonable composure, and wait what the flight of years may bring him, little disappointed (unless he is a fool) if it brings him mere *nothing* save what he has already — a body and a soul — more cunning and costly treasures than all Golconda and Potosi could purchase for him. What would the vain worm, man, be at? Has he not a head, to speak of nothing else — a head (be it *with* a hat or without one) full of far richer things than Windsor Palace, or the Brighton Teapot added to it? What are all Dresden picture-galleries and magazines *des arts et des métiers* to the strange painting and thrice wonderful and thrice precious workmanship that goes on under the cranium of a beggar? What *can* be added to him or taken from him by the hatred or love of all men? The grey paper or the white silk paper in which the gold ingot is wrapped; the gold is inalienable; *he* is the gold. But truce also to this moralising. I had a thousand things to ask concerning you: your employments, purposes, sufferings, and pleasures. Will you not write to me? will you not come to me and tell? Believe it,

you are well loved here, and none feels better than I what a spirit is for the present eclipsed in clouds. For the present it can only be; time and chance are for all men; that troublous season will end; and one day with more joyful, not deeper or truer regard, I shall see you "yourself again." Meanwhile, pardon me this intrusion; and write, if you have a vacant hour which you would fill with a good action. Mr. Jeffery [*sic*] is still anxious to know you; has he ever succeeded? We are not to be in Edinburgh, I believe, till spring; but I will send him a letter to you (with your permission) by the first conveyance. Remember me with best regards to Professor Wilson and Sir W. Hamilton, neither of whom must forget me; not omitting the honest Gordon, who I know will not.

The bearer of this letter is Henry Inglis, a young gentleman of no ordinary talent and worth, in whom, as I believe, *es steckt gar viel*. Should he call himself, pray let this be an introduction, for he reverences all spiritual worth, and you also will learn to love him. — With all friendly sentiments, I am ever, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

T. CARLYLE.

TO EMERSON

CHELSEA, LONDON, 8 December, 1837.

My dear Emerson,

How long it is since you last heard of me I do not very accurately know; but it is too long. A very long, ugly, inert, and unproductive chapter of my own history seems to have passed since then. Whenever I delay writing, be sure matters go not well with me; and do you in that case write to me, were it again and over again — unwearable in pity.

I did go to Scotland, for almost three months; leaving my Wife here with her Mother. The poor Wife had fallen so weak that she gave me real terror in the spring-time, and made the Doctor look very grave indeed: she continued too weak for travelling: I was worn out as I had never in my life been. So, on the

longest day of June, I got back to my Mother's cottage; threw myself down, I may say, into what we may call the "frightfullest *magnetic sleep*," and lay there avoiding the intercourse of men. Most wearisome had their gabble become; almost unearthly. But indeed all was unearthly in that humour. The gushing of my native brooks, the *sough* of the old solitary woods, the great roar of old native Solway (billowing fresh out of your Atlantic, drawn by the Moon): all this was a kind of unearthly music to me; I cannot tell you how unearthly. It did not bring me to rest; yet *towards* rest I do think: at all events, the time had come when I behoved to quit it again. I have been here since September: evidently another little "chapter" or paragraph, *not* altogether inert, is getting forward. But I must not speak of these things. How can I speak of them on a miserable scrap of blue paper? Looking into your kind eyes with my eyes, I could speak: not here. Pity me, my friend, my brother; yet hope well of me: if I can (in all senses) *rightly hold my peace*, I think much will yet be well with me. SILENCE is the great thing I worship at present; almost the sole tenant of my Pantheon. Let a man know rightly how to hold his peace. I love to repeat to myself, "Silence is of Eternity." Ah me, I think how I could rejoice to quit these jarring discords and jargonings of Babel, and go far, far away! I do believe, if I had the smallest competence of money to get "food and warmth" with, I would shake the mud of London from my feet, and go and bury myself in some green place, and never print any syllable more. Perhaps it is better as it is.

But quitting this, we will actually speak (under favour of "Silence") one very small thing; a pleasant piece of news. There is a man here called John Sterling (*Reverend* John of the Church of England too), whom I love better than anybody I have met with, since a certain sky-messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock, and vanished in the Blue again. This Sterling has written; but what is far bet-

ter, he has lived, he is alive. Across several unsuitable wrappings, of Church-of-Englandism and others, my heart loves the man. He is one, and the best, of a small class extant here, who, nigh drowning in a black wreck of Infidelity (lighted up by some glare of Radicalism only, now growing *dim* too) and about to perish, saved themselves into a Coleridgean Shovel-hattedness, or determination to *preach*, to preach peace, were it only the spent *echo* of a peace once preached. He is still only about thirty; young; and I think will shed the shovel-hat yet perhaps. Do you ever read *Blackwood*? This John Sterling is the "New Contributor" whom Wilson makes such a rout about, in the November and prior month: "Crystals from a Cavern," &c., which it is well worth your while to see. Well, and what then, cry you?—Why then, this John Sterling has fallen overhead in love with a certain Waldo Emerson; that is all. He saw the little Book *Nature* lying here; and, across a whole *silva silvarum* of prejudices, discerned what was in it; took it to his heart,—and indeed into his pocket; and has carried it off to Madeira with him; whither unhappily (though now with good hope and expectation) the Doctors have ordered him. This is the small piece of pleasant news, that two sky-messengers (such they were both of them to me) have met and recognized each other; and by God's blessing there shall one day be a trio of us: call you that nothing?

And so now by a direct transition I am got to the *Oration*. My friend! you know not what you have done for me there. It was long decades of years that I had heard nothing but the infinite jangling and jabbering, and inarticulate twittering and screeching, and my soul had sunk down sorrowful, and said there is no articulate speaking then any more, and thou art solitary among stranger-creatures, and lo, out of the West comes a clear utterance, clearly recognizable as a *man's* voice, and I *have* a kinsman and brother: God be thanked for it! I could have *wept* to read that speech; the clear

high melody of it went tingling through my heart; I said to my wife, "There, woman!" She read; and returned, and charges me to return for answer, "that there had been nothing met with like it since Schiller went silent." My brave Emerson! And all this has been lying silent, quite tranquil in him, these seven years, and the "vociferous platitude" dinning his ears on all sides, and he quietly answering no word; and a whole world of Thought has silently built itself in these calm depths, and, the day being come, says quite softly, as if it were a common thing, "Yes, I *am* here too." Miss Martineau tells me, "Some say it is inspired, some say it is mad." Exactly so; no *say* could be suitabler. But for you, my dear friend, I say and pray heartily: May God grant you strength; for you have a *fearful* work to do! Fearful I call it; and yet it is great, and the greatest. O for God's sake *keep yourself still quiet!* Do not hasten to write; you cannot be too slow about it. Give no ear to any man's praise or censure; know that that is *not* it: on the one side is as Heaven if you have strength to keep silent, and climb unseen; yet on the other side, yawning always at one's right-hand and one's left, is the frightfullest Abyss and Pandemonium! See Fenimore Cooper;—poor Cooper, he is *down in it*; and had a climbing faculty too. Be steady, be quiet, be in *no* haste; and God speed you well! My space is done.

And so adieu, for this time. You must write soon again. My copy of the *Oration* has never come: how is this? I could dispose of a dozen well.—They say I am to lecture again in Spring, *Ay de mi!* The "Book" is babbled about sufficiently in several dialects. Fraser wants to print my scattered Reviews and Articles; a pregnant sign. Teufelsdröckh to precede. The man "screamed" once at the name of it in a very musical manner. He shall not print a line; unless he gives me *money* for it, more or less. I have had enough of printing for one while,—thrown into "magnetic sleep" by it! Farewell my brother. T. CARLYLE.

CHARLES DICKENS

TO MISS DICKENS

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON,
Sunday, First December, 1867.

I RECEIVED yours of the Eighteenth November, yesterday. As I left Halifax in the *Cuba* that very day, you probably saw us telegraphed in *The Times* on the Nineteenth.

I think you had best in future (unless I give you intimation to the contrary) address your letters to me, at the Westminster Hotel, Irving Place, New York City. It is a more central position than this, and we are likely to be much more there than here. I am going to set up a brougham in New York, and keep my rooms at that hotel.

They are said to be a very quiet audience here, appreciative but not demonstrative. I shall try to change their character a little.

I have been going on very well. A horrible custom obtains in these parts of asking you to dinner somewhere at half-past two, and to supper somewhere else about eight. I have run this gauntlet more than once, and its effect is, that there is no day for any useful purpose, and that the length of the evening is multiplied by a hundred. Yesterday I dined with a club at half-past two, and came back here at half-past eight with a general impression that it was at least two o'clock in the morning. Two days before I dined with Longfellow at half-past two, and came back at eight, supposing it to be midnight. To-day we have a state dinner-party in our rooms at six. Mr. and Mrs. Fields, and Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow. (He is a friend of Forster's, and was American Minister in Paris.) There are no negro waiters here, all the servants are Irish—willing, but not able. The dinners and wines are very good. I keep our own rooms well ventilated by opening the windows, but no window is ever opened in the halls or passages, and they are so overheated by a great furnace, that they make me

faint and sick. The air is like that of a pre-Adamite ironing-day in full blast. Your respected parent is immensely popular in Boston society, and its cordiality and unaffected heartiness are charming. I wish I could carry it with me.

The leading New York papers have sent men over for to-morrow night with instructions to telegraph columns of descriptions. Great excitement and expectation everywhere. Fields says he has looked forward to it so long that he knows that he will die at five minutes to eight.

At the New York barriers, where the tickets are on sale and the people ranged as at the Paris theatres, speculators went up and down offering "twenty dollars for anybody's place." The money was in no case accepted. One man sold two tickets for the second, third, and fourth night "for one ticket for the first, fifty dollars" (about seven pounds ten shillings) "and a brandy cocktail," which is an iced bitter drink. The weather has been rather muggy and languid until yesterday, when there was the coldest wind blowing that I ever felt. In the night it froze very hard, and to-day the sky is beautiful.

Tuesday, Third December.

Most magnificent reception last night, and most signal and complete success. Nothing could be more triumphant. The people will hear of nothing else and talk of nothing else. Nothing that was ever done here, they all agree, evoked any approach to such enthusiasm. I was quite as cool and quick as if I were reading at Greenwich, and went at it accordingly. My love to Mr. and Mrs. Hulkes and the boy, and to Mr. and Mrs. Malle-son.

TO ARTHUR RYLAND

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, Monday,
Twenty-ninth January, 1855.

My dear Mr. Ryland,

I have been in the greatest difficulty — which I am not yet out of — to know what to read at Birmingham. I fear

the idea of next month is now impracticable. Which of two other months do you think would be preferable for your Birmingham objects? Next May, or next December?

Having already read two Christmas books at Birmingham, I should like to get out of that restriction, and have a swim in the broader waters of one of my long books. I have been poring over "Copperfield" (which is my favourite), with the idea of getting a reading out of it, to be called by some such name as "Young Housekeeping and Little Emily." But there is still the huge difficulty that I constructed the whole with immense pains, and have so woven it up and blended it together, that I cannot yet so separate the parts as to tell the story of David's married life with Dora, and the story of Mr. Peggotty's search for his niece, within the time. This is my object. If I could possibly bring it to bear, it would make a very attractive reading, with a strong interest in it, and a certain completeness.

This is exactly the state of the case. I don't mind confiding to you, that I never can approach the book with perfect composure (it had such perfect possession of me when I wrote it), and that I no sooner begin to try to get it into this form, than I begin to read it all, and to feel that I cannot disturb it. I have not been unmindful of the agreement we made at parting, and I have sat staring at the backs of my books for an inspiration. This project is the only one that I have constantly reverted to, and yet I have made no progress in it!

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

TO W. M. THACKERAY

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, Friday Evening,
Twenty-third March, 1855.

My dear Thackeray,

I have read in *The Times* to-day an account of your last night's lecture, and cannot refrain from assuring you in all truth and earnestness that I am pro-

foundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know at once how you have moved me, and how you have animated me, you would be the happier I am very certain.

Faithfully yours ever,

CHARLES DICKENS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

TO MRS. BROOKFIELD

From the old shop, 21

[1849]

Is it pouring with rain at Park Lodge, and the most dismal, wretched, cat and dog day ever seen? O! it's gloomy at 13 Young Street! I have been labouring all day — drawing that is, and doing my plates, till my &s are ready to drop off for weariness. But they must not stop for yet a little while, and until I have said how do you do to my dear lady and the young folks at Southampton. I hardly had time to know I was gone, and that happy fortnight was over, till this morning. At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G—— who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever, and depraved. We talked and persiflated all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked false humbugging London love, as two *blasé* London people might act, and half deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try and make, a good man of him. O! me, we are wicked worldlings most of us, may God better us and cleanse us!

I wonder whether ever again, I shall have such a happy peaceful fortnight as that last! How sunshiny the landscape remains in my mind, I hope for always;

and the smiles of dear children. . . . I can hardly see as I write for the eye-water, but it isn't with grief, but for the natural pathos of the thing. How happy your dear regard makes me, how it takes off the solitude and eases it; may it continue, pray God, till your head is white as mine, and our children have children of their own. Instead of being unhappy because that delightful holiday is over or all but over, I intend that the thoughts of it should serve to make me only the more cheerful and help me, please God, to do my duty better. All such pleasures ought to brace and strengthen one against work days, and lo, here they are. I hope you will be immensely punctual at breakfast and dinner, and do all your business of life with cheerfulness and briskness, after the example of holy Philip Neri, whom you wot of; that is your duty, Madame, and mine is "to pursue my high calling"; and so I go back to it with a full grateful heart, and say God bless all. If it hadn't been pouring-o'-rain so, I think I should have gone off to His Reverence at Brighton; so I send him my very best regards, and a whole box full of kisses to the children. Farewell.

TO MRS. BROOKFIELD

Wednesday, 1849.

What have I been doing since these many days? I hardly know. I have written such a stupid number of *Pendennis* in consequence of not seeing you, that I shall be ruined if you are to stay away much longer. . . . Has William written to you about our trip to Hampstead on Sunday? It was very pleasant. We went first to St. Mark's church, where I always thought you went, but where the pew-opener had never heard of such a person as Mrs. J. O. B.; and having heard a jolly and perfectly stupid sermon, walked over Primrose Hill to the Crowes', where His Reverence gave Mrs. Crowe half an hour's private talk, whilst I was talking, under the blossoming apple tree about newspapers to Monsieur Crowe. Well, Mrs. Crowe was delighted with William

and his manner of *discoorsing* her; and indeed, though I say it that shouldn't, from what he said afterwards, and from what we have talked over pipes in private, that is a pious and kind soul. I mean his, and calculated to soothe and comfort and appreciate and elevate so to speak out of despair, many a soul that your more tremendous, rigorous divines would leave on the wayside, where sin, that robber, had left them half killed. I will have a Samaritan parson when I fall among thieves. You, dear lady, may send for an ascetic if you like; what is he to find wrong in you?

I have talked to my mother about her going to Paris with the children; she is very much pleased at the notion, and it won't be very lonely to me. I shall be alone for some months at any rate, and vow and swear I'll save money. . . . Have you read Dickens? Oh! it is charming! brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches — those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the A.'s works, has been copying the O. A., and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer and *David Copperfield* will be improved by taking a lesson from *Vanity Fair*. Secondly it has put me upon my metal; for ah! Madame, all the metal was out of me and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past. I say, secondly, it has put me on my metal and made me feel I must do something; that I have fame and name and family to support.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

TO BERNARD BARTON

19 CHARLOTTE ST., April 11, '44.

Dear Barton,

I am still indignant at this nasty place London. Thackeray, whom I came up

to see, went off to Brighton the night after I arrived, and has not reappeared: but I must wait some time longer for him. Thank Miss Barton much for the *kit*; if it is but a kit: my old woman is a great lover of cats, and hers has just *kitted*, and a wretched little blind puling tabby lizard of a thing was to be saved from the pail for me: but if Miss Barton's is a *kit*, I will gladly have it: and my old lady's shall be disposed of — not to the pail. Oh rus, quando te aspiciam? Construe that, Mr. Barton. — I am going to send down my pictures to Boulge, if I can secure them: they are not quite secure at present. If they vanish, I snap my fingers at them, Magi and all — there is a world (alas!) elsewhere beyond pictures — Oh, oh, oh, oh —

I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday. We ascended from his dining room carrying pipes and tobacco up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing room near the roof: there we sat down: the window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these, roofs and chimneys, and roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished — but — but — perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole.

When I get back to Boulge I shall recover my quietude, which is now all in a ripple. But it is a shame to talk of such things. So Churchyard has caught another Constable. Did he get off our Debach boy that set the shed on fire? Ask him that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased &c.

A cloud comes over Charlotte Street and seems as if it were sailing softly on the April wind to fall in a blessed shower upon the lilac buds and thirsty anemones somewhere in Essex; or, who knows? perhaps at Boulge. Out will run Mrs. Faiers, and with red arms and face of woe haul in the struggling windows of the cottage,

and make all tight. Beauty Bob will cast a bird's eye out at the shower, and bless the useful wet. Mr. Loder will observe to the farmer for whom he is doing up a dozen of Queen's Heads that it will be of great use: and the farmer will agree that his young barleys wanted it much. The German Ocean will dimple with innumerable pin points, and porpoises rolling near the surface sneeze with unusual pellets of fresh water —

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Oh this wonderful wonderful world, and we who stand in the middle of it are all in a maze, except poor Matthews of Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden Cross and has no misgiving whatever. When I was at his chapel on Good Friday, he called at the end of his grand sermon on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them: and first one got up and in sobs declared she believed it: and then another, and then another — I was quite overset: — all poor people: how much richer than all who fill the London Churches. Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven!

This is a sad farrago. Farewell.

TO FREDERIC TENNYSON

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, May 24, '44.

My dear Frederic,

I think you mean never to write to me again. But you should, for I enjoy your letters much for years after I have got them. They tell me all I should know of Italy, besides many other good things. I received one letter from you from Florence, and as you gave me no particular direction, I wrote to you at the Poste Restante there. I am now inditing this letter on the same venture. As my location is much more permanent, I command you to respond to me the very day you get this, warmed into such faint

inspiration as my turnip radiance can kindle. You have seen a turnip lantern perhaps. Well, here I continue to exist: have broken my rural vegetation by one month in London, where I saw all the old faces — some only in passing, however — saw as few sights as possible, leaving London two days before the Exhibition opened. This is not out of moroseness or love of singularity: but I really supposed there could be nothing new: and therefore the best way would be to come new to it oneself after three or four years absence. I see in Punch a humorous catalogue of supposed pictures; Prince Albert's favorite spaniel and bootjack, the Queen's Macaw with a Muffin &c., by Landseer &c., in which I recognize Thackeray's fancy. He is in full vigour play and pay in London, writing in a dozen reviews, and a score of newspapers: and while health lasts he sails before the wind. I have not heard of Alfred since March. . . . Spedding devotes his days to Lord Bacon in the British Museum: his nights to the usual profligacy. . . . My dear Frederic, you must select some of your poems and publish them: we want some bits of strong genuine imagination to help put to flight these — &c. Publish a book of fragments, if nothing else but single lines, or else the whole poems. When will you come to England and do it? I dare say I should have stayed longer in London had you been there: but the wits were too much for me. Not Spedding, mind: who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in London *serious* men: I mean *serious* even in fun: with a true purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilisation. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here though no one will believe it.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I

read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's *Life of Constable* (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring. Constable loved it above all seasons: he hated Autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont who was of the old classical taste asked him if he did not find it difficult to place *his brown tree* in his pictures, "Not at all," said C., "I never put one in at all." And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an *old violin* as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and laid it down on the sunshiny grass. You would like the book. In defiance of all this, I have hung my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed: but I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to paint up to the freshness of earth and sky. Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at: and perhaps the old masters chose a soberer scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint. To paint dew with lead!

I also plunge away at my old Handel of nights, and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso, full of pomp and fancy. What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for.

TO FREDERIC TENNYSON

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, Oct. 10, '44.

My dear Frederic,

You will think I have wholly cut you. But I wrote half a letter to you three months ago; and mislaid it; spent some time in looking for it, always hoping; and then some more time despairing; and we all know how time goes when we have got a thing to do which we are rather lazy about doing. As for instance, getting up in a morning. Not that writing a letter to you is so bad as getting up; but it is not easy for mortal man who has heard, seen, done, and thought, nothing since he last wrote, to fill one of these big foreign sheets full as a foreign letter ought to be. I am now returned to my dull home here after my usual pottering about in the midland counties of England. A little Bedfordshire — a little Northamptonshire — a little more folding of the hands — the same faces — the same fields — the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road — this is all I have to tell of; nothing at all added — but the summer gone. My garden is covered with yellow and brown leaves; and a man is digging up the garden beds before my window, and will plant some roots and bulbs for next year. My parsons come and smoke with me &c. "The round of life from hour to hour" — alluding doubtless to a mill-horse. Alfred is reported to be still at Park House, where he has been sojourning for two months, I think; but he never writes me a word. Hydropathy has done its worst; he writes the names of his friends in water. . . . I spent two days in London with old Morton about five weeks ago; and pleasant days they were. The rogue bewitches me with his wit and honest speech. He also stayed some while at Park House, while Alfred was there, and managed of course to frighten the party occasionally with some of his sallies. He often writes to me; and very good his letters are all of them.

When do you mean to write me another? Morton told me in his last that

he had heard from Brotherton you were gone, or going, to Naples. I dare say this sheet of mine will never get to your hands. But if it does, let me hear from you. Is Italy becoming stale to you? Are you going to Cairo for fresh sensations? Thackeray went off in a steam-boat about the time the French were before Mogadore; he was to see those coasts and to visit Jerusalem! Titmarsh at Jerusalem will certainly be an era in Christianity. But I suppose he will soon be back now. Spedding is yet in his highlands, I believe, considering Grouse and Bacon.

I expect to run up to London some time during the winter, just to tell over old friends' faces and get a sup of music and painting. I have bought very few more pictures lately; and heard no music but Mendelssohn's *M. Night's Dream*. The overture, which was published long ago, is the best part; but there is a very noble triumphal march also.

Now I feel just in the same fix as I did in that sheet of paper whose fate is uncertain. But if I don't put in a word more, yet this shall go, I am determined. Only consider how it is a matter of necessity that I should have nothing to say. If you could see this place of Boulge! You who sit and survey marble palaces rising out of cypress and olive. There is a dreadful vulgar ballad, composed by Mr. Balfe, and sung with the most unbounded applause by Miss Rainforth,

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble Halls,"

which is sung and organed at every corner in London. I think you may imagine what kind of flowing $\frac{9}{8}$ time of the last degree of imbecility it is. The words are written by Mr. Bunn! Arcades ambo.

I say we shall see you over in England before long: for I rather think you want an Englishman to quarrel with sometimes. I mean quarrel in the sense of a good strenuous difference of opinion, supported on either side by occasional outbursts of spleen. Come and let us try. You used to irritate my vegetable blood sometimes.

ALFRED TENNYSON

TO WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

FARRINGFORD,
[1859]*My dear Thackeray,*

Should I not have answered you ere this 6th of November? surely: what excuse? none that I know of: except indeed, that perhaps your very generosity and boundlessness of approval made me in a measure shamefaced. I could scarcely accept it, being, I fancy, a modest man, and always more or less doubtful of my own efforts in any line. But I may tell you that your little note gave me more pleasure than all the journals and monthlies and quarterlies which have come across me: not so much from your being the Great Novelist, I hope, as from your being my good old friend, or perhaps from your being both of these in one. Well, let it be. I have been ransacking all sorts of old albums and scrap books but cannot find anything worthy sending you. Unfortunately before your letter arrived I had agreed to give Macmillan the only available poem I had by me ("*Sea Dreams*"). I don't think he would have got it (for I dislike publishing in magazines) except that he had come to visit me in my Island, and was sitting and blowing his weed vis-à-vis. I am sorry that you have engaged for any quantity of money to let your brains be sucked periodically by Smith, Elder & Co.: not that I don't like Smith, who seems from the very little I have seen of him, liberal and kindly, but that so great an artist as you are should go to work after this fashion. Whenever you feel your brains as the "remainder biscuit," or indeed whenever you will, come over to me and take a blow on these downs where the air, as Keats said, is "worth sixpence a pint," and bring your girls too.

Yours always,
A. TENNYSON.

ROBERT BROWNING

TO MISS HAWORTH

FLORENCE, July 20, 1861.

My dear Friend,

I well know you feel as you say, for her once and for me now. Isa Blagden, perfect in all kindness to me, will have told you something perhaps — and one day I shall see you and be able to tell you myself as much as I can. The main comfort is that she suffered very little pain, none beside that ordinarily attending the simple attacks of cold and cough she was subject to — had no presentiment of the result whatever, and was consequently spared the misery of knowing she was about to leave us; she was smilingly assuring me she was “better,” “quite comfortable — if I would but come to bed,” to within a few minutes of the last. I think, I foreboded evil at Rome, certainly from the beginning of the week’s illness — but when I reasoned about it, there was no justifying fear — she said on the last evening “it is merely the old attack, not so severe a one as that of two years ago — there is no doubt I shall soon recover,” and we talked over plans for the summer, and next year. I sent the servants away and her maid to bed — so little reason for disquietude did there seem. Through the night she slept heavily, and brokenly — that was the bad sign — but then she would sit up, take her medicine, say unrepeatable things to me, and sleep again. At four o’clock there were symptoms that alarmed me; I called the maid and sent for the doctor. She smiled as I proposed to bathe her feet, “Well, you *are* determined to make an exaggerated case of it!” Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again and longer — the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her. Always smiling, happily, and with a face like a girl’s — and in a few minutes she died in my arms; her head on my cheek. These incidents so sustain me that I tell them to her beloved ones as their right: there

was no lingering, nor acute pain, nor consciousness of separation, but God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark, uneasy bed into your arms and the light. Thank God. Annunziata thought by her earnest ways with me, happy and smiling as they were, that she must have been aware of our parting’s approach — but she was quite conscious, had words at command, and yet did not even speak of Peni, who was in the next room. Her last word was when I asked “How do you feel?” — “Beautiful.” You know I have her dearest wishes and interests to attend to *at once* — her child to care for, educate, establish properly; and my own life to fulfil as properly, — all just as she would require were she here. I shall leave Italy altogether for years — go to London for a few days’ talk with Arabel — then go to my father and begin to try leisurely what will be the best for Peni — but no more “housekeeping” for me, even with my family. I shall grow, still, I hope — but my root is taken and remains.

I know you always loved her, and me too in my degree. I shall always be grateful to those who loved her, and that, I repeat, you did.

She was, and is, lamented with extraordinary demonstrations, if one consider it. The Italians seem to have understood her by an instinct. I have received strange kindness from everybody. Pen is very well — very dear and good, anxious to comfort me as he calls it. He can’t know his loss yet. After years, his will be worse than mine — he will want what he never had — that is, for the time when he could be helped by her wisdom and genius and piety — I *have* had everything and shall not forget.

God bless you, dear friend. I believe I shall set out in a week. Isa goes with me — dear, true heart. You, too, would do what you could for us were you here and your assistance needful. A letter from you came a day or two before the end — she made me enquire about the Frescobaldi Palace for you, — Isa wrote

to you in consequence. I shall be heard or at 151, rue de Grenelle, St. Germain.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,
ROBERT BROWNING.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

TO HIS MOTHER

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
December 24, 1863.

My dearest Mother,

Business first. I am delighted with the wooden platter and bread knife, for which articles I have long had a fancy; the platter too I like all the better for not having an inscription, only a border of corn ears. Dear Rowland's book has not yet come. Thank her for it all the same, and tell her I will write to her when I receive it. And thank dear K. for her letter, and dear Fan for her note, and receive all my thanks for your own, my dearest mother.

While writing these last words I have heard the startling news of the sudden death of Thackeray. He was found dead in his bed this morning. If you have not seen it in the newspapers before you read this, you will all be greatly startled and shocked, as I am. I have heard no particulars. I cannot say that I thoroughly liked him, though we were on friendly terms; and he is not, to my thinking, a great writer. Still, this sudden cessation of an existence so lately before one's eyes, so vigorous and full of life, and so considerable a power in the country, is very sobering, if, indeed, after the shock of a fortnight ago, one still needs sobering. To-day I am forty-one, the middle of life, in any case, and for me, perhaps, much more than the middle. I have ripened, and am ripening so slowly, that I shall be glad of as much time as possible, yet I can feel, I rejoice to say, an inward spring which seems more and more to gain strength, and to promise to resist outward shocks, if they must come, however rough. But of this inward spring one must not talk, for it does not like being talked about, and threatens

to depart if one will not leave it in mystery. . . .

My love to all at Fox How on Christmas Day.

Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

GEORGE MEREDITH

TO ARTHUR G. MEREDITH

BOX HILL, DORKING, SURREY,
ENGLAND, April 25, 1872.

My dear Arthur,

Strong friendships and intercommunications with foreigners will refresh your life in this island, and the Germans are solid. Stick to a people not at the mercy of their impulses, and besides a people with so fine a literature must be worthy of love. — Captain Maxse wrote to me the other day about an examination in the Foreign Office for the post of Chinese interpreter — for you: if successful to go out to China with a salary of £200 per annum and learn the Chinese tongue of li-ro and fo-ki. I declined it: I hope I was right. I felt sure that it would be repugnant to you to spend your life in China, where the climate is hard, society horrid, life scarcely (to my thought) endurable. Perhaps you might have chosen Japan. But it would have been for very many years perpetual banishment. Let me hear what you think of it. — Study Cicero carefully. He is a fine moralist, a friend of scholars, a splendid trainer for a public life of any serious and exalted ambition. — What you say of our religion is what thoughtful men feel: and that you at the same time can recognise its moral value, is matter of rejoicing to me. The Christian teaching is sound and good: the ecclesiastical dogma is an instance of the poverty of humanity's mind hitherto, and has often in its hideous fangs and claws shown whence we draw our descent. — Don't think that the obscenities mentioned in the Bible do harm to children. The Bible is outspoken upon facts, and rightly. It is because the world is pruriently and

stupidly shamefaced that it cannot come in contact with the Bible without convulsions. I agree with the Frommen that the book should be read out, for Society is a wanton hypocrite, and I would accommodate her in nothing: though for the principle of Society I hold that men should be ready to lay down their lives. Belief in the religion has done and does this good to the young; it floats them through the perilous sensual period when the animal appetites most need control and transmutation. If you have not the belief, set yourself to love virtue by understanding that it is your best guide both as to what is due to others and what is for your positive personal good. If your mind honestly rejects it, you must call on your mind to supply its place from your own resources. Otherwise you will have only half done your work, and that is always mischievous. Pray attend, to my words on this subject. You know how Socrates loved Truth. Virtue and Truth are one. Look for the truth in everything, and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that he leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks — Your loving father,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM

[1871?]

My dear Cummy,

I was greatly pleased by your letter in many ways. Of course, I was glad to hear from you; you know, you and I have so many old stories between us, that

even if there was nothing else, even if there was not a very sincere respect and affection, we should always be glad to pass a nod. I say "even if there was not." But you know right well there is. Do not suppose that I shall ever forget those long, bitter nights, when I coughed and coughed and was so unhappy, and you were so patient and loving with a poor, sick child. Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains.

Happily, it is not the result of our acts that makes them brave and noble, but the acts themselves and the unselfish love that moved us to do them. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these." My dear old nurse, and you know there is nothing a man can say nearer his heart except his mother or his wife — my dear old nurse, God will make good to you all the good that you have done, and mercifully forgive you all the evil. And next time when the spring comes round, and everything is beginning once again, if you should happen to think that you might have had a child of your own, and that it was hard you should have spent so many years taking care of some one else's prodigal, just you think this — you have been for a great deal in my life; you have made much that there is in me, just as surely as if you had conceived me; and there are sons who are more ungrateful to their own mothers than I am to you. For I am not ungrateful, my dear Cummy, and it is with a very sincere emotion that I write myself your little boy,

LOUIS.

TO R. A. M. STEVENSON

La Solitude, Hyères (October, 1883)

My dear Bob, — Yes, I got both your letters at Lyons, but have been since then decaying in several steps. Toothache; fever; Ferrier's death; lung. Now it is decided I am to leave tomorrow, penniless, for Nice to see Dr. Williams.

I was much struck by your last. I have written a breathless note on Real-

ism for Henley; a fifth part of the subject hurriedly touched, which will show you how my thoughts are driving. You are now at last beginning to think upon the problems of executive, plastic art, for you are now for the first time attacking them. Hitherto you have spoken and thought of two things — technique and the *ars artium*, or common background of all arts. Studio work is the real touch. That is the genial error of the present French teaching. Realism I regard as a mere question of method. The "brown foreground," "old mastery," and the like, ranking with villanelles, as technical sports and pastimes. Real art, whether ideal or realistic, addresses precisely the same feeling, and seeks the same qualities — significance or charm. And the same — very same — inspiration is only methodically differentiated according as the artist is an arrant realist or an arrant idealist. Each by his own method, seeks to save and perpetuate the same significance or charm; the one by suppressing, the other by forcing, detail. All other idealism is the brown foreground over again, and hence only art in the sense of a game, like cup and ball. All other realism is not art at all — but not at all. It is, then, an insincere and showy handicraft.

Were you to re-read some Balzac, as I have been doing, it would greatly help to clear your eyes. He was a man who never found his method. An inarticulate Shakespeare, smothered under forcible-feeble detail. It is astounding to the ripper mind how bad he is, how feeble, how untrue, how tedious; and, of course, when he surrendered to his temperament, how good and powerful. And yet never plain nor clear. He could not consent to be dull, and thus became so. He would leave nothing undeveloped, and thus drowned out of sight of land amid the multitude of crying and incongruous details. There is but one art — to omit! O if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an *Illiad* of a daily paper.

Your definition of seeing is quite right. It is the first part of omission to be partly blind. Artistic sight is judicious blindness. Sam Bough must have been a jolly blind old boy. He would turn a corner, look for one-half or quarter minute, and then say, "This'll do, lad." Down he sat, there and then, with whole artistic plan, scheme of colour, and the like, and began by laying a foundation of powerful and seemingly incongruous colour on the block. He saw, not the scene, but the water-colour sketch. Every artist by sixty should so behold nature. Where does he learn that? In the studio, I swear. He goes to nature for facts, relations, values — material; as a man, before writing a historical novel, reads up memoirs. But it is not by reading memoirs that he has learned the selective criterion. He has learned that in the practice of his art; and he will never learn it well, but when disengaged from the ardent struggle of immediate representation, of realistic and *ex facto* art. He learns it in the crystallisation of day-dreams; in changing, not in copying, fact; in the pursuit of the ideal, not in the study of nature. These temples of art are, as you say, inaccessible to the realistic climber. It is not by looking at the sea that you get

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,"

nor by looking at Mount Blanc that you find

"And visited all night by troops of stars."

A kind of ardour of the blood is the mother of all this; and according as this ardour is swayed by knowledge and seconded by craft, the art expression flows clear, and significance and charm, like a moon rising, are born above the barren juggle of mere symbols.

The painter must study more from nature than the man of words. But why? Because literature deals with men's business and passions which, in the game of life, we are irresistibly obliged to study; but painting with relations of light, and

colour, and significances, and form, which, from the immemorial habit of the race, we pass over with an unregardful eye. Hence this crouching upon camp-stools, and these crusts.¹ But neither one nor other is a part of art, only preliminary studies.

I want you to help me to get people to understand that realism is a method, and only methodic in its consequences; when the realist is an artist, that is, and supposing the idealist with whom you com-

¹ Croûtes : crude studies from nature.

pare him to be anything but a farceur and a dilettante. The two schools of working do, and should, lead to the choice of different subjects. But that is a consequence, not a cause. See my chaotic note, which will appear, I fancy, in November in Henley's sheet.

Poor Ferrier, it bust me horrid. He was, after you, the oldest of my friends.

I am now very tired, and will go to bed having prelected freely. Fanny will finish.

R. L. S.

THE NOVEL

The novel is the chief glory of nineteenth century European literature. In no literary form has there been such complete international free trade; pretty much every country has been acutely and profitably conscious of what every other country was doing in it. Easier to read than plays (though contemporary playwrights often make their plays readable by borrowing from the novelist's art) and more susceptible of adequate translation than verse, the novel throughout the nineteenth century, and still today, is the vehicle by which the peoples of earth come closest together and report one to another of life as they have found it.

The novel is one of those obvious things which, having been once produced, leaves us wondering why it was not done long before. But just so far as the novel is essentially concerned with telling the truth, it represents about the last thing that people would think of doing. Many of the elements of the novel are present in "romance" — the love story, for example, and a curiosity about the state of mind and heart out of which a love story springs; a sense for episode, too, and a desire to illustrate attractively certain standards of conduct. But the eye of romance is upon the marvelous and the adventurous, and while these may and do appear in the novel, the latter is most itself when it is primarily concerned with social backgrounds, and with characters; both in the greatest variety, and deriving their interest from their wholeness and self-consistency, in short from their appearance of truth.

In England the novel is an eighteenth century invention. Its birth was an accident and its right to live was established by the ridicule it received. A plump middle-aged bookseller and stationer, prudent and successful, and sentimental withal, by name Samuel Richardson, undertook to prepare a volume of model letters, wrote several that purported to be from a serving-girl annoyed by the advances of the son of the house; got interested in the story, and the first modern novel, *Pamela*, was published (1740). Most people wept copiously and happily at virtue thus distressed and rewarded — such searchings of the female heart there had never been! But a few scoffed; among them Henry Fielding, playwright in an age when the theater was becoming impossible, easy man of the world, and about to begin a successful career as a magistrate. In a spirit of mockery and caricature, he began a skit about a brother of Pamela's, Joseph Andrews, as virtuous as his sister; but the kindly face of Parson Adams peered over the author's burly shoulder, got himself into the story, and the future of the English novel was assured.

Richardson continued his successes with the mysteries of the female heart, and Fielding his vein of bluff good nature and hatred of sham, achieving in *Tom Jones* what is besides an extraordinary piece of structure. Smollett followed with his sea-dogs and Scotchmen — coarse but zestful. Sterne showed that something very like a novel could be written without a plot. Goldsmith produced a miniature of idyllic domesticity in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Fannie Burney caught the very tone of fashionable society. Mystery, Gothic, and curdling, appears in Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and others. Finally, Maria Edgeworth captures the Irish type, at home and abroad.

The nineteenth century novel, therefore, the novel of Austen and Scott, of Dickens and Thackeray, of Eliot, Meredith, and Hardy, and the many others, draws strength

from much preliminary fillage of the soil. Jane Austen and Scott open the century, the first a self-amused amateur, a sensible sort of maiden aunt writing on her lap in company, yet perfect within her chosen range of English provincial society, clear-eyed in observing and limpid in speech. No crowded hour of glorious life, of course — for that one turns to Scott, already an acclaimed poet, *grand seigneur* of life and letters, who one rainy day, fumbling in a box of fishing-tackle, came upon an uncompleted manuscript, finished it, and published *Waverley*. From that day his unresting hand did, through a long succession of volumes, two things supremely well — the historical romance and the study of Scottish characters, humorous and eccentric as in countless instances, or true and touching such as Jeanie Deans in the *Heart of Midlothian*.

Both Austen and Scott were dead when Dickens began to write, and he was already an acknowledged master of fiction when Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* appeared. On the side of his high spirits and his humorous characters Dickens descends from Smollett, whose works he read with delight as a boy. His strong sense for the dramatic sometimes leads him into the melodramatic and the sentimental, which should not render him unacceptable to a movie-loving generation. Dickens experienced a great deal of hardship in his youth, and in *David Copperfield*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist* he draws largely on these experiences. He sympathized deeply with the poor and wretched and felt that much of their misery was needless. Many definite improvements in the management of prisons, alms-houses, law-courts, schools, and factories have been traced to his moving narratives of human hardship. Not the least of Dickens's contributions is the spirit of Christmas.

Thackeray, on the other hand, accomplished man of the world, shouldering his way among his puppets, exposing the shams and confounding the snobs of this world, bears a likeness to Fielding. He was as much interested in the fashioning of gentlemen as Lyly or Castiglione in the sixteenth century. Like Dickens in his *Tale of Two Cities*, Thackeray achieved notable success in the field of historical fiction, especially in *Henry Esmond*.

Dickens and Thackeray were followed by a pair of novelists, George Eliot and George Meredith, intellectually somewhat akin, but most unlike in their literary fortunes. With the publication of *Adam Bede* and the *Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot gained wide recognition as a great novelist, and in *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda* she earnestly, and by no means always unsuccessfully, strove to live up to this reputation. But Meredith received almost no recognition at all until he had been before the public some thirty years, and then only from those who have the mental agility to play with him his game of stylistic condensation, allusiveness, and whimsicality, and who can look unblinded upon his intense flashes of wit. Both Eliot and Meredith reflect the scientific and philosophic preoccupations of their time. Their characters present problems in heredity and environment; there are struggles of the spirit toward goodness and the light; failures, and searchings for the causes of failure.

Thomas Hardy, the last of the great nineteenth century novelists, still lives, a distinguished poet. His novels are racy of the soil from which he sprang and where he has spent his life. For this region, in southern England lying about King Alfred's capital of Winchester, he has revived the Old English name of Wessex. In theme likewise his novels revert to a primitive concept of human life thwarted and frustrated by a cruel and inscrutable Fate.

The twentieth century novel lies all about us. Where the novel of the last century maintained a certain dignity and leisure and aimed at largeness and coherence of structure, the novel to-day adopts every conceivable mode of expression and fastens avidly upon anything that can be called human experience. It is still somehow bothering, however, about the truth of things, and between covers of the novel remains the place to which one resorts if it is desired to associate with people who are really alive.

JANE AUSTEN

From PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a-year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk

so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a-year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE COMBAT IN THE DESERT

— They, too, retired
To the wilderness, but 'twas with arms.
Paradise Regained.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way were forgotten, as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon"; the land as well as the lake might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odour of bitumen and sulphur, which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake, in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of waterspouts. Masses of the slimy and sulphurous substance called naphtha, which floated idly on the sluggish and sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapours, and afforded awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked

mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour: there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backward, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep — wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they had come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-

arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the Western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

It was not, however, to all the race that fortune proposed such tempting rewards; and those obtained by the solitary knight during two years' campaign in Palestine had been only temporal fame, and, as he was taught to believe, spiritual privileges. Meantime, his slender stock of money had melted away, the rather that he did not pursue any of the ordinary modes by which the followers of the Crusade condescended to recruit their diminished resources, at the expense of the

people of Palestine: he exacted no gifts from the wretched natives for sparing their possessions when engaged in warfare with the Saracens, and he had not availed himself of any opportunity of enriching himself by the ransom of prisoners of consequence. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled, as we have seen, singly and alone. This was of little consequence to the Crusader, who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companion.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labour and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced toward the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb,

as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe; perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached toward the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat

to a distance of an hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily

from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security does thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mahommed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart toward thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour

of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

CHARLES DICKENS

DAVID AND THE ARK

From Chapter 3 of THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD THE YOUNGER.

THE carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along, with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that; and as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed; and I could not have believed unless I had heard her do it, that one defenceless woman could have snored so much.

We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public-house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the

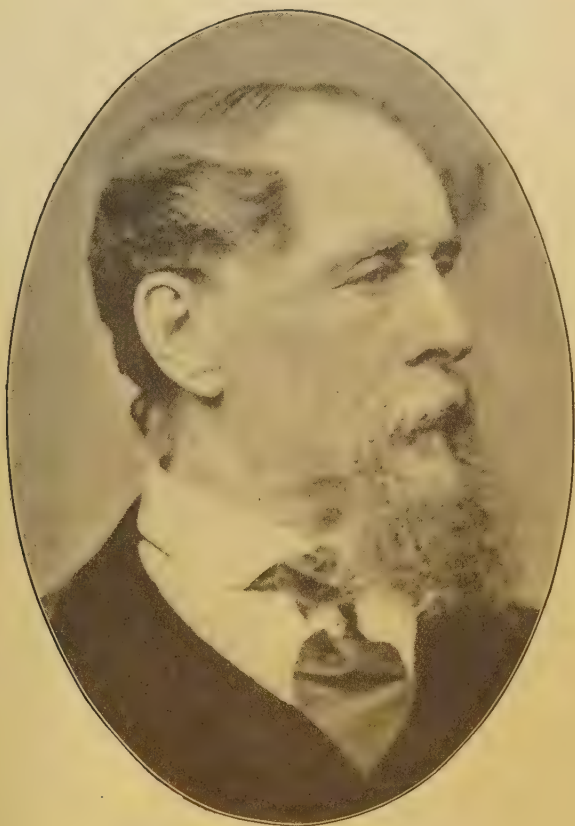
river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.

When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me), and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice; and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born Bloaters), that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Here's my Am!" screamed Peggotty, "growed out of knowledge!"

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public-house; and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me, because he had never come to our house since the night I was born, and naturally he had the advantage of me. But our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was, now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone,



CHARLES DICKENS

without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a-top, like an old building, with something pitchy.

Ham carrying me on his back, and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said:—

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to me.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a

tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this, I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—childlike, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into, and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish; which was so searching that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it

had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtsying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so) with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother; and so he turned out — being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How's your ma, sir?" said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish, and that she desired her compliments — which was a polite fiction on my part.

"I'm much obleeged to her, I'm sure," said Mr. Peggotty. "Well, sir, if you can make out here, for a fortnut, 'long wi' her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honours of his house in this hospitable manner, Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettleful

of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get *his* muck off." He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance; but so rubicund, that I couldn't help thinking his face had this in common with the lobsters, crabs, and crawfish, — that it went into the hot water very black, and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire, and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty with the white apron was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with Saint Paul's and the bit of wax-candle as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme for telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty," says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered: —

"No, sir. I never giv him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then?" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, sir, his father giv it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after a respectful pause.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it. "— Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said:—

"Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, master," he answered, with a short laugh. "I'm a bachelore."

"A bachelor!" I said, astonished. "Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?" pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

"That's Missis Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But at this point Peggotty — I mean my own peculiar Peggotty — made such impressive motions to me not to ask any more questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she informed me that Ham and Em'ly were an orphan nephew and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood, when they were left destitute; and that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel — those were her similes. The only subject, she informed me, on which he ever showed a violent temper or swore an oath,

was this generosity of his; and if it were ever referred to, by any one of them, he struck the table a heavy blow with his right hand (had split it on one such occasion), and swore a dreadful oath that he would be "Gormed" if he didn't cut and run for good, if it was ever mentioned again. It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but that they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation.

I was very sensible of my entertainer's goodness, and listened to the women's going to bed in another little crib like mine at the opposite end of the boat, and to him and Ham hanging up two hammocks for themselves on the hooks I had noticed in the roof, in a very luxurious state of mind, enhanced by my being sleepy. As slumber gradually stole upon me, I heard the wind howling out at sea and coming on across the flat so fiercely, that I had a lazy apprehension of the great deep rising in the night. But I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all; and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if anything did happen.

Nothing happened, however, worse than morning. Almost as soon as it shone upon the oyster-shell frame of my mirror I was out of bed, and out with little Em'ly, picking up stones upon the beach.

"You're quite a sailor, I suppose?" I said to Em'ly. I don't know that I supposed anything of the kind, but I felt it an act of gallantry to say something; and a shining sail close to us made such a pretty little image of itself, at the moment, in her bright eye, that it came into my head to say this.

"No," replied Em'ly, shaking her head, "I'm afraid of the sea."

"Afraid!" I said, with a becoming air of boldness, and looking very big at the mighty ocean. "I an't!"

"Ah! but it's cruel," said Em'ly. "I have seen it very cruel to some of our men. I have seen it tear a boat as big as our house all to pieces."

"I hope it wasn't the boat that —"
 "That father was drowned in?" said Em'ly. "No. Not that one, I never see that boat."

"Nor him?" I asked her.

Little Em'ly shook her head. "Not to remember!"

Here was a coincidence! I immediately went into an explanation how I had never seen my own father; and how my mother and I had always lived by ourselves in the happiest state imaginable, and lived so then, and always meant to live so; and how my father's grave was in the churchyard near our house, and shaded by a tree, beneath the boughs of which I had walked and heard the birds sing many a pleasant morning. But there were some differences between Em'ly's orphanhood and mine, it appeared. She had lost her mother before her father; and where her father's grave was no one knew, except that it was somewhere in the depths of the sea.

"Besides," said Em'ly, as she looked about for shells and pebbles, "your father was a gentleman and your mother is a lady; and my father was a fisherman and my mother was a fisherman's daughter, and my uncle Dan is a fisherman."

"Dan is Mr. Peggotty, is he?" said I.

"Uncle Dan — yonder," answered Em'ly, nodding at the boat-house.

"Yes. I mean him. He must be very good, I should think."

"Good?" said Em'ly. "If I was ever to be a lady, I'd give him a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, a cocked hat, a large gold watch, a silver pipe, and a box of money."

I said I had no doubt that Mr. Peggotty well deserved these treasures. I must acknowledge that I felt it difficult to picture him quite at his ease in the raiment proposed for him by his grateful little niece, and that I was particularly doubtful of the policy of the cocked hat; but I kept these sentiments to myself.

Little Em'ly had stopped and looked up at the sky in her enumeration of these articles, as if they were a glorious vision.

We went on again, picking up shells and pebbles.

"You would like to be a lady?" I said.

Em'ly looked at me, and laughed and nodded "yes."

"I should like it very much. We would all be gentlefolks together, then. Me, and uncle, and Ham, and Mrs. Gummidge. We wouldn't mind then, when there come stormy weather. — Not for our own sakes, I mean. We would for the poor fishermen's, to be sure, and we'd help 'em with money when they come to any hurt."

This seemed to me to be a very satisfactory and therefore not at all improbable picture. I expressed my pleasure in the contemplation of it, and little Em'ly was emboldened to say, shyly,

"Don't you think you are afraid of the sea, now?"

It was quiet enough to reassure me, but I have no doubt if I had seen a moderately large wave come tumbling in, I should have taken to my heels, with an awful recollection of her drowned relations. However, I said "No," and I added, "You don't seem to be, either, though you say you are;" — for she was walking much too near the brink of a sort of old jetty or wooden causeway we had strolled upon, and I was afraid of her falling over.

"I'm not afraid in this way," said little Em'ly. "But I wake when it blows, and tremble to think of Uncle Dan and Ham, and believe I hear 'em crying out for help. That's why I should like so much to be a lady. But I'm not afraid in this way. Not a bit. Look here!"

She started from my side, and ran along a jagged timber which protruded from the place we stood upon, and overhung the deep water at some height, without the least defence. The incident is so impressed on my remembrance, that if I were a draughtsman I could draw its form here, I daresay, accurately as it was that day, and little Em'ly springing forward to her destruction (as it appeared to me), with a look that I have never forgotten, directed far out to sea.

The light, bold, fluttering little figure turned and came back safe to me, and I

soon laughed at my fears, and at the cry I had uttered; fruitlessly in any case, for there was no one near. But there have been times since, in my manhood, many times there have been, when I have thought, Is it possible, among the possibilities of hidden things, that in the sudden rashness of the child and her wild look so far off, there was any merciful attraction of her into danger, any tempting her towards him permitted on the part of her dead father, that her life might have a chance of ending that day. There has been a time since when I have wondered whether, if the life before her could have been revealed to me at a glance, and so revealed as that a child could fully comprehend it, and if her preservation could have depended on a motion of my hand, I ought to have held it up to save her. There has been a time since—I do not say it lasted long, but it has been—when I have asked myself the question, Would it have been better for little Em'ly to have had the waters close above her head that morning in my sight, and when I have answered Yes.

This may be premature. I have set it down too soon, perhaps. But let it stand.

We strolled a long way, and loaded ourselves with things that we thought curious, and put some stranded star-fish carefully back into the water—I hardly know enough of the race at this moment to be quite certain whether they had reason to feel obliged to us for doing so, or the reverse—and then made our way home to Mr. Peggotty's dwelling. We stopped under the lee of the lobster-outhouse to exchange an innocent kiss, and went in to breakfast glowing with health and pleasure.

"Like two young mavishes," Mr. Peggotty said. I knew this meant, in our local dialect, like two young thrushes, and received it as a compliment.

Of course I was in love with little Em'ly. I am sure I loved that baby quite as tenderly, with greater purity and more disinterestedness, than can enter into the best love of a later time of life, high and ennobling as it is. I am sure my fancy

raised up something round that blue-eyed mite of a child, which etherealised, and made a very angel of her. If, any sunny forenoon, she had spread a little pair of wings and flown away before my eyes, I don't think I should have regarded it as much more than I had reason to expect.

We used to walk about that dim old flat at Yarmouth in a loving manner, hours and hours. The days sported by us, as if Time had not grown up himself yet, but were a child too, and always at play. I told Em'ly I adored her, and that unless she confessed she adored me I should be reduced to the necessity of killing myself with a sword. She said she did, and I have no doubt she did.

As to any sense of inequality, or youthfulness, or other difficulty in our way, little Em'ly and I had no such trouble, because we had no future. We made no more provision for growing older, than we did for growing younger. We were the admiration of Mrs. Gummidge and Peggotty, who used to whisper of an evening when we sat, lovingly, on our little locker side by side, "Lor! wasn't it beautiful!" Mr. Peggotty smiled at us from behind his pipe, and Ham grinned all the evening and did nothing else. They had something of the sort of pleasure in us, I suppose, that they might have had in a pretty toy, or a pocket model of the Colosseum.

I soon found out that Mrs. Gummidge did not always make herself so agreeable as she might have been expected to do, under the circumstances of her residence with Mr. Peggotty. Mrs. Gummidge's was rather a fretful disposition, and she whimpered more sometimes than was comfortable for other parties in so small an establishment. I was very sorry for her; but there were moments when it would have been more agreeable, I thought, if Mrs. Gummidge had had a convenient apartment of her own to retire to, and had stopped there until her spirits revived.

Mr. Peggotty went occasionally to a public-house called The Willing Mind. I discovered this, by his being out on the second or third evening of our visit, and by Mrs. Gummidge's looking up at the

Dutch clock, between eight and nine, and saying he was there, and that, what was more, she had known in the morning he would go there.

Mrs. Gummidge had been in a low state all day, and had burst into tears in the forenoon, when the fire smoked. "I am a lone lorn creetur'," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, when that unpleasant occurrence took place, "and everythink goes contrairy with me."

"Oh, it'll soon leave off," said Peggotty — I again mean our Peggotty — "and besides, you know, it's not more disagreeable to you than to us."

"I feel it more," said Mrs. Gummidge.

It was a very cold day, with cutting blasts of wind. Mrs. Gummidge's peculiar corner of the fireside seemed to me to be the warmest and snuggest in the place, as her chair was certainly the easiest, but it didn't suit her that day at all. She was constantly complaining of the cold, and of its occasioning a visitation in her back which she called "the creeps." At last she shed tears on that subject, and said again that she was "a lone lorn creetur' and everythink went contrairy with her."

"It is certainly very cold," said Peggotty. "Everybody must feel it so."

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge.

So at dinner; when Mrs. Gummidge was always helped immediately after me, to whom the preference was given as a visitor of distinction. The fish were small and bony, and the potatoes were a little burnt. We all acknowledged that we felt this something of a disappointment; but Mrs. Gummidge said she felt it more than we did, and shed tears again, and made that former declaration with great bitterness.

Accordingly, when Mr. Peggotty came home about nine o'clock, this unfortunate Mrs. Gummidge was knitting in her corner in a very wretched and miserable condition. Peggotty had been working cheerfully. Ham had been patching up a great pair of water-boots; and I, with little Em'ly by my side, had been reading to them. Mrs. Gummidge had never made

any other remark than a forlorn sigh, and had never raised her eyes since tea.

"Well, Mates," said Mr. Peggotty, taking his seat, "and how are you?"

We all said something, or looked something, to welcome him, except Mrs. Gummidge, who only shook her head over her knitting.

"What's amiss?" said Mr. Peggotty, with a clap of his hands. "Cheer up, old Mawther!" (Mr. Peggotty meant old girl.)

Mrs. Gummidge did not appear to be able to cheer up. She took out an old black silk handkerchief and wiped her eyes; but instead of putting it in her pocket, kept it out, and wiped them again, and still kept it out, ready for use.

"What's amiss, dame?" said Mr. Peggotty.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Gummidge. "You've come from The Willing Mind, Dan'l?"

"Why, yes, I've took a short spell at The Willing Mind tonight," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I'm sorry I should drive you there," said Mrs. Gummidge.

"Drive! I don't wan't no driving," returned Mr. Peggotty, with an honest laugh. "I only go too ready."

"Very ready," said Mrs. Gummidge, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. "Yes, yes, very ready. I am sorry it should be along of me that you're so ready."

"Along o' you? It an't along o' you!" said Mr. Peggotty. "Don't ye believe a bit on it."

"Yes, yes, it is," cried Mrs. Gummidge. "I know what I am. I know that I am a lone lorn creetur' and not only that everythink goes contrairy with me, but that I go contrairy with everybody. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It's my misfortune'."

I really couldn't help thinking, as I sat taking in all this, that the misfortune extended to some other members of that family besides Mrs. Gummidge. But Mr. Peggotty made no such retort, only answering with another entreaty to Mrs. Gummidge to cheer up.

"I an't what I could wish myself to be," said Mrs. Gummidge. "I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I wish I didn't feel 'em, but I do. I wish I could be hardened to 'em, but I an't. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it. I've made your sister so all day, and Master Davy."

Here I was suddenly melted, and roared out, "No, you haven't, Mrs. Gummidge," in great mental distress.

"It's far from right that I should do it," said Mrs. Gummidge. "It an't a fit return. I had better go into the house and die. I am a lone lorn creetur', and had much better not make myself contrary here. If thinks must go contrary with me, and I must go contrary myself, let me go contrary in my parish. Dan'l, I'd better go into the house, and die and be a riddance!"

Mrs. Gummidge retired with these words, and betook herself to bed. When she was gone, Mr. Peggotty, who had not exhibited a trace of any feeling but the profoundest sympathy, looked round upon us, and nodding his head with a lively expression of that sentiment still animating his face, said in a whisper:

"She's been thinking of the old 'un!"

I did not quite understand what old one Mrs. Gummidge was supposed to have fixed her mind upon, until Peggotty, on seeing me to bed, explained that it was the late Mr. Gummidge; and that her brother always took that for a received truth on such occasions, and that it always had a moving effect upon him. Some time after he was in his hammock that night, I heard him myself repeat to Ham: "Poor thing! She's been thinking of the old 'un!" And whenever Mrs. Gummidge was overcome in a similar manner during the remainder of our stay (which happened some few times), he always said the same thing in extenuation of the circumstance, and always with the tenderest commiseration.

So the fortnight slipped away, varied by nothing but the variation of the tide,

which altered Mr. Peggotty's times of going out and coming in, and altered Ham's engagements also. When the latter was unemployed, he sometimes walked with us to show us the boats and ships, and once or twice he took us for a row. I don't know why one slight set of impressions should be more particularly associated with a place than another, though I believe this obtains with most people, in reference especially to the associations of their childhood. I never hear the name, or read the name, of Yarmouth, but I am reminded of a certain Sunday morning on the beach, the bells ringing for church, little Em'ly leaning on my shoulder, Ham lazily dropping stones into the water, and the sun, away at sea, just breaking through the heavy mist, and showing us the ships, like their own shadows.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NIL NISI BONUM

From ROUNDABOUT PAPERS.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.¹ Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his

¹ Washington Irving died, November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died, December 28, 1859.

hand on the child's head." He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling goodwill. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilisation at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him,

and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feast and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatised by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,¹ and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no

¹ At Washington, Mr. Irving came to a lecture given by the writer, which Mr. Fillmore and General Pierce, the President and President Elect were also kind enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his good-humoured smile.



From the portrait by Sir John Gilbert in the Garrick Club, London

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

one.¹ I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look

¹ Mr. Irving described to me, with that humour and good humour which he always kept, how, amongst other visitors, a member of the British press who had carried his distinguished pen to America (where he employed it in vilifying his own country) came to Sunnyside, introduced himself to Irving, partook of his wine and luncheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nieces, his meal, and his manner of dozing afterwards, in a New York paper. On another occasion, Irving said, laughing, "Two persons came to me, and one held me in conversation whilst the other miscreant took my portrait!"

at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthu-

mous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K.¹ court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first in the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry at the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party: and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth.

¹ *Kaiserliche Königliche*, i.e. imperial and royal.

Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to wonder: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nihil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the *Essays* or *History*;—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one,

two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbour, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners — not all — have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon, — what not? — and have been struck by none of them so much as by that catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. "Not read *Clarissa*!" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa* and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When

I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me: and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the "Athenæum" library: I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book — of that book, and of what countless piles of others!

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself: and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none: and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon — and to him, indeed, it is addressed — I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and '*be good, my dear.*'" Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, *laus Deo*, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for short-

comings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable &c. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!

PENDENNIS FALLS IN LOVE

From Chapters 3 and 4 of THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS: HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY.

WHILE these natural sentiments were waging war and trouble in honest Pen's bosom, it chanced one day that he rode into Chatteris for the purpose of carrying to the *County Chronicle* a tremendous and thrilling poem for the next week's paper; and putting up his horse, according to custom, at the stables of the George Hotel, there, he fell in with an old acquaintance. A grand black tandem, with scarlet wheels, came rattling into the inn yard, as Pen stood there in converse with the hostler about Rebecca; and the voice of the driver called out, "Hallo, Penden, is that you?" in a loud patronizing manner. Pen had some difficulty in recognizing, under the broad-brimmed hat and the vast great-coats and neckcloths, with which the new comer was habited, the person and figure of his quondam school-fellow, Mr. Foker.

A year's absence had made no small difference in that gentleman. A youth

who had been deservedly whipped a few months previously, and who spent his pocket-money on tarts and hard-bake, now appeared before Pen in one of those costumes to which public consent, which I take to be quite as influential in this respect as Johnson's Dictionary, has awarded the title of "Swell." He had a bull-dog between his legs, and in his scarlet shawl neck-cloth was a pin representing another bull-dog in gold: he wore a fur waistcoat laced over with gold chains; a green cut-away coat with basket buttons, and a white upper-coat ornamented with cheese-plate buttons, on each of which was engraved some stirring incident of the road or the chase; all of which ornaments set off this young fellow's figure to such advantage that you would hesitate to say which character in life he most resembled, and whether he was a boxer *en goguette*, or a coachman in his gala suit.

"Left that place for good, Pendennis?" Mr. Foker said, descending from his landau and giving Pendennis a finger.

"Yes, this year or more," Pen said.

"Beastly old hole," Mr. Foker remarked. "Hate it. Hate the Doctor; hate Towzer, the second master: hate everybody there. Not a fit place for a gentleman."

"Not at all," said Pen, with an air of the utmost consequence.

"By gad, sir, I sometimes dream, now, that the Doctor's walking into me," Foker continued (and Pen smiled as he thought that he himself had likewise fearful dreams of this nature). "When I think of the diet there, by gad, sir, I wonder how I stood it. Mangy mutton, brutal beef, pudding on Thursdays and Sundays, and that fit to poison you. Just look at my leader—did you ever see a prettier animal? Drove over from Baymouth. Came the nine mile in two-and-forty minutes. Not bad going, sir."

"Are you stopping at Baymouth, Foker?" Pendennis asked.

"I'm coaching there," said the other with a nod.

"What?" asked Pen, and in a tone of such wonder that Foker burst out laughing, and said, "He was blowed if he didn't

think Pen was such a flat as not to know what coaching meant."

"I'm come down with a coach from Oxbridge. A tutor, don't you see, old boy? He's coaching me, and some other men, for the little go. Me and Spavin have the drag between us. And I thought I'd just tool over, and go to the play. Did you ever see Rowkins do the hornpipe?" and Mr. Foker began to perform some steps of that popular dance in the inn yard, looking round for the sympathy of his groom, and the stable men.

Pen thought he would like to go to the play too: and could ride home afterwards, as there was a moonlight. So he accepted Foker's invitation to dinner, and the young men entered the inn together, where Mr. Foker stopped at the bar, and called upon Miss Rummer, the landlady's fair daughter, who presided there, to give him a glass of "his mixture."

Pen and his family had been known at the George ever since they came into the county; and Mr. Pendennis's carriage and horses always put up there when he paid a visit to the county town. The landlady dropped the heir of Fairoaks a very respectful courtesy, and complimented him upon his growth and manly appearance, and asked news of the family at Fairoaks, and of Dr. Portman and the Clavering people, to all of which questions the young gentleman answered with much affability. But he spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Rummer with that sort of good nature with which a young Prince addresses his father's subjects; never dreaming that those *bonnes gens* were his equals in life.

Mr. Foker's behaviour was quite different. He inquired for Rummer and the cold in his nose, told Mrs. Rummer a riddle, asked Miss Rummer when she would be ready to marry him, and paid his compliments to Miss Brett, the other young lady in the bar, all in a minute of time, and with a liveliness and facetiousness which set all these ladies in a giggle; and he gave a cluck, expressive of great satisfaction, as he tossed off his mixture, which Miss Rummer prepared and handed to him.

"Have a drop," said he to Pen. "Give the young one a glass, R., and score it up to yours truly."

Poor Pen took a glass, and everybody laughed at the face which he made as he put it down. — Gin, bitters, and some other cordial, was the compound with which Mr. Foker was so delighted as to call it by the name of Foker's own. As Pen choked, sputtered, and made faces, the other took occasion to remark to Mr. Rummer that the young fellow was green, very green, but that he would soon form him; and then they proceeded to order dinner — which Mr. Foker determined should consist of turtle and venison; cautioning the landlady to be very particular about icing the wine.

Then Messrs. Foker and Pen strolled down the High Street together — the former having a cigar in his mouth, which he had drawn out of a case almost as big as a portmanteau. He went in to replenish it at Mr. Lewis's, and talked to that gentleman for a while, sitting down on the counter: he then looked in at the fruiterer's, to see the pretty girl there: then they passed the *County Chronicle* office, for which Pen had his packet ready, in the shape of "Lines to Thyrsa," but poor Pen did not like to put the letter into the editor's box while walking in company with such a fine gentleman as Mr. Foker. They met heavy dragoons of the regiment always quartered at Chatteris: and stopped and talked about the Baymouth balls, and what a pretty girl was Miss Brown, and what a dem fine woman Mrs. Jones was. It was in vain that Pen recalled to his own mind how stupid Foker used to be at school — how he could scarcely read, how he was not cleanly in his person, and notorious for his blunders and dulness. Mr. Foker was not more refined now than in his school days: and yet Pen felt a secret pride in strutting down High Street with a young fellow who owned tandems, talked to officers, and ordered turtle and champagne for dinner. He listened, and with respect too, to Mr. Foker's accounts of what the men did at the university of which Mr. F. was

an ornament, and encountered a long series of stories about boat-racing, bumping, College grass-plats, and milk-punch — and began to wish to go up himself to College to a place where there were such manly pleasures and enjoyments. Farmer Gurnett, who lives close by Fair Oaks, riding by at this minute and touching his hat to Pen, the latter stopped him, and sent a message to his mother to say that he had met with an old school-fellow, and should dine in Chatteris.

The two young gentlemen continued their walk, and were passing round the Cathedral Yard, where they could hear the music of the afternoon service (a music which always exceedingly affected Pen), but whither Mr. Foker came for the purpose of inspecting the nursery maids who frequent the Elms Walk there, and here they strolled until with a final burst of music the small congregation was played out.

Old Doctor Portman was one of the few who came from the venerable gate. Spying Pen, he came and shook him by the hand, and eyed with wonder Pen's friend, from whose mouth and cigar clouds of fragrance issued, which curled round the Doctor's honest face and shovel hat.

"An old school-fellow of mine, Mr. Foker," said Pen. The Doctor said "H'm": and scowled at the cigar. He did not mind a pipe in his study, but the cigar was an abomination to the worthy gentleman.

"I came up on Bishop's business," the Doctor said. "We'll ride home, Arthur, if you like?"

"I — I'm engaged to my friend here," Pen answered.

"You had better come home with me," said the Doctor.

"His mother knows he's out, sir," Mr. Foker remarked: "don't she, Pen-dennis?"

"But that does not prove that he had not better come home with me," the Doctor growled, and he walked off with great dignity.

"Old boy don't like the weed, I suppose," Foker said. "Ha! who's here? — here's

the General, and Bingley, the manager. How do, Cos? How do, Bingley?"

"How does my worthy and gallant young Foker?" said the gentleman addressed as the General, and who wore a shabby military cape with a mangy collar, and a hat cocked very much over one eye.

"Trust you are very well, my very dear sir," said the other gentleman, "and that the Theatre Royal will have the honour of your patronage to-night. We perform *The Stranger*, in which your humble servant will —"

"Can't stand you in tights and Hessians, Bingley," young Mr. Foker said. On which the General, with the Irish accent, said: "But I think ye'll like Miss Fotheringay, in Mrs. Haller, or me name's not Jack Costigan."

Pen looked at these individuals with the greatest interest. He had never seen an actor before; and he saw Dr. Portman's red face looking over the Doctor's shoulder, as he retreated from the Cathedral Yard, evidently quite dissatisfied with the acquaintances into whose hands Pen had fallen.

Perhaps it would have been much better for him had he taken the parson's advice and company home. But which of us knows his fate?

Having returned to the George, Mr. Foker and his guest sat down to a handsome repast in the coffee-room; where Mr. Rummer brought in the first dish, and bowed as gravely as if he was waiting upon the Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

Pen could not but respect Foker's connoisseurship as he pronounced the champagne to be condemned gooseberry, and winked at the port with one eye. The latter he declared to be of the right sort; and told the waiters there was no way of humbugging *him*. All these attendants he knew by their Christian names, and showed a great interest in their families; and, as the London coaches drove up, which in those early days used to set off from the George, Mr. Foker flung the coffee-room window open, and called the guards and coachmen by their Christian

names, too, asking about their respective families, and imitating with great liveliness and accuracy the tooting of the horns as Jem the ostler whipped the horses' cloths off, and the carriages drove gaily away.

"A bottle of sherry, a bottle of sham, a bottle of port, and a shass caffy, it ain't so bad, hay, Pen?" Foker said, and pronounced, after all these delicacies and a quantity of nuts and fruit had been despatched, that it was time to "toddle." Pen sprang up with very bright eyes, and a flushed face; and they moved off towards the theatre, where they paid their money to the wheezy old lady slumbering in the money-taker's box. "Mrs. Dropsicum, Bingley's mother-in-law, great in Lady Macbeth," Foker said to this companion. Foker knew her, too.

They had almost their choice of places in the boxes of the theatre, which was no better filled than country theatres usually are, in spite of the "universal burst of attraction and galvanic thrills of delight," advertised by Bingley in the play-bills. A score or so of people dotted the pit-benches, a few more kept a-kicking and whistling in the galleries, and a dozen others, who came in with free admissions, were in the boxes where our gentleman sat. Lieutenants Rodgers and Podgers, and young Cronet Tidmus, of the Dragoons, occupied a private box. The performers acted to them, and these gentlemen seemed to hold conversations with the players when not engaged in the dialogue, and applauded them by name loudly.

Bingley, the manager, who assumed all the chief tragic and comic parts, except when he modestly retreated to make way for the London stars, who came down occasionally to Chatteris, was great in the character of the Stranger. He was attired in the tight pantaloons and Hessian boots which the stage legend has given to that injured man, with a large cloak and beaver, and a hearse-feather in it drooping over his raddled old face, and only partially concealing his great buckled brown wig. He had the stage-jewelry on, too, of which he selected the largest and most shiny rings for himself, and allowed his little finger

to quiver out of his cloak with a sham diamond ring covering the first joint of the finger and twiddling in the faces of the pit. Bingley made it a favour to the young men of his company to go on in light comedy parts with that ring. They flattered him by asking its history. The stage has its traditional jewels, as the Crown and all great families have. This had belonged to George Frederick Cooke, who had had it from Mr. Quin, who may have bought it for a shilling. Bingley fancied the world was fascinated with its glitter.

He was reading out of the stage-book — that wonderful stage-book — which is not bound like any other book in the world, but is rouged and tawdry like the hero or heroine who holds it; and who holds it as people never do hold books: and points with his finger to a passage, and wags his head ominously at the audience, and then lifts up eyes and finger to the ceiling, professing to derive some intense consolation from the work between which and heaven there is a strong affinity.

As soon as the Stranger saw the young men, he acted at them; eyeing them solemnly over his gilt volume as he lay on the stage-bank, showing his hand, his ring, and his Hessians. He calculated the effect that every one of these ornaments would produce upon his victims: he was determined to fascinate them, for he knew they had paid their money; and he saw their families coming in from the country and filling the cane chairs in his boxes.

As he lay on the bank reading, his servant, Francis, made remarks upon his master.

"Again reading," said Francis, "thus it is from morn to night. To him nature has no beauty — life no charm. For three years I have never seen him smile" (the gloom of Bingley's face was fearful to witness during these comments of the faithful domestic). "Nothing diverts him. Oh, if he would but attach himself to any living thing, were it an animal — for something man must love."

[*Enter Tobias (Goll) from the hut.*] He cries, "O, how refreshing, after seven long

weeks, to feel these warm sunbeams again. Thanks, bounteous heaven, for the joy I taste!" He presses his cap between his hands, looks up and prays. The Stranger eyes him attentively.

Francis to the Stranger. "This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little. Yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it."

Bingley. "Because, though old, he is but a child in the leading-string of Hope." (He looks steadily at Foker, who, however, continues to suck the top of his stick in an unconcerned manner.)

Francis. "Hope is the nurse of life."

Bingley. "And her cradle — is the grave."

The Stranger uttered this with the moan of a bassoon in agony, and fixed his glance on Pendennis so steadily that the poor lad was quite put out of countenance. He thought the whole house must be looking at him and cast his eyes down. As soon as ever he raised them Bingley's were at him again. All through the scene the manager played at him. How relieved the lad was when the scene ended, and Foker, tapping with his cane, cried out, "Bravo, Bingley!"

"Give him a hand, Pendennis; you know every chap likes a hand," Mr. Foker said; and the good-natured young gentleman, and Pendennis laughing, and the dragoons in the opposite box began clapping hands to the best of their power.

A chamber in Winterset Castle closed over Tobias's hut and the Stranger and his boots; and servants appeared bustling about with chairs and tables. — "That's Hicks and Miss Thackthwaite," whispered Foker. "Pretty girl, ain't she, Pendennis? But stop — hurray — bravo! here's the Fotheringay."

The pit thrilled and thumped its umbrellas; a volley of applause was fired from the gallery; the Dragoon officers and Foker clapped their hands furiously: you would have thought the house was full, so loud were their plaudits. The red face and ragged whiskers of Mr. Costigan were seen peering from the side-scene. Pen's eyes opened wide and bright, as

Mrs. Haller entered with a downcast look, then rallying at the sound of the applause, swept the house with a grateful glance, and, folding her hands across her breast, sank down in a magnificent curtsey. More applause, more umbrellas; Pen this time, flaming with wine and enthusiasm, clapped hands and sang "Bravo" louder than all. Mrs. Haller saw him, and everybody else, and old Mr. Bows, the little first fiddler of the orchestra (which was this night increased by a detachment of the band of the dragoons, by the kind permission of Colonel Swallowtail), looked up from the desk where he was perched, with his crutch beside him, and smiled at the enthusiasm of the lad.

Those who have only seen Miss Fotheringay in later days, since her marriage and introduction into London life, have little idea how beautiful a creature she was at the time when our friend Pen first set eyes on her. She was of the tallest of women, and at her then age of six-and-twenty — for six-and-twenty she was, though she vows she was only nineteen — in the prime and fulness of her beauty. Her forehead was vast, and her black hair waved over it with a natural ripple, and was confined in shining and voluminous braids at the back of a neck such as you see on the shoulders of the Louvre Venus — that delight of gods and men. Her eyes, when she lifted them up to gaze on you, and ere she dropped their purple, deep-fringed lids, shone with tenderness and mystery unfathomable. Love and Genius seemed to look out from them and then retire coyly, as if ashamed to have been seen at the lattice. Who could have had such a commanding brow but a woman of high intellect? She never laughed (indeed her teeth were not good), but a smile of endless tenderness and sweetness played round her beautiful lips, and in the dimples of her cheeks and her lovely chin. Her nose defied description in those days. Her ears were like two little pearl shells, which the ear-rings she wore (though the handsomest properties in the theatre) only insulted. She was dressed in long, flowing robes of black, which she

managed and swept to and fro with wonderful grace, and out of the folds of which you only saw her sandals occasionally; they were of rather a large size; but Pen thought them as ravishing as the slippers of Cinderella. But it was her hand and arm that this magnificent creature most excelled in, and somehow you could never see her but through them. They surrounded her. When she folded them over her bosom in resignation; when she dropped them in mute agony, or raised them in superb command; when in sportive gaiety her hands fluttered and waved before her, like — what shall we say? — like the snowy doves before the chariot of Venus — it was with these arms and hands that she beckoned, repelled, entreated, embraced her admirers — no single one, for she was armed with her own virtue, and with her father's valour, whose sword would have leapt from its scabbard at any insult offered to his child — but the whole house; which rose to her, as the phrase was, as she curtsied and bowed, and charmed it.

Thus she stood for a minute — complete and beautiful — as Pen stared at her. "I say, Pen, isn't she a stunner?" asked Mr. Foker.

"Hush!" Pen said. "She's speaking."

She began her business in a deep sweet voice. Those who know the play of the *Stranger* are aware that the remarks made by the various characters are not valuable in themselves, either for their sound or sense, their novelty of observation, or their poetic fancy.

Nobody ever talked so. If we meet idiots in life, as will happen, it is a great mercy that they do not use such absurdly fine words. The *Stranger's* talk is sham, like the book he reads, and the hair he wears, and the bank he sits on, and the diamond ring he makes play with — but, in the midst of the balderdash, there runs that reality of love, children, and forgiveness of wrong, which will be listened to wherever it is preached, and sets all the world sympathising.

With what smothered sorrow, with what gushing pathos, Mrs. Haller delivered her

part! At first when, as Count Wintersen's housekeeper, and preparing for His Excellency's arrival, she has to give orders about the beds and furniture, and the dinner, etc., to be got ready, she did so with the calm agony of despair. But when she could get rid of the stupid servants, and give vent to her feelings to the pit and the house, she overflowed to each individual as if he were her particular confidant, and she was crying out her griefs on his shoulder: the little fiddler in the orchestra (whom she did not seem to watch, though he followed her ceaselessly) twitched, twisted, nodded, pointed about, and when she came to the favourite passage: "I have a William, too, if he be still alive — Ah, yes, if he be still alive. His little sisters, too! Why, Fancy, dost thou rack me so? Why dost thou image my poor children fainting in sickness and crying to — to — their mum — um — *other*," — when she came to this passage little Bows buried his face in his blue cotton handkerchief, after crying out "Bravo."

All the house was affected. Foker, for his part, taking out a large yellow bandanna, wept piteously. As for Pen, he was gone too far for that. He followed the woman about and about — when she was off the stage, it and the house were blank; the lights and the red officers reeled wildly before his sight. He watched her at the side-scene — where she stood waiting to come on the stage, and where her father took off her shawl: when the reconciliation arrived, and she flung herself down on Mr. Bingley's shoulders, whilst the children clung to their knees, and the Countess (Mrs. Bingley) and Baron Steinforth (performed with great liveliness and spirit by Garbetts) — while the rest of the characters formed a group round them, Pen's hot eyes only saw Fotheringay, Fotheringay. The curtain fell upon him like a pall. He did not hear a word of what Bingley said, who came forward to announce the play for the next evening, and who took the tumultuous applause, as usual, for himself. Pen was not even distinctly aware that the house was calling

for Miss Fotheringay, nor did the manager seem to comprehend that anybody else but himself had caused the success of the play. At last he understood it — stepped back with a grin, and presently appeared with Mrs. Haller on his arm. How beautiful she looked! Her hair had fallen down, the officers threw her flowers. She clutched them to her heart. She put back her hair, and smiled all round. Her eyes met Pen's. Down went the curtain again; and she was gone. Not one note could he hear of the overture which the brass band of the dragoons blew by kind permission of Colonel Swallowtail.

"She is a crusher, ain't she, now?" Mr. Foker asked of his companion.

Pen did not know exactly what Foker said, and answered vaguely. He could not tell the other what he felt; he could not have spoken, just then, to any mortal. Besides, Pendennis did not quite know what he felt yet; it was something overwhelming, maddening, delicious; a fever of wild joy and undefined longing.

And now Rowkins and Miss Thackthwaite came on to dance the favourite double hornpipe, and Foker abandoned himself to the delights of this ballet, just as he had to the tears of the tragedy a few minutes before. Pen did not care for it, or indeed think about the dance, except to remember that that woman was acting with her in the scene where she first came in. It was a mist before his eyes. At the end of the dance he looked at his watch and said it was time for him to go.

"Hang it, stay to see *The Bravo of the Battle-Axe*," Foker said; "Bingley's splendour in it; he wears red tights, and has to carry Mrs. B. over the Pine-bridge of the Cataract, only she's too heavy. It's great fun, do stop."

Pen looked at the bill with one lingering fond hope that Miss Fotheringay's name might be hidden, somewhere, in the list of the actors of the after-piece, but there was no such name. Go he must. He had a long ride home. He squeezed Foker's hand. He was choking to speak, but he couldn't. He quitted the theatre and walked frantically about the town, he

knew not how long; then he mounted at the George and rode homewards, and Clavering clock sang out one as he came into the yard at Fairoaks. The lady of the house might have been awake, but she only heard him from the passage outside his room as he dashed into bed and pulled the clothes over his head.

GEORGE ELIOT

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

From THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MAGGIE's sense of loneliness and utter privation of joy had deepened with the brightness of advancing spring. All the favourite outdoor nooks about home, which seemed to have done their part with her parents in nurturing and cherishing her, were now mixed up with the home-sadness, and gathered no smile from the sunshine. Every affection, every delight the poor child had had, was like an aching nerve to her. There was no music for her any more — no piano, no harmonised voices, no delicious stringed instruments, with their passionate cries of imprisoned spirits sending a strange vibration through her frame. And of all her school life there was nothing left her now but her little collection of school-books, which she turned over with a sickening sense that she knew them all, and they were all barren of comfort. Even at school she had often wished for books with *more* in them: everything she learned there seemed like the ends of long threads that snapped immediately. And now — without the indirect charm of school-emulation — *Télémaque* was mere bran; so were the hard dry questions on Christian Doctrine: there was no flavour in them — no strength. Sometimes Maggie thought she could have been contented with absorbing fancies; if she could have had all of Scott's novels and Byron's poems! — then, perhaps, she might have found happiness enough to dull her sensibility to her actual daily life. And yet — they were hardly what she wanted. She

could make dream-worlds of her own, — but no dream-world would satisfy her now. She wanted some explanation of this hard, real life; the unhappy-looking father, seated at the dull breakfast-table; the childish, bewildered mother; the little sordid tasks that filled the hours, or the more oppressive emptiness of weary, joyless leisure; the need of some tender, demonstrative love; the cruel sense that Tom didn't mind what she thought or felt, and that they were no longer play-fellows together; the privation of all pleasant things that had come to *her* more than to others: she wanted some key that would enable her to understand, and, in understanding, endure the heavy weight that had fallen on her young heart. If she had been taught "real learning and wisdom, such as great men knew," she thought she should have held the secrets of life; if she had only books, that she might learn for herself what wise men knew! Saints and martyrs had never interested Maggie so much as sages and poets. She knew little of saints and martyrs, and had gathered, as a general result of her teaching, that they were a temporary provision against the spread of Catholicism, and had all died at Smithfield.

In one of these meditations, it occurred to her that she had forgotten Tom's school-books, which had been sent home in his trunk. But she found the stock unaccountably shrunk down to the few old ones which had been well thumbed — the Latin Dictionary and Grammar, a Delectus, a torn Eutropius, the well-worn Virgil, Aldrich's Logic, and the exasperating Euclid. Still, Latin, Euclid, and Logic would surely be a considerable step in masculine wisdom — in that knowledge which made men contented, and even glad to live. Not that the yearning for effectual wisdom was quite unmixed: a certain mirage would now and then rise on the desert of the future, in which she seemed to see herself honoured for her surprising attainments. And so the poor child, with her soul's hunger and her illusions of self-flattery, began to nibble at this thick-rinded fruit of the tree of

knowledge, filling her vacant hours with Latin, geometry, and the forms of the syllogism, and feeling a gleam of triumph now and then that her understanding was quite equal to these peculiarly masculine studies. For a week or two she went on resolutely enough, though with an occasional sinking of heart, as if she had set out toward the Promised Land alone, and found it a thirsty, trackless, uncertain journey. In the severity of her early resolution she would take Aldrich out into the fields, and then look off her book toward the sky, where the lark was twinkling, or to the reeds and bushes by the river, from which the water-fowl rustled forth on its anxious, awkward flight — with a startled sense that the relation between Aldrich and this living world was extremely remote for her. The discouragement deepened as the days went on, and the eager heart gained faster and faster on the patient mind. Somehow, when she sat at the window with her book, her eyes *would* fix themselves blankly on the outdoor sunshine; then they would fill with tears, and sometimes, if her mother was not in the room, the studies would all end in sobbing. She rebelled against her lot, she fainted under its loneliness, and fits even of anger and hatred toward her father and mother, who were so unlike what she would have them to be — toward Tom, who checked her and met her thought or feeling always by some thwarting difference — would flow out over affections and conscience like a lava-stream, and frighten her with a sense that it was not difficult for her to become a demon. Then her brain would be busy with wild romances of flight from home in search of something less sordid and dreary; she would go to some great man — Walter Scott, perhaps — and tell him how wretched and how clever she was, and he would surely do something for her. But, in the middle of her vision, her father would perhaps enter the room for the evening, and, surprised that she still sat without noticing him, would say, complainingly: "Come, am I to fetch my slippers myself?" The voice pierced

through Maggie like a sword; there was another sadness besides her own, and she had been thinking of turning her back on it and forsaking it.

This afternoon the sight of Bob's cheerful freckled face had given her discontent a new direction. She thought it was part of the hardship of her life that there was laid upon her the burthen of larger wants than others seemed to feel — that she had to endure this wide hopeless yearning for that something, whatever it was, that was greatest and best on this earth. She wished she could have been like Bob, with his easily satisfied ignorance, or like Tom, who had something to do on which he could fix his mind with a steady purpose, and disregard everything else. Poor child! as she leaned her head against the window-frame, with her hands clasped tighter and tighter, and her foot beating the ground, she was as lonely in her trouble as if she had been the only girl in the civilised world of that day who had come out of her school-life with a soul untrained for inevitable struggles — with no other part of her inherited share in the hard-won treasures of thought, which generations of painful toil have laid up for the race of men, than shreds and patches of feeble literature and false history — with much futile information about Saxon and other kings of doubtful example — but happily quite without that knowledge of the irreversible laws within and without her, which, governing the habits, becomes morality, and, developing the feelings of submission and dependence, becomes religion: — as lonely in her trouble as if every other girl besides herself had been cherished and watched over by elder minds, not forgetful of their own early time, when need was keen and impulse strong.

At last Maggie's eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window-shelf, and she half forsook her reverie to turn over listlessly the leaves of the *Portrait Gallery*; but she soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with string. *Beauties of the Spectator*, *Rasselas*, *Economy of Human*

Life, *Gregory's Letters* — she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these: the *Christian Year* — that seemed to be a hymn-book, and she laid it down again; but *Thomas à Kempis*? — the name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some idea to attach to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity: it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now for ever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed — "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world . . . If thou seekest this or that, and wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care: for in everything somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . . Both above and below, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross: and everywhere of necessity thou must have patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown. . . . If thou desire to mount unto this height, thou must set out courageously, and lay the axe to the root, that thou mayest pluck up and destroy that hidden inordinate inclination to thyself, and unto all private and earthly good. On this sin, that a man inordinately loveth himself, almost all dependeth, whatsoever is thoroughly to be overcome; which evil being once overcome and subdued, there will presently ensue great peace and tranquillity. . . . It is but little thou sufferest in comparison of them that have suffered so much, were so strongly tempted, so grievously afflicted, so many ways tried and exercised. Thou oughtest therefore to call to mind the more heavy sufferings of others, that thou mayest the easier bear thy little adversities. And if they seem not little unto thee, beware lest thy impatience be the cause thereof. . . . Blessed are those ears that receive the

whispers of the divine voice, and listen not to the whisperings of the world. Blessed are those ears which hearken not unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the Truth, which teaches inwardly—”

A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been awakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupour. She went on from one brown mark to another, where the quiet hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading — seeming rather to listen while a low voice said —

“Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? In heaven ought to be thy dwelling, and all earthly things are to be looked on as they forward thy journey thither. All things pass away, and thou together with them. Beware thou cleave not unto them, lest thou be entangled and perish. . . . If a man should give all his substance, yet it is as nothing. And if he should attain to all knowledge, he is yet far off. And if he should be of great virtue, and very fervent devotion, yet is there much wanting; to wit, one thing, which is most necessary for him. What is that? That having left all, he leave himself, and go wholly out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love. . . . I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . . Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die.”

Maggie drew a long breath and pushed her heavy hair back, as if to see a sudden vision more clearly. Here, then, was a secret of life that would enable her to renounce all other secrets—here was a sublime height to be reached without the help of outward things—here was insight, and strength, and conquest, to be won by means entirely within her own soul, where a supreme Teacher was waiting to be heard. It flashed through her like

the suddenly apprehended solution of a problem, that all the miseries of her young life had come from fixing her heart on her own pleasure, as if that were the central necessity of the universe; and for the first time she saw the possibility of shifting the position from which she looked at the gratification of her own desires — of taking her stand out of herself, and looking at her own life as an insignificant part of a divinely-guided whole. She read on and on in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the invisible Teacher, the pattern of sorrow, the source of all strength; returning to it after she had been called away, and reading till the sun went down behind the willows. With all the hurry of an imagination that could never rest in the present, she sat in the deepening twilight forming plans of self-humiliation and entire devotedness; and, in the ardour of first discovery, renunciation seemed to her the entrance into that satisfaction which she had so long been craving in vain. She had not perceived — how could she until she had lived longer? — the inmost truth of the old monk’s outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly. Maggie was still panting for happiness, and was in ecstasy because she had found the key to it. She knew nothing of doctrines and systems — of mysticism or quietism; but this voice out of the far-off middle ages was the direct communication of a human soul’s belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message.

I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness: while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart’s prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph — not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human

consolations: the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced — in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours — but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

In writing the history of unfashionable families, one is apt to fall into a tone of emphasis which is very far from being the tone of good society, where principles and beliefs are not only of an extremely moderate kind, but are always presupposed, no objects being eligible but such as can be touched with a light and graceful irony. But then, good society has its claret and its velvet carpets, its dinner-engagements six weeks deep, its opera and its faëry ball-rooms; rides off its *ennui* on thoroughbred horses, lounges at the club, has to keep clear of crinoline vortices, gets its science done by Faraday, and its religion by the superior clergy who are to be met in the best houses: how should it have time or need for belief and emphasis? But good society, floated on gossamer wings of light irony, is of very expensive production; requiring nothing less than a wide and arduous national life condensed in unfragrant deafening factories, cramping itself in mines, sweating at furnaces, grinding, hammering, weaving under more or less oppression of carbonic acid — or else, spread over sheep-walks, and scattered in lonely houses and huts on the clayey or chalky corn-lands, where the rainy days look dreary. This wide national life is based entirely on emphasis — the emphasis of want, which urges it into all the activities necessary for the maintenance of good society and light irony: it spends its heavy years often in a chill, uncarpeted fashion, amid family discord unsoftened by long corridors. Under such circumstances, there are many among its myriads of souls who have absolutely needed an emphatic belief: life in this unpleasurable shape demanding some solution even to unspeculative minds; just as you inquire

into the stuffing of your couch when anything galls you there, whereas eider-down and perfect French springs excite no question. Some have an emphatic belief in alcohol, and seek their *ekstasis* or outside standing-ground in gin; but the rest require something that good society calls "enthusiasm," something that will present motive in an entire absence of high prizes, something that will give patience and feed human love when the limbs ache with weariness, and human looks are hard upon us — something, clearly, that lies outside personal desires, that includes resignation for ourselves and active love for what is not ourselves. Now and then, that sort of enthusiasm finds a far-echoing voice that comes from an experience springing out of the deepest need. And it was by being brought within the long lingering vibrations of such a voice that Maggie, with her girl's face and unnoted sorrows, found an effort and a hope that helped her through years of loneliness, making out a faith for herself without the aid of established authorities and appointed guides — for they were not at hand, and her need was pressing. From what you know of her, you will not be surprised that she threw some exaggeration and wilfulness, some pride and impetuosity, even into her self-renunciation: her own life was still a drama for her, in which she demanded of herself that her part should be played with intensity. And so it came to pass that she often lost the spirit of humility by being excessive in the outward act; she often strove after too high a flight, and came down with her poor little half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud. For example, she not only determined to work at plain sewing, that she might contribute something towards the fund in the tin box, but she went, in the first instance, in her zeal of self-mortification, to ask for it at a linen shop in St. Ogg's, instead of getting it in a more quiet and indirect way; and could see nothing but what was entirely wrong and unkind, nay, persecuting, in Tom's reproof of her for this unnecessary act. "I don't like *my* sister to do such things," said Tom; "I'll take

care that the debts are paid, without your lowering yourself in that way." Surely there was some tenderness and bravery mingled with the worldliness and self-assertion of that little speech; but Maggie held it as dross, overlooking the grains of gold, and took Tom's rebuke as one of her outward crosses. Tom was very hard to her, she used to think, in her long night-watchings — to her who had always loved him so; and then she strove to be contented with that hardness, and to require nothing. That is the path we all like when we set out on our abandonment of egoism — the path of martyrdom and endurance, where the palm-branches grow, rather than the steep highway of tolerance, just allowance, and self-blame, where there are no leafy honours to be gathered and worn.

The old books, Virgil, Euclid, and Aldrich — that wrinkled fruit of the tree of knowledge — had been all laid by; for Maggie had turned her back on the vain ambition to share the thoughts of the wise. In her first ardour she flung away the books with a sort of triumph that she had risen above the need of them; and if they had been her own, she would have burned them, believing that she would never repent. She read so eagerly and constantly in her three books, the Bible, Thomas à Kempis, and the *Christian Year* (no longer rejected as a "hymn-book"), that they filled her mind with a constant stream of rhythmic memories; and she was too ardently learning to see all nature and life in the light of her new faith to need any other material for her mind to work on, as she sat with her well-plied needle, making shirts and other complicated stitchings falsely called "plain" — by no means plain to Maggie, since wristband and sleeve and the like had a capability of being sewed in wrong side outward in moments of mental wandering.

Hanging diligently over her sewing, Maggie was a sight any one might have been pleased to look at. That new inward life of hers, notwithstanding some volcanic upheavings of imprisoned passions, yet shone out in her face with a tender soft

light that mingled itself as added loveliness with the gradual enriched colour and outline of her blossoming youth. Her mother felt the change in her with a sort of puzzled wonder that Maggie should be "growing up so good;" it was amazing that this once "contrary" child was become so submissive, so backward to assert her own will. Maggie used to look up from her work and find her mother's eyes fixed upon her: they were watching and waiting for the large young glance, as if her elder frame got some needful warmth from it. The mother was getting fond of her tall, brown girl, the only bit of furniture now on which she could bestow her anxiety and pride; and Maggie, in spite of her own ascetic wish to have no personal adornment, was obliged to give way to her mother about her hair, and submit to have the abundant black locks plaited into a coronet on the summit of her head, after the pitiable fashion of those antiquated times.

"Let your mother have that bit o' pleasure, my dear," said Mrs. Tulliver; I'd trouble enough with your hair once."

So Maggie, glad of anything that would soothe her mother, and cheer their long day together, consented to the vain decoration, and showed a queenly head above her old frocks — steadily refusing, however, to look at herself in the glass. Mrs. Tulliver liked to call the father's attention to Maggie's hair and other unexpected virtues, but he had a brusque reply to give.

"I knew well enough what she'd be, before now — it's nothing new to me. But it's a pity she isn't made o' commoner stuff; she'll be thrown away, I doubt: there'll be nobody to marry her as is fit for her."

And Maggie's graces of mind and body fed his gloom. He sat patiently enough while she read him a chapter, or said something timidly when they were alone together about trouble being turned into a blessing. He took it all as part of his daughter's goodness, which made his misfortune the sadder to him because they damaged her chance in life. In a mind charged with an eager purpose and an

unsatisfied vindictiveness, there is no room for new feelings: Mr. Tulliver did not want spiritual consolation — he wanted to shake off the degradation of debt, and to have his revenge.

GEORGE MEREDITH

AN IMPETUOUS LOVER

From BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

Nevil Beauchamp, a young officer in the English navy, is deeply in love with Renée, the sister of Roland, a young French officer, his intimate friend. She is, however, betrothed to the marquis, who is much older than she. The scene is in Venice.

THE marquis was clad in a white silken suit, and a dash of red round the neck set off his black beard; but when he lifted his broad straw hat, a baldness of scone shone. There was elegance in his gestures; he looked a gentleman, though an ultra-Gallican one, that is, too scrupulously finished for our taste, smelling of the valet. He had the habit of balancing his body on the hips, as if to emphasize a juvenile vigour, and his general attitude suggested an idea that he had an oration for you. Seen from a distance, his baldness and strong nasal projection were not winning features; the youthful standard he had evidently prescribed to himself in his dress and his ready jerks of acquiescence and delivery might lead a forlorn rival to conceive him something of an Ogre straining at an Adonis. It could not be disputed that he bore his disappointment remarkably well; the more laudably, because his position was within a step of the ridiculous, for he had shot himself to the mark, despising sleep, heat, dust, dirt, diet, and lo, that charming object was deliberately slipping out of reach, proving his headlong journey an absurdity. As he stood declining to participate in the lunatic voyage, and bidding them perforce good speed off the tip of his fingers, Renée turned her eyes on him, and away. She felt a little smart of pity, arising partly from her antagonism to Roland's covert

laughter; but it was the colder kind of feminine pity, which is nearer to contempt than to tenderness. She sat still, placid outwardly, in fear of herself, so strange she found it to be borne out to sea by her sailor lover under the eyes of her betrothed. She was conscious of a tumultuous rush of sensations, none of them of a very healthy kind, coming as it were from an unlocked chamber of her bosom, hitherto of unimagined contents; and the marquis being now on the spot to defend his own, she no longer blamed Nevil: it was otherwise utterly. All the sweeter side of pity was for him. He was at first amazed by the sudden exquisite transition. Tenderness breathed from her, in voice, in look, in touch; for she accepted his help that he might lead her to the stern of the vessel, to gaze well on setting Venice, and sent lightnings up his veins; she leaned beside him over the vessel's rails, not separated from him by the breadth of a fluttering riband. Like him, she scarcely heard her brother when he for an instant intervened, and with Nevil she said adieu to Venice, where the faint red Doge's palace was like the fading of another sunset northwestward of the glory along the hills. Venice dropped lower and lower, breasting the waters, until it was a thin line in air. The line was broken, and ran in dots, with here and there a pillar standing on opal sky. At last the topmost campanile sank.

Renée looked up at the sails, and back for the submerged city.

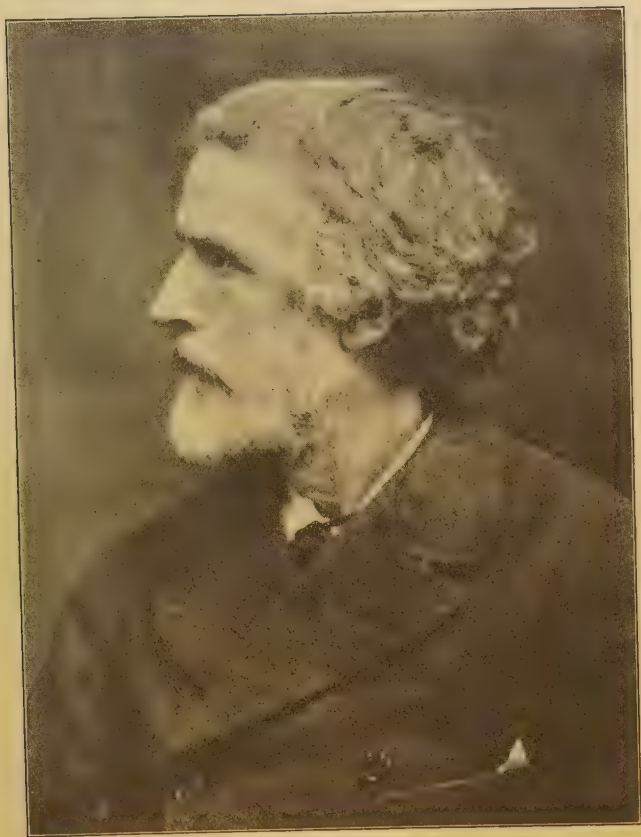
"It is gone!" she said, as though a marvel had been worked; and swiftly: "we have one night!"

She breathed it half like a question, like a petition, catching her breath. The adieu to Venice was her assurance of liberty, but Venice hidden rolled on her the sense of the return and plucked shrewdly at her tether of bondage.

They set their eyes toward the dark gulf ahead. The night was growing starry. The softly ruffled Adriatic tossed no foam.

"One night?" said Nevil; "one? Why only one?"

Renée shuddered. "Oh! do not speak."



From a photograph copyright by J. Thomson

GEORGE MEREDITH

"Then, give me your hand."

"There, my friend."

He pressed a hand that was like a quivering chord. She gave it as though it had been his own to claim. But that it meant no more than a hand he knew by the very frankness of her compliance, in the manner natural to her; and this was the charm, it filled him with her peculiar image and spirit, and while he held it he was subdued.

Lying on the deck at midnight, wrapt in his cloak and a coil of rope for a pillow, considerably apart from jesting Roland, the recollection of that little sanguine spot of time when Renée's life-blood ran with his, began to heave under him like a swelling sea. For Nevil the starred black night was Renée. Half his heart was in it; but the combative division flew to the morning and the deadly iniquity of the marriage, from which he resolved to save her; in pure devotedness, he believed. And so he closed his eyes. She, a girl, with a heart fluttering open and fearing, felt only that she had lost herself somewhere, and she had neither sleep nor symbols; nothing but a sense of infinite strangeness, as though she were borne superhumanly through space.

The breeze blew steadily, enough to swell the sails and sweep the vessel on smoothly. The night air dropped no moisture on deck.

Nevil Beauchamp dozed for an hour. He was awakened by light on his eyelids, and starting up beheld the many pinnacles of grey and red rocks and shadowy high white regions at the head of the gulf waiting for the sun; and the sun struck them. One by one they came out in crimson flame, till the vivid host appeared to have stepped forward. The shadows on the snowfields deepened to purple below an irradiation of rose and pink and dazzling silver. There of all the world you might imagine gods to sit. A crowd of mountains endless in range, erect, or flowing, shattered and arid, or leaning in smooth lustre, hangs above the gulf. The mountains are sovereign Alps, and the sea is beneath them. The whole gigantic body

keeps the sea, as with a hand, to right and left.

Nevil's personal rapture craved for Renée with the second long breath he drew; and now the curtain of her tent-cabin parted, and greeting him with a half smile, she looked out. The Adriatic was dark, the Alps had heaven to themselves. Crescents and hollows, rosy mounds, white shelves, shining ledges, domes and peaks, all the towering heights were in illumination from Friuli into farthest Tyrol; beyond earth to the stricken sense of the gazers. Colour was steadfast on the massive front ranks: it wavered in the remoteness, and was quick and dim as though it fell on beating wings; but there too divine colour seized and shaped forth solid forms, and thence away to others in uttermost distances where the incredible flickering gleam of new heights arose, that soared, or stretched their white uncertain curves in sky-like wings traversing infinity.

It seemed unlike morning to the lovers, but as if night had broken with a revelation of the kingdom in the heart of night. While the broad smooth waters rolled unlighted beneath that transfigured upper sphere, it was possible to think the scene might vanish like a view caught out of darkness by lightning. Alp over burning Alp, and around them a hueless dawn! The two exulted; they threw off the load of wonderment, and in looking they had the delicious sensation of flight in their veins.

Renée stole toward Nevil. She was mystically shaken and at his mercy; and had he said then, "Over to the other land, away from Venice!" she would have bent her head.

She asked his permission to rouse her brother and madame, so that they should not miss the scene.

Roland lay in the folds of his military greatcoat, too completely happy to be disturbed, Nevil Beauchamp chose to think; and Rosamund Culling, he told Renée, had been separated from her husband last on these waters.

"Ah! to be unhappy here," sighed Renée. "I fancied it when I begged her to join us. It was in her voice."

The impressionable girl trembled. He knew he was dear to her, and for that reason, judging of her by himself, he forbore to urge his advantage, conceiving it base to fear that loving him she could yield her hand to another; and it was the critical instant. She was almost in his grasp. A word of sharp entreaty would have swung her round to see her situation with his eyes, and detest and shrink from it. He committed the capital fault of treating her as his equal in passion and courage, not as metal ready to run into the mould under temporary stress of fire.

Even later in the morning, when she was cooler, and he had come to speak, more than her own strength was needed to resist him. The struggle was hard. The boat's head had been put about for Venice, and they were among the dusky-red Chioggian sails in fishing quarters, expecting momentarily a campanile to signal the sea-city over the level. Renée waited for it in suspense. To her it stood for the implacable key of a close and stifling chamber, so different from this brilliant boundless region of air, that she sickened with the apprehension; but she knew it must appear, and soon, and therewith the contraction and the gloom it indicated to her mind. He talked of the beauty. She fretted at it, and was her petulant self again in an epigrammatic note of discord.

He let that pass.

"Last night you said 'one night,'" he whispered. "We will have another sail before we leave Venice."

"One night, and in a little time one hour! and next one minute! and there's the end," said Renée.

Her tone alarmed him. "Have you forgotten that you gave me your hand?"

"I gave my hand to my friend."

"You gave it to me for good."

"No; I dared not; it is not mine."

"It is mine," said Beauchamp.

Renée pointed to the dots and several lines and isolated columns of the rising city, black over bright sea.

"Mine there as well as here," said Beauchamp, and looked at her with the fiery zeal of eyes intent on minutest signs for a

confirmation, to shake that sad negation of her face.

"Renée, you cannot break the pledge of the hand you gave me last night."

"You tell me how weak a creature I am."

"You are me, myself; more, better than me. And say, would you not rather coast here and keep the city under water?"

She could not refrain from confessing that she would be glad never to land there.

"So, when you land, go straight to your father," said Beauchamp, to whose conception it was a simple act resulting from the avowal.

"Oh! you torture me," she cried. Her eyelashes were heavy with tears. "I cannot do it. Think what you will of me! And, my friend, help me. Should you not help me? I have not once actually disobeyed my father, and he has indulged me, but he has been sure of me as a dutiful girl. That is my source of self-respect. My friend can always be my friend."

"Yes, while it's not too late," said Beauchamp.

She observed a sudden stringing of his features. He called to the chief boatman, made his command intelligible to that portly capitano, and went on to Roland, who was puffing his after-breakfast cigarette in conversation with the tolerant English lady.

"You condescend to notice us, signor?" said Roland. "The vessel is up to some manoeuvre?"

"We have decided not to land," replied Beauchamp. "And, Roland," he checked the Frenchman's shout of laughter, "I think of making for Trieste. Let me speak to you, to both. Renée is in misery. She must not go back."

Roland sprang to his feet, stared, and walked over to Renée.

"Nevil," said Rosamond Culling, "do you know what you are doing?"

"Perfectly," said he. "Come to her. She is a girl, and I must think and act for her."

Roland met them.

"My dear Nevil, are you in a state of delusion? Renée denies . . ."

"There's no delusion, Roland. I am

determined to stop a catastrophe. I see it as plainly as those Alps. There is only one way, and that's the one I have chosen."

"Chosen! my friend. But allow me to remind you that you have others to consult. And Renée herself . . ."

"She is a girl. She loves me, and I speak for her."

"She has said it?"

"She has more than said it."

"You strike me to the deck, Nevil. Either you are downright mad — which seems the likeliest, or we are all in a nightmare. Can you suppose I will let my sister be carried away the deuce knows where, while her father is expecting her, and to fulfil an engagement affecting his pledged word?"

Beauchamp simply replied —

"Come to her."

The four sat together under the shadow of the helmsman, by whom they were regarded as voyagers in debate upon the question of some hours further on salt water. "No bora," he threw in at intervals, to assure them that the obnoxious wind of the Adriatic need not disturb their calculations.

It was an extraordinary sitting, but none of the parties to it thought of it so when Nevil Beauchamp had plunged them into it. He compelled them, even Renée — and she would have flown had there been wings on her shoulders — to feel something of the life and death issues present to his soul, and submit to the discussion, in plain language of the marketplace, of the most delicate of human subjects for her, for him, and hardly less for the other two. An overmastering fervour can do this. It upsets the vessel we float in, and we have to swim our way out of deep waters by the directest use of the natural faculties, without much reflection on the change in our habits. To others not under such an influence the position seems impossible. This discussion occurred. Beauchamp opened the case in a couple of sentences, and when the turn came for Renée to speak, and she shrank from the task in manifest pain, he spoke for her, and no one heard her contradiction.

She would have wished the fearful impetuous youth to succeed if she could have slept through the storm he was rousing.

Roland appealed to her. "You! my sister, it is you that consent to this wild freak, enough to break your father's heart?"

He had really forgotten his knowledge of her character — what much he knew — in the dust of the desperation flung about her by Nevil Beauchamp.

She shook her head; she had not consented.

"The man she loves is her voice and her will," said Beauchamp. "She gives me her hand and I lead her."

Roland questioned her. It could not be denied that she had given her hand, and her bewildered senses made her think that it had been with an entire abandonment; and in the heat of her conflict of feelings, the deliciousness of yielding to him curled round and enclosed her, as in a cool humming sea-shell.

"Renée!" said Roland.

"Brother!" she cried.

"You see that I cannot suffer you to be borne away."

"No; do not!"

But the boat was flying fast from Venice, and she could have fallen at his feet and kissed them for not countermanding it.

"You are in my charge, my sister."

"Yes."

"And now, Nevil, between us two," said Roland.

Beauchamp required no challenge. He seemed, to Rosamund Culling, twice older than he was, strangely adept, yet more strangely wise of worldly matters, and eloquent too. But it was the eloquence of frenzy, madness, in Roland's ear. The arrogation of a terrible foresight that harped on present and future to persuade him of the righteousness of this headlong proceeding advocated by his friend, vexed his natural equanimity. The argument was out of the domain of logic. He could hardly sit to listen, and tore at his moustache at each end. Nevertheless his sister listened. The mad Englishman accomplished the miracle of making her listen, and appear to consent.

Roland laughed scornfully. "Why Trieste? I ask you, why Trieste? You can't have a Catholic priest at your bidding, without her father's sanction."

"We leave Renée at Trieste, under the care of madame," said Beauchamp, "and we return to Venice, and I go to your father. This method protects Renée from annoyance."

"It strikes me that if she arrives at any determination she must take the consequences."

"She does. She is brave enough for that. But she is a girl; she has to fight the battle of her life in a day, and I am her lover, and she leaves it to me."

"Is my sister such a coward?" said Roland.

Renée could only call out his name.

"It will never do, my dear Nevil;" Roland tried to deal with his unreasonable friend affectionately. "I am responsible for her. It's your own fault — if you had not saved my life I should not have been in your way. Here I am, and your proposition can't be heard of. Do as you will, both of you, when you step ashore in Venice."

"If she goes back she is lost," said Beauchamp, and he attacked Roland on the side of his love for Renée, and for him.

Roland was inflexible. Seeing which, Renée said, "To Venice, quickly, my brother!" and now she almost sighed with relief to think that she was escaping from this hurricane of a youth, who swept her off her feet and wrapt her whole being in a delirium.

"We were in sight of the city just now!" cried Roland, staring and frowning. "What's this?"

Beauchamp answered him calmly, "The boat's under my orders."

"Talk madness, but don't act it," said Roland. "Round with the boat at once. Hundred devils! you haven't your wits."

To his amazement, Beauchamp refused to alter the boat's present course.

"You heard my sister?" said Roland.

"You frighten her," said Beauchamp.

"You heard her wish to return to Venice, I say."

"She has no wish that is not mine."

It came to Roland's shouting his command to the men, while Beauchamp pointed the course on for them.

"You will make this a ghastly pleantry," said Roland.

"I do what I know to be right," said Beauchamp.

"You want an altercation before these fellows?"

"There won't be one; they obey me."

Roland blinked rapidly in wrath and doubt of mind.

"Madame," he stooped to Rosamund Culling, with a happy inspiration, "convince him; you have known him longer than I, and I desire not to lose my friend. And tell me, madame — I can trust you to be truth itself, and you can see it is actually the time for truth to be spoken — is he justified in taking my sister's hand? You perceive that I am obliged to appeal to you. Is he not dependent on his uncle? And is he not, therefore, in your opinion, bound in reason as well as in honour to wait for his uncle's approbation before he undertakes to speak for my sister? And, since the occasion is urgent, let me ask you one thing more: whether, by your knowledge of his position, you think him entitled to presume to decide upon my sister's destiny? She, you are aware, is not so young but that she can speak for herself. . . ."

"There you are wrong, Roland," said Beauchamp; "she can neither speak nor think for herself: you lead her blindfolded."

"And you, my friend, suppose that you are wiser than any of us. It is understood. I venture to appeal to madame on the point in question."

The poor lady's heart beat dismally. She was constrained to answer, and said, "His uncle is one who must be consulted."

"You hear that, Nevil," said Roland.

Beauchamp looked at her sharply; angrily, Rosamund feared. She had struck his hot brain with the vision of Everard Romfrey as with a bar of iron. If Rosamund had inclined to the view that he was sure of his uncle's support, it

would have seemed to him a simple confirmation of his sentiments, but he was not of the same temper now as when he exclaimed, "Let him see her!" and could imagine, give him only Renée's love, the world of men subservient to his wishes.

Then he was dreaming; he was now in fiery earnest, for that reason accessible to facts presented to him; and Rosamund's reluctantly spoken words brought his stubborn uncle before his eyes, inflicting a sense of helplessness of the bitterest kind.

They were all silent. Beauchamp stared at the lines of the deck-planks.

His scheme to rescue Renée was right and good; but was he the man that should do it? And was she, moreover, he thought, speculating on her bent head, the woman to be forced to brave the world with him, and poverty? She gave him no sign. He

was assuredly not the man to pretend to powers he did not feel himself to possess, and though from a personal, and still more from a lover's, inability to see all round him at one time and accurately to weigh the forces at his disposal, he had gone far, he was not a wilful dreamer nor so very selfish a lover. The instant his consciousness of a superior strength failed him he acknowledged it.

Renée did not look up. She had none of those lightnings of primitive energy, nor the noble rashness and reliance on her lover, which his imagination had filled her with; none. That was plain. She could not even venture to second him. Had she done so he would have held out. He walked to the head of the boat without replying.

Soon after this the boat was set for Venice again.

MODERN VERSE

DURING the past decade there has been a remarkable renaissance of poetry both in England and America. A new poetry has risen, differing from the old in particulars but like it in its attempt to express the spirit of the age and in its appeal to the popular taste of the time. The difference is not merely in form, for here we find the same rhyme-schemes and the same measures. It is different not merely in its rejection of "poetic language," for poetry of any period uses a terminology which is characteristic of its respective age. It is not markedly different in its use of subjects, for at particular eras poetry turns to material which at the time seems unsuitable to verse.

This new poetry, like the old poetry, strives for a direct realization of life; it discards forms, language, and subjects that would introduce any barrier to a complete understanding of the concrete or would prevent the simple expression of the individual emotion. It has set before itself an ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity. And here it is well to remember that the new poetry does not discard tradition, for it is aware of the fact that it is merely following the best literary tradition when it attempts to find a speech and express a mood suited to the time. The best poetry has always been written in the language of its time and even when it has adopted legends or romances of some earlier period it has always sought to use them as the skeletons for the body and spirit of the particular era.

The ultimate justification for a new poetry is to be found in the study of such masters as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, and if we may find some of these more or less congenial to our modern taste, it is because the age which was reflected in their verse would have pleased us just as much or as little as their respective age. In so far as each wrote poetry of a high order, in that proportion was the poet a spokesman of his age.

It should be a source of encouragement, then, that the poetry of to-day should be "new," that, superficially at least, it should seem to discard traditions and should seem to be different. We should not expect it or wish it to be Victorian in an un-Victorian age.

As one poet has said, W. B. Yeats, who has been a strong force in the new movement, "We were weary of all this. We wanted to get rid not only of rhetoric but of poetic diction. We tried to strip away everything that was artificial, to get a style like speech, as simple as the simplest prose, like a cry of the heart."

With all things contemporary it is impossible to pass a final judgment. It is best to read and enjoy and be slow in saying, "This is great and will last," or "This is trivial and will soon pass."

It is inspiring to be able to select such a substantial amount of interesting verse from so many worthy and sincere writers who are doing much to make the world a better place in which to live. It is inspiring to be able to turn the pages of this book and find this great tradition of English literature still abounding in richness and full of promise for the future.

LAURENCE BINYON

FOR THE FALLEN

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
 England mourns for her dead across the sea.
 Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
 Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august
 and royal
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
 There is music in the midst of desolation
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they
 were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
 They were stanch to the end against odds
 uncounted,
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left
 grow old:
 Age shall not weary them; nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
 They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
 They have no lot in our labour of the daytime;
 They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
 Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
 To the innermost heart of their own land
 they are known
 As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we
 are dust,
 Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
 As the stars that are starry in the time of
 our darkness,
 To the end, to the end, they remain.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE BARN

RAIN-SUNKEN roof, grown green and thin
 For sparrows' nests and starlings' nests;
 Dishevelled eaves; unwieldy doors,
 Cracked rusty pump, and oaken floors
 And idly-pencilled names and jests
 Upon the posts within.

The light pales at the spider's lust,
 The wind tangs through the shattered pane:
 An empty hop-poke spreads across
 The gaping frame to mend the loss
 And keeps out sun as well as rain,
 Mildewed with clammy dust.

The smell of apples stored in hay
 And homely cattle-cake is there.
 Use and disuse have come to terms,
 The walls are hollowed out by worms,
 But men's feet keep the mid-floor bare
 And free from worse decay.

All merry noise of hens astir
 Or sparrows squabbling on the roof
 Comes to the barn's broad open door;
 You hear upon the stable floor
 Old hungry Dapple strike his hoof,
 And the blue fan-tail's whirl.

The barn is old, and very old,
 But not a place of spectral fear.
 Cobwebs and dust and speckling sun
 Come to old buildings every one.
 Long since they made their dwelling here,
 And here you may behold

Nothing but simple wane and change;
 Your tread will wake no ghost, your voice
 Will fall on silence undeterred.
 No phantom wailing will be heard,
 Only the farm's blithe cheerful noise;
 The barn is old, not strange.

F. W. BOURDILLON

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

ROBERT BRIDGES

THE WINNOWER

BETWIXT two billows of the downs
The little hamlet lies,
And nothing sees but the bald crowns
Of the hills, and the blue skies.

Clustering beneath the long descent
And grey slopes of the wold,
The red roofs nestle, overspent
With lichen yellow as gold.

We found it in the mid-day sun
Basking, what time of year
The thrush his singing has begun,
Ere the first leaves appear.

High from his load a woodman pitched
His faggots on the stack:
Knee-deep in straw the cattle twitched
Sweet hay from crib and rack:

And from the barn hard by was borne
A steady muffled din,
By which we knew that threshèd corn
Was winnowing, and went in.

The sunbeams on the motey air
Streamed through the open door,
And on the brown arms moving bare,
And the grain upon the floor.

One turns the crank, one stoops to feed
The hopper, lest it lack,
One in the bushel scoops the seed,
One stands to hold the sack.

We watched the good grain rattle down,
And the awns fly in the draught;
To see us both so pensive grown
The honest labourers laughed:

Merry they were, because the wheat
Was clean and plump and good,
Pleasant to hand and eye, and meet
For market and for food.

It chanced we from the city were,
And had not gat us free
In spirit from the store and stir
Of its immensity:

But here we found ourselves again.
Where humble harvests bring
After much toil but little grain,
'Tis merry winnowing.

SO SWEET LOVE SEEMED

So sweet love seemed that April morn
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell — let truth be told —
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found
So deep in summer floods is drowned.
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

NIGHTINGALES

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence
ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the
streams, wherefrom

Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I
wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly
air

Bloom the year long.

Nay, barren are those mountains and
spent the streams :
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts
our dreams,

A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes
profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and
then,

As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and
bursting boughs of May
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

RUPERT BROOKE

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust con-
cealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made
aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways
to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of
home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts
by England given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as
her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and
gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven.

T. E. BROWN

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot —

The veriest school
Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not —
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is
cool ?

Nay, but I have a sign ;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

W. H. DAVIES

A GREAT TIME

SWEET Chance, that led my steps abroad,
Beyond the town, where wild flowers
grow —
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord,
How rich and great the times are now !
Know, all ye sheep
And cows, that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain —
A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again ;
May never come
This side the tomb.

EARLY SPRING

How sweet this morning air in spring,
When tender is the grass and wet !
I see some little leaves have not
Outgrown their curly childhood yet ;
And cows no longer hurry home,
However sweet a voice cries " Come."

Here, with green Nature all around,
While that fine bird the skylark sings ;
Who now in such a passion is,
He flies by it, and not his wings ;
And many a blackbird, thrush, and
sparrow
Sing sweeter songs than I may borrow.

These watery swamps and thickets wild —
Called Nature's slums — to me are
more

Than any courts where fountains play,
And men-at-arms guard every door ;
For I could sit down here alone,
And count the oak-trees one by one.

THE MOON

THY beauty haunts me heart and soul,
 Oh thou fair Moon, so close and bright;
 Thy beauty makes me like the child,
 That cries aloud to own thy light:
 The little child that lifts each arm
 To press thee to her bosom warm.

Though there are birds that sing this night
 With thy white beams across their
 throats

Let my deep silence speak for me
 More than for them their sweetest notes:
 Who worships thee till music fails
 Is greater than thy nightingales.

LEISURE

WHAT is this life if, full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
 And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
 Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
 Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
 And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
 Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare.

RICH DAYS

WELCOME to you, rich Autumn days,
 Ere comes the cold, leaf-picking wind;
 When golden stooks are seen in fields,
 All standing arm-in-arm entwined;
 And gallons of sweet cider seen
 On trees in apples red and green.

With mellow pears that cheat our teeth,
 Which melt that tongues may suck them
 in

With cherries red, and blue-black plums,
 Now sweet and soft from stone to skin;
 And woodnuts rich, to make us go
 Into the loveliest lanes we know.

SHEEP

WHEN I was once in Baltimore,
 A man came up to me and cried,
 "Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,
 And we will sail on Tuesday's tide.

"If you will sail with me, young man,
 I'll pay you fifty shillings down;
 These eighteen hundred sheep I take
 From Baltimore to Glasgow town."

He paid me fifty shillings down,
 I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep;
 Wesoan had cleared the harbour's mouth,
 We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea
 Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
 The second night they cried with fear —
 They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green
 fields,
 They cried so loud I could not sleep:
 For fifty thousand shillings down
 I would not sail again with sheep.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE LISTENERS

"Is there anybody there?" said the
 Traveller,

Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed the
 grasses

Of the forest's ferny floor:
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,
 Above the Traveller's head:
 And he smote upon the door again a second
 time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill
 Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moon-
 light

To that voice from the world of men:

Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on
the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark
turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head: —
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of
the still house

From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly back-
ward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

NOD

SOFTLY along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him.
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with brier,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no more pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

HAUNTED

THE rabbit in his burrow keeps
No guarded watch, in peace he sleeps;
The wolf that howls in challenging night
Cowers to her lair at morning light;
The simplest bird entwines a nest
Where she may lean her lovely breast,
Couched in the silence of the bough.
But thou, O man, what rest hast thou?

Thy emptiest solitude can bring
Only a subtler questioning
In thy divided heart. Thy bed
Recalls at dawn what midnight said.
Seek how thou wilt to feign content,
Thy flaming ardour is quickly spent;
Soon thy last company is gone,
And leaves thee — with thyself — alone.

Pomp and great friends may hem thee
round,

A thousand busy tasks be found;
Earth's thronging beauties may beguile
Thy longing lovesick heart awhile;
And pride, like clouds of sunset, spread
A changing glory round thy head;
But fade will all; and thou must come,
Hating thy journey, homeless, home.

Rave how thou wilt; unmoved, remote,
That inward presence slumbers not,
Frets out each secret from thy breast,
Gives thee no rally, pause, nor rest,
Scans close thy very thoughts, lest they
Should sap his patient power away,
Answers thy wrath with peace, thy cry
With tenderest taciturnity.

DREAMS

BE gentle, O hands of a child;
Be true: like a shadowy sea
In the starry darkness of night
Are your eyes to me.

But words are shallow, and soon
Dreams fade that the heart once knew;
And youth fades out in the mind,
In the dark eyes too.

What can a tired heart say,
Which the wise of the world have made
dumb?
Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
"Return again, come!"

THE STRANGER

HALF-HIDDEN in a graveyard,
In the blackness of a yew,
Where never living creature stirs,
Nor sunbeam pierces through,

Is a tomb, lichened and crooked —
Its faded legend gone —
With but one rain-worn cherub's head
Of mouldering stone.

There, when the dusk is falling,
Silence broods so deep
It seems that every wind that breathes
Blows from the fields of sleep.

Day breaks in heedless beauty,
Kindling each drop of dew,
But unforsaking shadow dwells
Beneath this lonely yew.

And, all else lost and faded,
Only this listening head
Keeps with a strange unanswering smile
Its secret with the dead.

ALL THAT'S PAST

VERY old are the woods;
And the buds that break
Out of the brier's boughs,
When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are —
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks;
And the rills that rise
Where snow sleeps cold beneath
The azure skies
Sing such a history
Of come and gone,
Their every drop is as wise
As Solomon.

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales;
We wake and whisper awhile,
But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie.

JOHN DRINKWATER

THE MIDLANDS

BLACK in the summer night my Cotswold
hill
Aslant my window sleeps, beneath a sky
Deep as the bedded violets that fill
March woods with dusky passion. As I
lie
Abed between cool walls I watch the host
Of the slow stars lit over Gloucester plain,
And drowsily the habit of these most
Beloved of English lands moves in my
brain,
While silence holds dominion of the dark,
Save when the foxes from the spinneys bark.

I see the valleys in their morning mist
Wreathed under limpid hills in moving
light,
Happy with many a yeoman melodist;
I see the little roads of twinkling white
Busy with fieldward teams and market gear
Of rosy men, cloth-gaitered, who can tell
The many-minded changes of the year,
Who know why crops and kine fare ill or
well;
I see the sun persuade the mist away,
Till town and stead are shining to the day.

I see the wagons move along the rows
Of ripe and summer-breathing clover-
flower,
I see the lissom husbandman who knows
Deep in his heart the beauty of his
power,
As, lithely pitched, the full-heaped fork
bids on
The harvest home. I hear the rickyard
fill
With gossip as in generations gone,
While wagon follows wagon from the hill.

I think how, when our seasons all are
sealed,
Shall come the unchanging harvest from
the field.

I see the barns and comely manors planned
By men who somehow moved in comely
thought,

Who, with a simple shippon to their hand,
As men upon some godlike business
wrought;

I see the little cottages that keep
Their beauty still where since Planta-
genet

Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,
Finding the loaves and cups of cider set;

I see the twisted shepherds, brown and
old,

Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to
fold.

And now the valleys that upon the sun
Broke from their opal veils are veiled
again,

And the last light upon the wolds is done,
And silence falls on flocks and fields and
men;

And black upon the night I watch my hill,
And the stars shine, and there an owly
wing

Brushes the night, and all again is still,
And, from this land of worship that I
sing,

I turn to sleep, content that from my sires
I draw the blood of England's midmost
shires.

CLOUDS

BECAUSE a million voices call
Across the earth distractedly,
Because the thrones of reason fall
And beautiful battalions die,
My mind is like a madrigal
Played on a lute long since put by.

In common use my mind is still
Eager for every lovely thing —
The solitudes of tarn and hill,
Bright birds with honesty to sing,
Bluebells and primroses that spill
Cascades of colour on the spring.

But now my mind that gave to these
Gesture and shape, colour and song,
Goes hesitant and ill at ease,
And the old touch is truant long,
Because the continents and seas
Are loud with lamentable wrong.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call
Tyre,

With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy
gun,

Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly
run,

Painted the mid-sea blue or the shore-sea
green,

Still patterned with the vine and grapes in
gold.

But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the
dawn

And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I — who knows — who knows —
but in that same

(Fished up beyond Aeaëa, patched up new
— Stern painted brighter blue —)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the
oar)

From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his
course.

It was so old a ship — who knows — who
knows?

— And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTEM

A LINNET who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS
HENCE

I WHO am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
And prayers to them who sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind
That falls at eve our fancies blow,
And old Mæonides the blind
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

FLANNAN ISLE

"THOUGH three men dwell on Flannan Isle
To keep the lamp alight,
As we steer'd under the lee, we caught
No glimmer through the night!"

A passing ship at dawn had brought
The news; and quickly we set sail,
To find out what strange thing might ail
The keepers of the deep-sea light.

The winter day broke blue and bright,
With glancing sun and glancing spray,
As o'er the swell our boat made way,
As gallant as a gull in flight.

But, as we near'd the lonely Isle;
And look'd up at the naked height;
And saw the lighthouse towering white,
With blinded lantern, that all night
Had never shot a spark
Of comfort through the dark,
So ghostly in the cold sunlight
It seem'd, that we were struck the while
With wonder all too dread for words.

And, as into the tiny creek
We stole beneath the hanging crag,
We saw three queer, black, ugly birds —
Too big, by far, in my belief,
For guillemot or shag —
Like seamen sitting bolt-upright
Upon a half-tide reef:
But, as we near'd, they plunged from sight,
Without a sound, or spurt of white.
And still too mazed to speak,
We landed; and made fast the boat;
And climb'd the track in single file,
Each wishing he was safe afloat,
On any sea, however far,
So it be far from Flannan Isle:
And still we seem'd to climb, and climb,
As though we'd lost all count of time,
And so must climb for evermore.
Yet, all too soon, we reached the door —
The black, sun-blister'd lighthouse-door,
That gaped for us ajar.

As, on the threshold, for a spell,
We paused, we seem'd to breathe the smell
Of limewash and of tar,
Familiar as our daily breath,
As though 'twere some strange scent of
death:

And so, yet wondering, side by side,
We stood a moment, still tongue-tied:
And each with black foreboding eyed
The door, ere we should fling it wide,

To leave the sunlight for the gloom :
Till, plucking courage up, at last,
Hard on each other's heels we pass'd
Into the living-room.

Yet, as we crowded through the door,
We only saw a table, spread
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread ;
But all untouch'd ; and no one there :
As though, when they sat down to eat,
Ere they could even taste,
Alarm had come ; and they in haste
Had risen and left the bread and meat :
For at the table-head a chair
Lay tumbled on the floor.
We listen'd ; but we only heard
The feeble cheeping of a bird
That starved upon its perch :
And, listening still, without a word,
We set about our hopeless search.

We hunted high, we hunted low,
And soon ransack'd the empty house ;
Then o'er the Island, to and fro,
We ranged, to listen and to look
In every cranny, cleft or nook
That might have hid a bird or mouse :
But, though we search'd from shore to shore,
We found no sign in any place :
And soon again stood face to face
Before the gaping door :
And stole into the room once more
As frighten'd children steal.

Aye : though we hunted high and low,
And hunted everywhere,
Of the three men's fate we found no trace
Of any kind in any place,
But a door ajar, and an untouch'd meal,
And an overtoppled chair.

And, as we listen'd in the gloom
Of that forsaken living-room —
A chill clutch on our breath —
We thought how ill-chance came to all
Who kept the Flannan Light :
And how the rock had been the death
Of many a likely lad :
How six had come to a sudden end
And three had gone stark mad :
And one whom we'd all known as friend
Had leapt from the lantern one still night,

And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall :
And long we thought
On the three we sought,
And of what might yet befall.

Like curs a glance has brought to heel,
We listen'd, flinching there :
And look'd, and look'd, on the untouch'd
meal
And the overtoppled chair.

We seem'd to stand for an endless while,
Though still no word was said,
Three men alive on Flannan Isle,
Who thought on three men dead.

RAINING

THE night I left my father said :
" You'll go and do some stupid thing
You've no more sense in that fat head
Than Silly Billy Witterling.

" Not sense to come in when it rains —
Not sense enough for that, you've got.
You'll get a bullet through your brains,
Before you know, as like as not."

And now I'm lying in the trench
And shells and bullets through the night
Are raining in a steady drench,
I'm thinking the old man was right.

IN THE MEADOW

THE smell of wet hay in the heat
All morning steaming round him rose,
As, in a kind of nodding doze,
Perched on the hard and jolting seat,
He drove the rattling jangling rake
Round and around the Five Oaks Mead.
With that old mare he scarcely need
To drive at all or keep awake.
Gazing with half-shut eyes
At her white flanks and grizzled tail
That flicked and flicked without avail,
To drive away the cloud of flies
That hovered, closing and unclosing,
A shimmering hum and humming shimmer,
Dwindling dim and ever dimmer
In his dazzled sight, till, dozing,

He seemed to hear a murmuring stream
 And gaze into a rippling pool
 Beneath thick branches dark and cool —
 And gazing, gazing till a gleam
 Within the darkness caught his eyes,
 He saw there smiling up at him
 A young girl's face, now rippling dim,
 Now flashing clear . . .

Without surprise
 He marked the eyes translucent blue,
 The full red lips that seemed to speak,
 The curves of rounded chin and cheek,
 The low, broad brow, sun-tanned . . .

He knew
 That face, yet could not call to mind
 Where he had seen it; and in vain
 strove to recall . . . when sudden rain
 Crashed down and made the clear pool blind,
 And it was lost . . .

And, with a jerk
 That well-night shook him from his seat,
 He wakened to the steamy heat
 And clank and rattle.

Still at work
 The stolid mare kept on; and still
 Over her hot, white flanks the flies
 Hung humming. And his dazzled eyes
 Closed gradually again, until
 He dozed . . .

And stood within the door
 Of Dinchill dairy, drinking there
 Thirst-quenching draughts of stone-cold
 air —

The scoured white shelves and sanded floor
 And shallow milk-pans creamy-white
 Gleamed coldly in the dusky light . . .
 And then he saw her, stooping down
 Over a milk-pan, while her eyes
 Looked up at him without surprise
 Over the shoulder of her gown —
 Her fresh print gown of speedwell blue . . .
 The eyes that looked out of the cool
 Untroubled crystal of the pool
 Looked into his again.

He knew
 Those eyes now . . .

From his dreamy doze
 A sudden jolting of the rake
 Aroused him.

Startled broad awake
 He sat upright, lost in amaze
 That he should dream of her — that lass!

And see her face within the pool!

He'd known her always. Why, at school
 They'd sat together in the class.
 He'd always liked her well enough,
 Young Polly Dale — and they had played
 At Prisoners' Base and Who's Afraid,
 At Tiggy and at Blindman's Buff,
 A hundred times together . . .

Ay,
 He'd always known her . . . It was
 strange,

Though he had noticed that a change
 Had come upon her — she was shy,
 And quieter, since she left school
 And put her hair up — he'd not seen
 Her face, till from the glancing sheen
 It looked up at him from the pool . . .

He'd always known her. Every day,
 He'd nod to her as they would pass.
 He'd always known her, as a lass . . .
 He'd never know her just that way
 Again now . . .

In a different wise
 They'd meet — for how could he forget
 His dream . . . The next time that they
 met
 He'd look into a woman's eyes.

THE SWING

'Twas jolly, swinging through the air,
 With young Dick Garland sitting there
 Tugging the rope with might and main,
 His round face flushed, his arms astrain,
 His laughing blue eyes shining bright,
 As they went swinging through the light —
 As they went swinging, ever higher
 Until it seemed that they came nigher
 At every swing to the blue sky —
 Until it seemed that by-and-by
 The boat would suddenly swing through
 That sunny dazzle of clear blue —
 And they, together . . .

Yesterday
 She'd hardly thought she'd get away:
 The mistress was that cross, and she
 Had only told her after tea
 That ere she left she must set to
 And turn the parlour out. She knew,

Ay, well enough, that it meant more
 Than two hours' work. And so at four
 She'd risen that morn; and done it all
 Before her mistress went to call
 And batter at her bedroom door
 At six to rouse her. Such a floor,
 So hard to sweep; and all that brass
 To polish! Any other lass
 But her would have thrown up the place,
 And told the mistress to her face . . .

But how could she! Her money meant
 So much to them at home. 'Twas spent
 So quickly, though so hard to earn.
 She'd got to keep her place, and learn
 To hold her tongue. Though it was hard,
 The little house in Skinner's Yard
 Must be kept going. She would rob
 The bairns if she should lose her job,
 And they'd go hungry . . .

Since the night
 They'd brought home father, cold and
 white,
 Upon a stretcher, mother and she
 Had had to struggle ceaselessly
 To keep a home together at all.
 'Twas lucky she was big and tall
 And such a strong lass for fifteen.
 She couldn't think where they'd have been
 If she'd not earned enough to feed
 And help to keep the bairns from need —
 Those five young hungry mouths . . .

And she

For one long day beside the sea
 Was having a rare holiday . . .
 'Twas queer that Dick should want to pay
 So much good money, hardly earned,
 To bring her with him . . .

How it burned,

That blazing sun in the blue sky!
 And it was good to swing so high —
 So high into the burning blue,
 Until it seemed they'd swing right through
 . . .

And good just to be sitting there
 And watching Dick with tumbled hair
 And his red necktie floating free
 Against the blue of sky and sea,

As up and down and up and down
 Beyond the low roofs of the town
 They swung and swung . . .

And he was glad

To pay for her, the foolish lad,
 And happy to be swinging there
 With her, and rushing through the air,
 So high into the burning blue
 It seemed that they would swing right
 through . . .

'Twas well that she had caught the train,
 She'd had to run with might and main
 To catch it: and Dick waiting there
 With tickets ready . . .

How his hair

Shone in the sunshine, and the light
 Made his blue, laughing eyes so bright
 Whenever he looked up at her . . .

She'd like to sit, and never stir
 Again out of that easy seat —
 With no more mats to shake and beat
 And no more floors to sweep, no stairs
 To scrub, and no more heavy chairs
 To move — for she was sleepy now . . .
 Dick's hair had fallen over his brow
 Into his eyes. He shook them free,
 And laughed to her. 'Twas queer that he
 Should think it worth his while to pay,
 And give her such a holiday . . .
 But she was sleepy now. 'Twas rare,
 As they were rushing through the air
 To see Dick's blue eyes shining bright
 As they went swinging through the light,
 As they went swinging ever higher
 Until it seemed that they came nigher
 At every swing to the blue sky —
 Until it seemed that by-and-by
 Their boat would suddenly swing through
 That sunny dazzle of clear blue . . .

If she could swing for evermore
 With Dick above the golden shore,
 With no more parlour-floors to sweep —
 If she could only swing and sleep . . .
 And wake to see Dick's eyes burn bright,
 To see them laughing with delight
 As suddenly they swung right through
 That sudden dazzle of clear blue —
 And they two, sailing on together
 For ever through that shining weather!

THOMAS HARDY

THE COMING OF THE END

How it came to an end!
 The meeting afar from the crowd,
 And the love-looks and laughter un-
 pennted,
 The parting when much was avowed,
 How it came to an end!

It came to an end;
 Yes, the outgazing over the stream,
 With the sun on each serpentine bend,
 Or, later, the luring moon-gleam;
 It came to an end.

It came to an end,
 The housebuilding, furnishing, planting,
 As if there were ages to spend
 In welcoming, feasting, and jaunting;
 It came to an end,

It came to an end,
 That journey of one day a week:
 "It always goes on," said a friend,
 "Just the same in bright weathers or
 bleak";
 But it came to an end.

"How will come to an end
 This orbit so smoothly begun
 Unless some convulsion attend?"
 I often said. "What will be done
 When it comes to an end?"

Well it came to an end
 Quite silently — stopped without jerk;
 Better close no prevision could lend;
 Working out as One planned it should
 work
 Ere it came to an end.

WHEN I SET OUT FOR LYON-
NESSE

WHEN I set out for Lyonesse,
 A hundred miles away,
 The rime was on the spray
 And starlight lit my lonesomeness
 When I set out for Lyonesse
 A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
 While I should sojourn there
 No prophet durst declare,
 Nor did the wisest wizard guess
 What would bechance at Lyonesse
 While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes,
 All marked with mute surmise
 My radiance rare and fathomless,
 When I came back from Lyonesse
 With magic in my eyes!

BEENY CLIFF

March 1870-March 1913

I

O THE opal and the sapphire of that wan-
 dering western sea,
 And the woman riding high above with
 bright hair flapping free —
 The woman whom I loved so, and who
 loyally loved me.

II

The pale mews plained below us, and the
 waves seemed far away
 In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their
 ceaseless babbling say,
 As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on
 that clear-sunned March day.

III

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there
 flew an irised rain,
 And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a
 dull misfeatured stain,
 And then the sun burst out again, and
 purples prinked the main.

IV

— Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks
 old Beeny to the sky,
 And shall she and I not go there once
 again now March is nigh,
 And the sweet things said in that March
 say anew there by and by?

V

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that
wild weird western shore,
The woman now is — elsewhere — whom
the ambling pony bore,
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and
will laugh there nevermore.

THE SOULS OF THE SLAIN

I

THE thick lids of Night closed upon me
Alone at the Bill
Of the Isle by the Race¹ —
Many-caverned, bald, wrinkled of face
And with darkness and silence the spirit
was on me
To brood and be still.

II

No wind fanned the flats of the ocean,
Or promontory sides,
Or the ooze by the strand,
Or the bent-bearded slope of the land,
Whose base took its rest mid everlong
motion
Of criss-crossing tides.

III

Soon from out of the Southward seemed
nearing
A whirr, as of wings
Waved by mighty-vanned flies,
Or by night-moths of measureless size,
And in softness and smoothness well-nigh
beyond hearing
Of corporal things.

IV

And they bore to the bluff, and alighted —
A dim-discerned train
Of sprites without mould,
Frameless souls none might touch or
might hold —
On the ledge by the turreted lantern,
far-sighted
By men of the main.

¹ The "Race" is the turbulent sea-area off the
Bill of Portland, where contrary tides meet.

V

And I heard them say "Home!" and I
knew them
For souls of the felled
On the earth's nether bord
Under Capricorn, whither they'd
warred,
And I neared in my awe, and gave heed-
fulness to them
With breathings inheld.

VI

Then, it seemed, there approached from
the northward
A senior soul-flame
Of the like filmy hue:
And he met them and spake: "Is it
you,
O my men?" Said they, "Aye! We
bear homeward and hearthward
To feast on our fame!"

VII

"I've flown there before you," he said
then:
"Your households are well:
But — your kin linger less
On your glory and war-mightiness
Than on dearer things." — "Dearer?"
cried these from the dead then,
"Of what do they tell?"

VIII

"Some mothers muse sadly, and murmur
Your doings as boys —
Recall the quaint ways
Of your babyhood's innocent days.
Some pray that, ere dying, your faith
had grown firmer,
And higher your joys.

IX

"A father broods: 'Would I had set him
To some humble trade,
And so slacked his high fire,
And his passionate martial desire;
Had told him no stories to woo him and
whet him
To this dire crusade!'"

X

"And, General, how hold out our sweet-
 hearts, '
 Sworn loyal as doves?"
 — "Many mourn; many think
 It is not unattractive to prink
 Them in sables for heroes. Some fickle
 and fleet hearts
 Have found them new loves."

XI

"And our wives?" quoth another re-
 signedly,
 "Dwell they on our deeds?"
 — "Deeds of home; that live yet
 Fresh as new — deeds of fondness or
 fret;
 Ancient words that were kindly expressed
 or unkindly,
 These, these have their heeds."

XII

— "Alas! then it seems that our glory
 Weighs less in their thought
 Than our old homely acts,
 And the long-ago commonplace facts
 Of our lives — held by us as scarce part
 of our story,
 And rated as nought!"

XIII

Then bitterly some: "Was it wise now
 To raise the tomb-door
 For such knowledge? Away!"
 But the rest: "Fame we prized til
 to-day;
 Yet that hearts keep us green for old kind-
 ness we prize now
 A thousand times more!"

XIV

Thus speaking, the trooped apparitions
 Began to disband
 And resolve them in two:
 Those whose record was lovely and true
 Bore to northward for home: those of
 bitter traditions
 Again left the land,

XV

And, towering to seaward in legions,
 They paused at a spot
 Overbending the Race —
 That engulphing, ghastr, sinister place —
 Whither headlong they plunged, to the
 fathomless regions
 Of myriads forgot.

XVI

And the spirits of those who were homing
 Passed on rushingly,
 Like the Pentecost Wind;
 And the whirr of their wayfaring
 thinned
 And surceased on the sky, and but left in
 the gloaming
 Sea-mutterings and me.

THE OXEN

CHRISTMAS EVE and twelve of the clock.
 "Now they are all on their knees,"
 An elder said as we sat in a flock
 By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures
 where
 They dwelt in their strawy pen,
 Nor did it occur to one of us there
 To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
 In these years! Yet, I feel,
 If some one said on Christmas Eve
 "Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
 Our childhood used to know,"
 I should go with him in the gloom,
 Hoping it might be so.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING
OF NATIONS"

I

ONLY a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass:
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by:
 War's annals will cloud into night
 Ere their story die.

BEYOND THE LAST LAMP

NEAR TOOTING COMMON

I

WHILE rain, with eve in partnership,
 Descended darkly, drip, drip, drip,
 Beyond the last lone lamp I passed
 Walking slowly, whispering sadly,
 Two linked loiterers, wan, downcast:
 Some heavy thought constrained each
 face,
 And blinded them to time and place.

II

The pair seemed lovers, yet absorbed
 In mental scenes no longer orb'd
 By love's young rays. Each counte-
 nance
 As it slowly, as it sadly
 Caught the lamplight's yellow glance,
 Held in suspense a misery
 At things which had been or might be.

III

When I retrod that watery way
 Some hours beyond the droop of day,
 Still I found pacing there the twain
 Just as slowly, just as sadly,
 Heedless of the night and rain.
 One could but wonder who they were,
 And what wild woe detained them there.

IV

Though thirty years of blur and blot
 Have slid since I beheld that spot,
 And saw in curious converse there
 Moving slowly, moving sadly,
 That mysterious tragic pair,

Its olden look may linger on —
 All but the couple; they have gone.

V

Whither? Who knows, indeed . . .
 And yet
 To me, when nights are weird and wet,
 Without those comrades there at tryst
 Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,
 That lone lane does not exist.
 There they seem brooding on their pain,
 And will, while such a lane remain.

W. E. HENLEY

THE PASSING

MARGARITAE SORORI

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The
 sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing
 night —
 Night with her train of stars.
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day
 done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

UNCONQUERABLE

Out of the night that covers me
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud :
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate :
 I am the captain of my soul.

PRO REGE NOSTRO

WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the song on your bugles blown,
 England —
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
 When shall he rejoice agen
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 As the song on your bugles blown,
 England —
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England : —
 "Take and break us : we are yours,
 England, my own!
 Life is good, and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky :
 Death is death ; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England —
 To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own!
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England —
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England —
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

RALPH HODGSON

THE BULL

SEE an old unhappy bull,
 Sick in soul and body both,
 Slouching in the undergrowth
 Of the forest beautiful,
 Banished from the herd he led,
 Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
 Up and down the burning sky ;
 Tree-top cats purr drowsily
 In the dim-day green below ;
 And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,
 All disputing, go and come ;

And things abominable sit
 Picking offal buck or swine,
 On the mess and over it
 Burnished flies and beetles shine,
 And spiders big as bladders lie
 Under hemocks ten foot high.

And a dotted serpent curled
 Round and round and round a tree,
 Yellowing its greenery,
 Keeps a watch on all the world,
 All the world and this old bull
 In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came:
 One he led, a bull of blood
 Newly come to lustihood,
 Fought and put his prince to shame,
 Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head
 Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
 Left him there without a lick,
 Left him for the birds to pick,
 Left him there for carrion,
 Vilely from their bosom cast
 Wisdom, worth, and love at last.

When the lion left his lair
 And roared his beauty through the hills,
 And the vultures pecked their quills
 And flew into the middle air,
 Then this prince no more to reign
 Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
 He saw the blood upon the ground,
 And snuffed the burning airs around
 Still with beevish odours sweet,
 While the blood ran down his head
 And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
 All his splendour, all his strength,
 All his body's breadth and length
 Dwindled down with shame and grief,
 Half the bull he was before,
 Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap-deep
 In the rushes at the lake
 Surly, stupid, half asleep,
 Waiting for his heart to break
 And the birds to join the flies
 Feasting at his bloodshot eyes;

Standing with his head hung down
 In a stupour, dreaming things:
 Green savannas, jungles brown,
 Battlefields and bellowings,
 Bulls undone and lions dead,
 And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent
 With his mother gaunt and lean
 In the valley warm and green,
 Full of baby wonderment,

Blinking out of silly eyes
 At a hundred mysteries;

Dreaming over once again
 How he wandered with a throng
 Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,
 Wandered on from plain to plain,
 Up the hill and down the dale,
 Always at his mother's tail;

How he lagged behind the herd,
 Lagged and tottered weak of limb,
 And she turned and ran to him
 Blaring at the loathly bird
 Stationed always in the skies
 Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day
 When her drained and drying paps
 Turned him to the sweets and saps,
 Richer fountains by the way,
 And she left the bull she bore
 And he looked to her no more;

And his little frame grew stout,
 And his little legs grew strong, . .
 And the way was not so long;
 And his little horns came out,
 And he played at butting trees,
 And boulder-stones and tortoises,

Joined a game of knobby skulls
 With the youngsters of his year,
 All the other little bulls
 Learning both to bruise and bear,
 Learning how to stand a shock
 Like a little bull of rock.

Dreaming of a day less dim,
 Dreaming of a time less far,
 When the faint but certain star
 Of destiny burned clear for him,
 And a fierce and wild unrest
 Broke the quiet of his breast,

And the gristles of his youth
 Hardened in his comely pow,
 And he came to fighting growth,
 Beat his bull and won his cow,
 And flew his tail and trampled off
 Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendour full
 And curved again and snuffed the airs
 As who should say Come out who dares!
 And all beheld a bull, a Bull,
 And knew that here was surely one
 That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd
 Looked and saw, and beat the ground,
 And shook the forest with his sound,
 Bellowed at the loathly bird
 Stationed always in the skies,
 Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn
 Surely dreaming of the hour
 When he came to sultan-power,
 And they owned him master-horn,
 Chiefest bull of all among
 Bulls and cows a thousand strong;

And in all the tramping herd
 Not a bull that barred his way,
 Not a cow that said him nay,
 Not a bull or cow that erred
 In the furnace of his look
 Dared a second, worse rebuke;

Not in all the forest wide
 Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,
 Not another dared him then,
 Dared him and again defied;
 Not a sovereign buck or boar
 Came a second time for more;

Not a serpent that survived
 Once the terrors of his hoof
 Risked a second time reproof,
 Came a second time and lived,
 Not a serpent in its skin
 Came again for discipline;

Not a leopard bright as flame
 Flashing fingerhooks of steel
 That a wooden tree might feel,
 Met his fury once and came
 For a second reprimand,
 Not a leopard in the land;

Not a lion of them all,
 Not a lion of the hills,
 Hero of a thousand kills,
 Dared a second fight and fall,

Dared that ram terrific twice,
 Paid a second time the price.

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
 Leader of the herd again
 Only in his daft old brain,
 Once again the bull supreme
 And bull enough to bear the part
 Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake;
 Even now the swarm of flies
 Blackening his bloodshot eyes
 Bursts and blusters round the lake
 Scattered from the feast half-fed,
 By great shadows overhead;

And the dreamer turns away
 From his visionary herds
 And his splendid yesterday,
 Turns to meet the loathly birds
 Flocking round him from the skies
 Waiting for the flesh that dies.

RUDYARD KIPLING

IF —

If you can keep your head when all about
 you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men
 doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting
 too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by wait-
 ing,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk
 too wise.

If you can dream — and not make dreams
 your master;
 If you can think — and not make
 thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Dis-
 aster
 And treat those two impostors just the
 same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for
fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life
to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-
out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your
winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-
toss,
And lose, and start again at your be-
ginnings
And never breathe a word about your
loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and
sinew
To serve your turn long after they are
gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in
you
Except the Will which says to them:
"Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep
your virtue
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the
common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt
you,
If all men count with you, but none
too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance
run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's
in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a
Man, my son!

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

JOHN MASEFIELD

BEAUTY

I HAVE seen dawn and sunset on moors
and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old
tunes of Spain:
I have seen the lady April bringing the
daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft
warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms
and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the
arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God
ever has showed to me
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and
the dear red curve of her lips.

CARGOES

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant
 Ophir
 Rowing home to haven in sunny Pal-
 estine,
 With a cargo of ivory
 And apes and peacocks,
 Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet, white
 wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the
 Isthmus,
 Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-
 green shores
 With a cargo of diamonds,
 Emeralds, amethysts,
 Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moi-
 dores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked
 smoke stack,
 Butting through the Channel in the mad
 March days
 With a cargo of Tyne coal,
 Road rails, pig lead,
 Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

THE SEEKERS

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor
 wealth nor blessed abode,
 But the hope, the burning hope, and the
 road, the open road.

Not for us are content, and quiet and
 peace of mind,
 For we go seeking cities that we shall
 never find.

There is no solace on earth for us — for
 such as we —
 Who search for the hidden beauty that
 eyes may never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun,
 the wind, and the rain,
 And the watch-fire under the stars, and
 sleep, and the road again.

We seek the city of God, and the haunt
 where beauty dwells,
 And we find the noisy mart and the sound
 of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant
 people meet,
 But the dolorous town where mourners
 are going about the street.

We travel the dusty road, till the light
 of the day is dim,
 And sunset shows us spires away on the
 world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day
 is past and by,
 Seeking the holy city beyond the rim of
 the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor
 wealth nor blessed abode,
 But the hope, the burning hope, and the
 road, the open road.

SEA-FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the
 lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to
 steer her by,
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song,
 and the white sail's shaking,
 And a grey mist on the sea's face, and the
 grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the
 call of the running tide
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may
 not be denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white
 clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume,
 and the sea-gull's crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the
 vagrant gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way,
 where the wind's like a whetted
 knife,
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laugh-
 ing fellow-rover,
 And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when
 the long trick's over.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY

LAUGH and be merry, remember, better
the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth
of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the
length of a span.
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old
proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden
time,
God made Heaven and Earth for the joy
He took in a rhyme,
Made them and filled them full with the
strong red wine of His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy
of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep
blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars
sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink
of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the
joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers
akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful
inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of
the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you
merry, my friends.

THE WEST WIND

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of
birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are
in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old
brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as
tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the
air's like wine.

There is cool green grass there, where men
may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting
from the nest.

"Will you not come home, brother? You
have been long away.
It's April, and blossom time, and white is
the spray:
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is
the rain,
Will you not come home, brother, home
to us again?

"The young corn is green, brother, where
the rabbits run;
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm
rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to
a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry
spring again.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother,
above the green wheat,
So will you not come home, brother, and
rest your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother,
sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full
of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road
I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest
for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and
the thrushes' song
In the fine land, the west land, the land
where I belong.

GEORGE MEREDITH

THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth;
unsoured
He knew thy sons. He probed from hell
to hell
Of human passions, but of love deflowered
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee
well.

Thence came the honey'd corner at his
lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit
sails
Calm as the God who the white sea-wave
whips,
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
Close mirrors of us: thence had he the
laugh
We feel is thine: broad as ten thousand
beeves
At pasture! thence thy songs, that win-
now chaff
From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last
leaves
Whirl, if they have no response — they
enforced
To fatten Earth when from her soul di-
vorced.

THE OLD CHARTIST

I

WHATE'ER I be, old England is my dam!
So there's my answer to the judges,
clear.
I'm nothing of a fox, nor of a lamb;
I don't know how to bleat nor how to leer:
I'm for the nation!
That's why you see me by the wayside
here,
Returning home from transportation.

II

It's Summer in her bath this morn, I
think.
I'm fresh as dew, and chirpy as the
birds:
And just for joy to see old England wink
Thro' leaves again, I could harangue
the herds:
Isn't it something
To speak out like a man when you've
got words,
And prove you're not a stupid dumb
thing?

III

They shipp'd me off for it; I'm here again.
Old England is my dam, whate'er I be!
Says I, I'll tramp it home, and see the
grain:

If you see well, you're king of what
you see:

Eyesight is having,
If you're not given, I said, to gluttony.
Such talk to ignorance sounds as rav-
ing.

IV

You dear old brook, that from his Grace's
park
Come bounding! on you run near my
old town
My lord can't lock the water; nor the lark,
Unless he kills him, can my lord keep
down.
Up, is the song-note!
I've tried it, too: — for comfort and re-
nown,
I rather pitch'd upon the wrong note.

V

I'm not ashamed: Not beaten's still my
boast:
Again I'll rouse the people up to strike.
But home's where different politics jar
most.
Respectability the women like.
This form, or that form, —
The Government may be hungry pike,
But don't you mount a Chartist plat-
form!

VI

Well, well! Not beaten — spite of them,
I shout;
And my estate is suffering for the Cause.
No, — what is yon brown water-rat about,
Who washes his old poll with busy paws?
What does he mean by 't?
It's like defying all our natural laws,
For him to hope that he'll get clean
by't.

VII

His seat is on a mud-bank, and his trade
Is dirt: — he's quite contemptible; and
yet
The fellow's all as anxious as a maid
To show a decent dress, and dry the wet.
Now it's his whisker,
And now his nose, and ear: he seems
to get
Each moment at the motion brisker!

VIII

To see him squat like little chaps at school,
 I could let fly a laugh with all my might.
 He peers, hangs both his fore-paws:—
 bless that fool,
 He's bobbing at his frill now!— what
 a sight!
 Licking the dish up,
 As if he thought to pass from black to
 white,
 Like parson into lawny bishop.

IX

The elms and yellow reed-flags in the sun,
 Look on quite grave:— the sunlight
 flecks his side
 And links of bindweed-flowers round
 him run,
 And shine up doubled with him in the
 tide.
 I'm nearly splitting,
 But nature seems like seconding his pride,
 And thinks that his behaviour's fitting.

X

That isle o' mud looks baking dry with
 gold.
 His needle-muzzle still works out and
 in.
 It really is a wonder to behold,
 And makes me feel the bristles of my
 chin.
 Judged by appearance,
 I fancy of the two I'm nearer Sin,
 And might as well commence a clear-
 ance.

XI.

And that's what my fine daughter said:—
 she meant
 Pray, hold your tongue, and wear a
 Sunday face.
 Her husband, the young linendraper,
 spent
 Much argument thereon:— I'm their
 disgrace.
 Bother the couple!
 I feel superior to a chap whose place
 Commands him to be neat and supple.

XII

But if I go and say to my old hen:
 I'll mend the gentry's boots, and keep
 discreet,
 Until they grow *too* violent,— why, then,
 A warmer welcome I might chance to
 meet:
 Warmer and better.
 And if she fancies her old cock is beat,
 And drops upon her knees— so let her!

XIII

She suffered for me:— women, you'll
 observe,
 Don't suffer for a Cause, but for a man.
 When I was in the dock she show'd her
 nerve:
 I saw beneath her shawl my old tea-can.
 Trembling . . . she brought it
 To screw me for my work: she loath'd
 my plan
 And therefore doubly kind I thought it.

XIV

I've never lost the taste of that same tea:
 That liquor on my logic floats like oil,
 When I state facts, and fellows disagree.
 For human creatures all are in a coil;
 All may want pardon.
 I see a day when every pot will boil
 Harmonious in one great Tea-garden!

XV

We wait the setting of the Dandy's day,
 Before that time!— He's furbishing
 his dress,—
 He *will* be ready for it!— and I say,
 That yon old dandy rat amid the
 cress,—
 Thanks to hard labour!—
 If cleanliness is next to godliness,
 The old fellow's heaven's neighbour!

XVI

You teach me a fine lesson, my old boy!
 I've looked on my superiors far too long,
 And small has been my profit as my joy.
 You've done the right while I've de-
 nounced the wrong.
 Prosper me later!
 Like you I will despise the sniggering
 throng,
 And please myself and my Creator.

XVII

I'll bring the linendraper and his wife
 Some day to see you; taking off my
 hat.
 Should they ask why, I'll answer: in
 my life
 I never found so true a democrat.
 Base occupation
 Can't rob you of your own esteem, old
 rat!
 I'll preach you to the British nation.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the
 green-sward,
 Couched with her arms behind her
 golden head,
 Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple
 idly,
 Lies my young love sleeping in the
 shade.
 Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath
 her,
 Press her parting lips as her waist I
 gather slow,
 Waking in amazement she could not but
 embrace me:
 Then would she hold me and never let
 me go?

* * * * *

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the
 swallow,
 Swift as the swallow along the river's
 light
 Circling the surface to meet his mirrored
 winglets,
 Fleeter she seems in her stay than in
 her flight.
 Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the
 pine-tops,
 Wayward as the swallow overhead
 at set of sun,
 She whom I love is hard to catch and
 conquer,
 Hard, but O the glory of the winning
 were she won!

When her mother tends her before the
 laughing mirror,
 Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing
 wedded,
 More love should I have, and much
 less care.
 When her mother tends her before the
 lighted mirror,
 Loosening her laces, combing down her
 curls,
 Often she thinks, were this wild thing
 wedded,
 I should miss but one for many boys
 and girls.

* * * * *

Heartless she is as the shadow in the
 meadows
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy
 noon.
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her
 wonder:
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the
 new moon.
 Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid
 measure,
 Even as in a dance; and her smile can
 heal no less:
 Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts
 the flowers with hailstones
 Off a sunny border, she was made to
 bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl
 sweeping
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
 Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note
 unvaried,
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the
 brown evejar.
 Darker grows the valley, more and more
 forgetting:
 So were it with me if forgetting could
 be willed.
 Tell the grassy hollow that holds the
 bubbling well-spring,
 Tell it to forget the source that keeps
 it filled.

* * * * *

Stepping down the hill with her fair
 companions,
 Arm in arm, all against the raying
 West,
 Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she
 marches,
 Brave is her shape, and sweeter un-
 possessed.
 Sweeter, for she is what my heart first
 awaking
 Whispered the world was; morning
 light is she.
 Love that so desires would fain keep her
 changeless;
 Fain would fling the net, and fain have
 her free.

Happy, happy time, when the white star
 hovers
 Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy
 dew,
 Near the face of dawn, that draws ath-
 wart the darkness,
 Threading it with colour, like yew-
 berries the yew.
 Thicker crowd the shades as the grave
 East deepens
 Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud
 swells.
 Maiden still the morn is; and strange
 she is, and secret;
 Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold
 as cold sea-shells.

Sunrays, leaning on our southern hills
 and lighting
 Wild cloud-mountains that drag the
 hills along,
 Oft ends the day of your shifting brilliant
 laughter
 Chill as a dull face frowning on a song.
 Ay, but shows the South-West a ripple-
 feathered bosom
 Blown to silver while the clouds are
 shaken and ascend
 Scaling the mid-heavens as they stream,
 there comes a sunset
 Rich, deep like love in beauty without
 end.

When at dawn she sighs, and like an in-
 fant to the window
 Turns grave eyes craving light, released
 from dreams,
 Beautiful she looks, like a white water-
 lily
 Bursting out of bud in havens of the
 streams.
 When from bed she rises clothed from neck
 to ankle
 In her long nightgown sweet as boughs
 of May,
 Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
 Pure from the night, and splendid for
 the day.

* * * * *

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed
 twilight,
 Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's
 brim,
 Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-
 delighted skylark,
 Clear as though the dewdrops had their
 voice in him.
 Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the
 rayless planet,
 Fountain-full he pours the spraying
 fountain-showers.
 Let me hear her laughter, I would have
 her ever
 Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above
 the flowers.

All the girls are out with their baskets
 for the primrose;
 Up lanes, woods through, they troop
 in joyful bands.
 My sweet leads: she knows not why, but
 now she loiters,
 Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs
 her hands.
 Such a look will tell that the violets are
 peeping,
 Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
 Springs in her bosom for odours and for
 colour,
 Covert and the nightingale; she knows
 not why.

* * * * *

Kerchiefed head and chin she darts between
 her tulips,
 Streaming like a willow grey in arrowy
 rain:
 Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and
 their angel
 She will be; she lifts them, and on she
 speeds again.
 Black the driving raincloud breasts the
 iron gateway:
 She is forth to cheer a neighbour lack-
 ing mirth.
 So when sky and grass met rolling dumb
 for thunder
 Saw I once a white dove, sole light
 of earth.

Prim little scholars are the flowers of her
 garden,
 Trained to stand in rows, and asking
 if they please.
 I might love them well but for loving
 more the wild ones:
 O my wild ones! they tell me more
 than these.
 You, my wild one, you tell of honied field-
 rose,
 Violet, blushing eglantine in life; and
 even as they,
 They by the wayside are earnest of your
 goodness,
 You are of life's, on the banks that line
 the way.

* * * * *

Peering at her chamber the white crowns
 the red rose,
 Jasmine winds the porch with stars two
 and three.
 Parted is the window; she sleeps; the
 starry jasmine
 Breathes a falling breath that carries
 thoughts of me.
 Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her
 my sweetest?
 Not while she sleeps: while she sleeps
 the jasmine breathes,
 Luring her to love; she sleeps; the starry
 jasmine
 Bears me to her pillow under white
 rose-wreaths.

Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-
 glades;
 Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-grey
 leaf;
 Yellow with stonecrop; the moss-mounds
 are yellow;
 Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing
 to the sheaf.
 Green-yellow burst from the copse the
 laughing yaffle;
 Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade
 and shine:
 Earth in her heart laughs looking at the
 heavens,
 Thinking of the harvest: I look and
 think of mine.

* * * * *

This I may know: her dressing and un-
 dressing
 Such a change of light shows as when
 the skies in sport
 Shift from cloud to moonlight; or edg-
 ing over thunder
 Slips a ray of sun; or sweeping into
 port
 White sails furl; or on the ocean borders
 White sails lean along the waves leaping
 green.
 Visions of her shower before me, but from
 eyesight
 Guarded she would be like the sun
 were she seen.

Front door and back of the mossed old
 farmhouse
 Open with the morn, and in a breezy
 link
 Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shad-
 owed orchard,
 Green across a rill where on sand the
 minnows wink.
 Busy in the grass the early sun of summer
 Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow
 fluting notes
 Call my darling up with round and ro-
 guish challenge:
 Quaintest, richest carol of all the sing-
 ing throats!

* * * * *

Cool was the woodside; cool as her white dairy
 Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there the boys from school,
 Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with sunshine;
 O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed cool!
 Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a pitcher
 Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak,
 Then a fellow, mouth up and on tip-toe,
 Said, "I will kiss you": she laughed and leaned her cheek.

Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red roof
 Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo.
 Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway
 Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops the blue.
 Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
 Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly.
 Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her nowhere,
 Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger sky.

* * * * *

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!
 O the treasure-tresses one another over nodding! O the girdle slack about the waist!
 Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet
 Quick amid the wheatears: wound about the waist,
 Gathered, see these brides of Earth one blush of ripeness,
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!

Large and smoky red the sun's cold disk drops,
 Clipped by naked hills, on violet shaded snow:
 Eastward large and still lights up a bower of moonrise,
 Whence at her leisure steps the moon aglow.
 Nightlong on black print-branches our beech-tree
 Gazes in this whiteness: nightlong could I.
 Here may life on death or death on life be painted.
 Let me clasp her soul to know she cannot die!

* * * * *

Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow chamber
 Where there is no window, read not heaven or her.
 "When she was a tiny," one aged woman quavers,
 Plucks at my heart and leads me by the ear.
 Faults she had once as she learnt to run and tumbled:
 Faults of feature some see, beauty not complete.
 Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy Earth and air, may have faults from head to feet.

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she lingers,
 Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise
 High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;
 Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.
 Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,
 Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames. —
 Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
 Arms up, she dropped: our souls were in our names.

* * * * *

Soon will she lie like a white frost sunrise.
 Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley
 pale as rye,
 Long since your sheeves have yielded to
 the thresher,
 Felt the girdle loosened, seen the tresses
 fly.
 Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset.
 Swift with the to-morrow, green-winged
 Spring!
 Sing from the South-West, bring her back
 the truants,
 Nightingale and swallow, song and
 dipping wing.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy
 April
 Spreading bough on bough a primrose
 mountain, you
 Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the sky-
 fields,
 Youngest green transfused in silver
 shining through:
 Fairer than the lily, than the wild white
 cherry:
 Fair as in image my seraph love ap-
 pears
 Borne to me by dreams when dawn is
 at my eyelids:
 Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on
 tears.

* * * * *

Could I find a place to be alone with
 heaven,
 I would speak my heart out: heaven
 is my need.
 Every woodland tree is flushing like the
 dogwood,
 Flushing like the whitebeam, swaying
 like the reed,
 Flushing like the dogwood crimson in
 October;
 Streaming like the flag-reed South-
 West blown;
 Flushing as in gusts the sudden-lighted
 whitebeam:
 All seem to know what is for heaven
 alone.

THE LARK ASCENDING

HE rises and begins to round,
 He drops the silver chain of sound,
 Of many links without a break,
 In chirrup, whistle, slur, and shake,
 All interwolved and spreading wide,
 Like water-dimples down a tide
 Where ripple ripple overcurls
 And eddy into eddy whirls;
 A press of hurried notes that run
 So fleet they scarce are more than one,
 Yet changeingly the trills repeat
 And linger ringing while they fleet,
 Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
 To her beyond the handmaid ear,
 Who sits beside our inner springs,
 Too often dry for this he brings,
 Which seems the very jet of earth
 At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
 As up he wings the spiral stair,
 A song of light, and pierces air
 With fountain ardour, fountain play,
 To reach the shining tops of day,
 And drink in everything discerned
 An ecstasy to music turned,
 Impelled by what his happy bill
 Disperses; drinking, showering still,
 Unthinking save that he may give
 His voice the outlet, there to live
 Renewed in endless notes of glee,
 So thirsty of his voice is he,
 For all to hear and all to know.
 That he is joy, awake, aglow,
 The tumult of the heart to hear
 Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,
 And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
 By simple singing of delight,
 Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
 Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
 Without a break, without a fall,
 Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
 Perennial, quavering up the chord
 Like myriad dews of sunny sward
 That trembling into fulness shine,
 And sparkle dropping argentine;
 Such wooing as the ear receives
 From zephyr caught in choric leaves
 Of aspens when their chattering net
 Is flushed to white with shivers wet;
 And such the water-spirit's chime
 On mountain heights in morning's prime,

Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin;
And every face to watch him raised,
Puts on the light of children praised,
So rich our human pleasure ripens
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,
Though nought be promised from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes:
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labour in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreath,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.
Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink.
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,

Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not,
sweet

For song our highest heaven to greet:
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of Earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve, and pass reward,
So touching purest and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird:
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human
stores,

As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

THE WOODS OF WESTERMAIN

I

ENTER these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

II

Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath:
Mossy-footed squirrels leap
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep:
Yaffles on a chuckle skim
Low to laugh from branches dim:
Up the pine, where sits the star,
Rattles deep the moth-winged jar.

Each has business of his own ;
 But should you distrust a tone,
 Then beware.
 Shudder all the haunted roods,
 All the eyeballs under hoods
 Shroud you in their glare.
 Enter these enchanted woods,
 You who dare.

III

Open hither, open hence,
 Scarce a bramble weaves a fence,
 Where the strawberry runs red,
 With white star-flower overhead ;
 Cumbered by dry twig and cone,
 Shredded husks of seedlings flown,
 Mine of mole and spotted flint :
 Of dire wizardry no hint,
 Save mayhap the print that shows
 Hasty outward-tripping toes,
 Heels to terror, on the mould.
 These, the woods of Westernmain,
 Are as others to behold,
 Rich of wreathing sun and rain ;
 Foliage lustreful around
 Shadowed leagues of slumbering sound.
 Wavy tree-tops, yellow whins,
 Shelter eager minikins,
 Myriads, free to peck and pipe :
 Would you better? would you worse?
 You with them may gather ripe
 Pleasures flowing not from purse.
 Quick and far as Colour flies
 Taking the delighted eyes,
 You of any well that springs
 May unfold the heaven of things ;
 Have it homely and within,
 And thereof its likeness win,
 Will you so in soul's desire :
 This do sages grant t' the lyre.
 This is being bird and more,
 More than glad musician this ;
 Granaries you will have a store
 Past the world of woe and bliss ;
 Sharing still its bliss and woe ;
 Harnessed to its hungers, no.
 On the throne Success usurps,
 You shall seat the joy you feel
 Where a race of water chirps,
 Twisting hues of flourished steel :

Or where light is caught in hoop
 Up a clearing's leafy rise,
 Where the crossing deerherds troop
 Classic splendours, knightly dyes.
 Or, where old-eyed oxen chew
 Speculation with the cud,
 Read their pool of vision through,
 Back to hours when mind was mud ;
 Nigh the knot, which did untwine
 Timelessly to drowsy suns ;
 Seeing Earth a slimy spine,
 Heaven a space for winging tons.
 Farther, deeper, may you read,
 Have you sight for things afield,
 Where peeps she, the Nurse of seed,
 Cloaked, but in the peep revealed ;
 Showing a kind face and sweet :
 Look you with the soul you see't.
 Glory narrowing to grace,
 Grace to glory magnified,
 Following that will you embrace
 Close in arms or æry wide.
 Banished is the white Foam-born
 Not from here, nor under ban
 Phoebus lyrist, Phoebe's horn,
 Pippings of the reedy Pan.
 Loved of Earth of old they were,
 Loving did interpret her ;
 And the sterner worship bars
 None whom Song has made her stars.
 You have seen the huntress moon
 Radiantly facing dawn,
 Dusky meads between them strewn
 Glimmering like downy awn :
 Argent Westward glows the hunt,
 East the blush about to climb ;
 One another fair they front,
 Transient, yet outshine the time ;
 Even as dewlight off the rose
 In the mind a jewel sows.
 Thus opposing grandeurs live
 Here if Beauty be their dower :
 Doth she of her spirit give,
 Fleetingness will spare her flower.
 This is in the tune we play,
 Which no spring of strength would quell ;
 In subduing does not slay ;
 Guides the channel, guards the well :
 Tempered holds the young blood-heat,
 Yet through measured grave accord,
 Hears the heart of wildness beat
 Like a centaur's hoof on sward.

Drink the sense the notes infuse,
 You a larger self will find:
 Sweetest fellowship ensues
 With the creatures of your kind.
 Ay, and Love, if Love it be
 Flaming over *I* and *ME*,
 Love meet they who do not shove
 Cravings in the van of Love.
 Courtly dames are here to woo,
 Knowing love if it be true.
 Reverence the blossom-shoot
 Fervently, they are the fruit.
 Mark them stepping, hear them talk,
 Goddess, is no myth inane,
 You will say of those who walk
 In the woods of Westermains.
 Waters that from throat and thigh
 Dart the sun his arrows back;
 Leaves that on a woodland sigh
 Chat of secret things no lack;
 Shadowy branch-leaves, waters clear.
 Bare or veiled they move sincere;
 Not by slavish terrors tripped;
 Being anew in nature dipped,
 Growths of what they step on, these;
 With the roots the grace of trees.
 Casket-breasts they give, nor hide,
 For a tyrant's flattered pride,
 Mind, which nourished not by light,
 Lurks the shuffling trickster sprite:
 Whereof are strange tales to tell;
 Some in blood writ, tombed in bell.
 Here the ancient battle ends,
 Joining two astonished friends,
 Who the kiss can give and take
 With more warmth than in that world
 Where the tiger claws the snake,
 Snake her tiger clasps infurled,
 And the issue of their fight
 Peoples lands in snarling plight.
 Here her splendid beast she leads
 Silken-leashed and decked with weeds
 Wild as he, but breathing faint
 Sweetness of unfelt constraint.
 Love, the great volcano, flings
 Fires of lower Earth to sky;
 Love, the sole permitted, sings
 Sovereignty of *ME* and *I*.
 Bowers he has of sacred shade,
 Spaces of superb parade,
 Voiceful . . . But bring you a note
 Wrangling, howsoe'er remote,

Discords out of discord spin
 Round and round derisive din:
 Sudden will a pallor pant
 Chill at screeches miscreant;
 Owls or spectres, thick they flee;
 Nightmare upon horror broods;
 Hooded laughter, monkish glee,
 Gaps the vital air.
 Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.

IV

You must love the light so well
 That no darkness will seem fell.
 Love it so you could accost
 Fellowly a livid ghost.
 Whish! the phantom wisps away,
 Owns him smoke to cocks of day.
 In your breast the light must burn
 Fed of you, like corn in quern
 Ever plumping while the wheel
 Speeds the mill and drains the meal.
 Light to light sees little strange,
 Only features heavenly new;
 Then you touch the nerve of Change,
 Then of Earth you have the clue;
 Then her two-sexed meanings melt
 Through you, wed the thought and felt.
 Sameness locks no scurfy pond
 Here for Custom, crazy-fond:
 Change is on the wing to bud
 Rose in brain from rose in blood.
 Wisdom throbbing shall you see
 Central in complexity;
 From her pasture 'mid the beasts
 Rise to her ethereal feasts,
 Not, though lightnings track your wit
 Starward, scorning them you quit:
 For be sure the bravest wing
 Preens it in our common spring,
 Thence along the vault to soar,
 You with others, gathering more,
 Glad of more, till you reject
 Your proud title of elect,
 Perilous even here while few
 Roam the arched greenwood with you.
 Heed that snare.
 Muffled by his cavern-cowl
 Squats the scaly Dragon-fowl,
 Who was lord ere light you drank,
 And lest blood of knightly rank

Stream, let not your fair princess
 Stray: he holds the leagues in stress
 Watches keenly there.
 Oft has he been riven; slain
 Is no force in Westernmain.
 Wait, and we shall forge him curbs,
 Put his fangs to uses, tame,
 Teach him, quick as cunning herbs,
 How to cure him sick and lame.
 Much restricted, much enringed,
 Much he frets, the hooked and winged,
 Never known to spare.
 'Tis enough: the name of Sage
 Hits no thing in nature, nought;
 Man the least, save when grave Age
 From yon Dragon guards his thought.
 Eye him when you hearken dumb
 To what words from Wisdom come.
 When she says how few are by
 Listening to her, eye his eye.
 Self, his name declare.
 Him shall Change, transforming late,
 Wonderously renovate.
 Hug himself the creature may:
 What he hugs is loathed decay.
 Crying, slip thy scales, and slough!
 Change will strip his armour off;
 Make of him who was all maw,
 Inly only thrilling-shrewd,
 Such a servant as none saw
 Through his days of dragonhood.
 Days when growling o'er his bone,
 Sharpened he for mine and thine;
 Sensitive within alone;
 Scaly as in clefts of pine.
 Change, the strongest son of Life,
 Has the Spirit here to wife.
 Lo, their young of vivid breed,
 Bear the lights that onward speed,
 Threading thickets, mounting glades,
 Up the verdurous colonnades,
 Round the fluttered curves, and down,
 Out of sight of Earth's blue crown,
 Whither, in her central space,
 Spouts the Fount and Lure o' the chase.
 Fount unresting, Lure divine!
 There meet all: too late look most.
 Fire in water hued as wine,
 Springs amid a shadowy host;
 Circled: one close-headed mob,
 Breathless, scanning divers heaps
 Where a Heart begins to throb,

Where it ceases, slow, with leaps.
 And 'tis very strange, 'tis said,
 How you spy in each of them
 Semblance of that Dragon red,
 As the oak in bracken-stem.
 And, 'tis said, how each and each:
 Which commences, which subsides:
 First my Dragon! doth beseech
 Her who food for all provides.
 And she answers with no sign;
 Utters neither yea nor nay;
 Fires the water hued as wine;
 Kneads another spark in clay.
 Terror is about her hid;
 Silence of the thunders locked;
 Lightnings lining the shut lid;
 Fixity on quaking rocked.
 Lo, you look at Flow and Drought
 Interflashed and interwrought:
 Ended is begun, begun
 Ended, quick as torrents run.
 Young Impulsion spouts to sink;
 Luridness and lustre link;
 'Tis your come and go of breath;
 Mirrored pants the Life, the Death;
 Each of either reaped and sown:
 Rosiest rosy wanes to crone.
 See you so? your senses drift;
 'Tis a shuttle weaving swift.
 Look with spirit past the sense,
 Spirit shines in permanence.
 That is She, the view of whom
 Is the dust within the tomb,
 Is the inner blush above,
 Look to loathe, or look to love;
 Think her Lump, or know her Flame;
 Dread her scourge, or read her aim;
 Shoot your hungers from their nerve;
 Or, in her example, serve.
 Some have found her sitting grave;
 Laughing, some; or, browed with sweat,
 Hurling dust of fool and knave
 In a hissing smithy's jet.
 More it were not well to speak;
 Burn to see, you need but seek.
 Once beheld she gives the key
 Airing every doorway, she.
 Little can you stop or steer
 Ere of her you are the seer.
 On the surface she will witch,
 Rendering Beauty yours, but gaze
 Under, and the soul is rich

Past computing, past amaze.
 Then is courage that endures
 Even her awful tremble yours.
 Then, the reflex of that Fount
 Spied below, will Reason mount
 Lordly and a quenchless force,
 Lighting Pain to its mad source,
 Scaring Fear till Fear escapes,
 Shot through all its phantom shapes.
 Then your spirit will perceive
 Fleshly seed of fleshly sins;
 Where the passions interweave,
 How the serpent tangle spins
 Of the sense of Earth misprised,
 Brainlessly unrecognized;
 She being Spirit in her clods,
 Footway to the God of Gods.
 Then for you are pleasures pure,
 Sureties as the stars are sure:
 Not the wanton beckoning flags
 Which, of flattery and delight,
 Wax to the grim Habit-Hags
 Riding souls of men to night:
 Pleasures that through blood ran sane,
 Quickening spirit from the brain.
 Each of each in sequent birth,
 Blood and brain and spirit, three
 (Say the deepest gnomes of Earth),
 Join for true felicity.
 Are they parted, then expect
 Some one sailing will be wrecked:
 Separate hunting are they sped,
 Scan the morsel coveted.
 Earth that Triad is: she hides
 Joy from him who that divides;
 Showers it when the three are one
 Glassing her in union.
 Earth your haven, Earth your helm,
 You command a double realm:
 Labouring here to pay your debt,
 Till your little sun shall set;
 Leaving her the future task:
 Loving her too well to ask.
 Eglantine that climbs the yew,
 She her darkest wreathes for those
 Knowing her the Ever-new,
 And themselves the kin o' the rose.
 Life, the chisel, axe and sword,
 Wield who have her depths explored:
 Life, the dream, shall be their robe,
 Large as air about the globe;
 Life, the question, hear its cry

Echoed with concordant Why;
 Life, the small self-dragon ramped,
 Thrill for service to be stamped.
 Ay, and over every height
 Life for them shall wave a wand:
 That, the last, where sits affright,
 Homely shows the stream beyond.
 Love the light and be its lynx,
 You will track her and attain;
 Read her as no cruel Sphinx
 In the woods of Westermains.
 Daily fresh the woods are ranged;
 Glooms which elsewhere appal,
 Sounded: here, their worths exchanged,
 Urban joins with pastoral:
 Little lost, save what may drop
 Husk-like, and the mind preserves.
 Natural overgrowths they lop,
 Yet from nature neither swerves,
 Trained or savage: for this cause:
 Of our Earth they ply the laws,
 Have in Earth their feeding root,
 Mind of man and bent of brute.
 Hear that song; both wild and ruled.
 Hear it: is it wail or mirth?
 Ordered, bubbled, quite unschooled?
 None, and all: it springs of Earth.
 O but hear it! 'tis the mind;
 Mind that with deep Earth unites,
 Round the solid trunk to wind
 Rings of clasping parasites.
 Music have you there to feed
 Simplest and most soaring need.
 Free to wind, and in desire
 Winding, they to her attached
 Feel the trunk a spring of fire,
 And ascend to heights unmatched,
 Whence the tidal world is viewed
 As a sea of windy wheat,
 Momently black, barren, rude;
 Golden-brown, for harvest meet;
 Dragon-reaped from folly-sown;
 Bride-like to the sickle-blade:
 Quick it varies, while the moan,
 Moan of a sad creature strayed,
 Chiefly is its voice. So flesh
 Conjures tempest-flails to thresh
 Good from worthless. Some clear lamps
 Light it; more of dead marsh-damps.
 Monster is it still, and blind,
 Fit but to be led by Pain.
 Glance we at the paths behind,

Fruitful sight has Westernmain.
 There we laboured, and in turn
 Forward our blown lamps discern,
 As you see on the dark deep
 Far the loftier billows leap,
 Foam for beacon bear.
 Hither, hither, if you will,
 Drink instruction, or instil,
 Run the woods like vernal sap,
 Crying, hail to luminousness!
 But have care.

In yourself may lurk the trap:
 On conditions they caress.
 Here you meet the light invoked:
 Here is never secret cloaked.
 Doubt you with the monster's fry
 All his orbit may exclude;
 Are you of the stiff, the dry,
 Cursing the not understood;
 Grasp you with the monster's claws;
 Govern with his truncheon-saws;
 Hate, the shadow of a grain;
 You are lost in Westernmain:
 Earthward swoops a vulture sun,
 Nighted upon, carrion:
 Straightway venom winecups shout
 Toasts to One whose eyes are out:
 Flowers along the reeling floor
 Drip henbane and hellebore:
 Beauty, of her tresses shorn,
 Shrieks as nature's maniac:
 Hideousness on hoof and horn
 Tumbles, yapping in her track:
 Haggard Wisdom, stately once,
 Leers fantastical and trips:
 Allegory drums the scone,
 Impiousness nibblenips.
 Imp that dances, imp that flits,
 Imp o' the demon-growing girl,
 Maddest! whirl with imp o' the pits
 Round you, and with them you whirl
 Fast where pours the fountain-rout
 Out of Him whose eyes are out:
 Multitudes on multitudes,
 Drenched in wallowing devilry:
 And you ask where you may be,
 In what reek of a lair
 Given to bones and ogre-broods:
 And they yell you Where.
 Enter these enchanted woods,
 You who dare.

ALICE MEYNELL

PARTED

FAREWELL to one now silenced quite,
 Sent out of hearing, out of sight, —

My friend of friends, whom I shall
 miss, —

He is not banished, though, for this, —
 Nor he, nor sadness, nor delight.

Though I shall talk with him no more,
 A low voice sounds upon the shore.

He must not watch my resting-place,

But who shall drive a mournful face
 From the sad winds about my door?

I shall not hear his voice complain

But who shall stop the patient rain?

His tears must not disturb my heart,

But who shall change the years, and
 part

The world from every thought of pain?

Although my life is left so dim,

The morning crowns the mountain-rim;

[Joy is not gone from summer skies,
 Nor innocence from children's eyes,
 And all these things are part of him.]

He is not banished, for the showers

Yet wake this green warm earth of ours.

How can the summer but be sweet?

I shall not have him at my feet
 And yet my feet are on the flowers.

THE LADY POVERTY

THE Lady Poverty was fair:

But she has lost her looks of late,

With change of times and change of air.

Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,

Her gown, her shoes: she keeps no state

As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or — almost worse, if worse can be —

She scolds in parlours, dusts and trims,

Watches and counts. Oh, is this she

Whom Francis met, whose step was free,

Who with obedience carolled hymns,

In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
 Not among modern kinds of men;
 But in the stony fields, where clear
 Through the thin trees, the skies appear,
 In delicate spare soil and fen,
 And slender landscape and austere.

THE SHEPHERDESS

SHE walks — the lady of my delight —
 A shepherdess of sheep;
 Her flocks are thoughts, she keeps them
 white,
 She guards them from the steep;
 She feeds them on the fragrant height,
 And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
 Dark valleys safe and deep;
 Into that tender breast at night
 The chastest stars may peep.
 She walks — the lady of my delight —
 A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
 Though gay they run and leap;
 She is so circumspect and right;
 She has her soul to keep.
 She walks — the lady of my delight —
 A shepherdess of sheep.

T. STURGE MOORE

KINDNESS

OF the beauty of kindness I speak,
 Of a smile, of a charm
 On the face it is pleasure to meet,
 That gives no alarm!
 Of the soul that absorbeth itself
 In discovering good,
 Of that power which outlasts health,
 As the spell of a wood
 Outlasts the sad fall of the leaves,
 And in winter is fine,
 And from snow and from frost receives
 A garment divine.
 Oh! well may the lark sing of this,
 As through rents of huge cloud
 It breaks on blue gulfs that are bliss,
 For they make its heart proud

With the power of wings deployed
 In delightfullest air,
 Yea, thus among things enjoyed
 Is kindness rare.

For even the weak with surprise
 Spread wings, utter song,
 They can launch — in this blue they can
 rise,
 In this kindness are strong, —

They can launch like a ship into calm,
 Which was penn'd up by storm,
 Which sails for the islands of balm
 Luxuriant and warm.

HENRY NEWBOLT

MESSMATES

HE gave us all a goodbye cheerily
 At the first dawn of day;
 We dropped him down the side full
 drearily
 When the light died away.
 It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping
 there,
 And a long, long night that lags a-creep-
 ing there,
 Where the Trades and the tides roll over
 him
 And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking
 him
 For a thousand miles around;
 He's there alone with dumb things mock-
 ing him,
 And we're homeward bound.
 It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keep-
 ing there,
 And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping
 there,
 While the months and the years roll over
 him
 And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
 As they thrash to and fro,
 And the battle-ships' bells ring clear
 enough
 To be heard down below;

If through all the lone watch that he's
 a-keeping there,
 And the long, cold night that lags a-creep-
 ing there,
 The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort
 him
 When the great ships go by.

THE ADVENTURERS

OVER the downs in sunlight clear
 Forth we went in the spring of the year:
 Plunder of April's gold we sought,
 Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a copse without defence
 Low we crouched to the rain-squall dense:
 Sure, if misery man can vex,
 There it beat on our bended necks.

Yet when again we wander on
 Suddenly all that gloom is gone:
 Under and over through the wood,
 Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white,
 Delicate windflowers dancing light,
 Primrose, mercury, moscatel,
 Shimmer in diamonds round the dell.

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe,
 Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe,
 Woodpecker whirrs his rattling rap,
 Ringdove flies with a sudden clap.

Rook is summoning rook to build,
 Dunnock his beak with moss has filled,
 Robin is bowing in coat-tails brown,
 Tomtit chattering upside down.

Well is it seen that every one
 Laughs at the rain and loves the sun;
 We too laughed with the wildwood crew,
 Laughed till the sky once more was blue.

Homeward over the downs we went
 Soaked to the heart with sweet content;
 April's anger is swift to fall,
 April's wonder is worth it all.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

"YE have robb'd," said he, "ye have
 slaughter'd and made an end,
 Take your ill-got plunder, and bury
 the dead:
 What will ye more of your guest and some-
 time friend?"
 "Blood for our blood," they said.

He laugh'd: "If one may settle the score
 for five,
 I am ready; but let the reckoning
 stand till day:
 I have loved the sunlight as dearly as
 any alive."
 "You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
 He climb'd alone to the Eastward edge
 of the trees;
 All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
 He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar
 that fills
 The ravine where the Yassin river
 sullenly flows;
 He did not see the starlight on the Laspur
 hills,
 Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
 The wistaria trailing in at the window
 wide;
 He heard his father's voice from the ter-
 race below
 Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the
 park,
 The mounds that hid the loved and
 honour'd dead;
 The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
 The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
 The runner beside him, the stand by
 the parapet wall,
 The distant tape, and the crowd roaring
 between,
 His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timber'd
 roof,
 The long tables, and the faces merry
 and keen,
 The College Eight and their trainer din-
 ing aloof,
 The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing
 the foam,
 He felt her trembling speed and the
 thrash of her screw;
 He heard the passengers' voices talking
 of home,
 He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong
 on his feet,
 And strode to his ruin'd camp below
 the woods;
 He drank the breath of the morning cool
 and sweet,
 His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening
 fast,
 The blood-red snow-peaks chill'd to a
 dazzling white;
 He turn'd and saw the golden circle at
 last,
 Cut by the Eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth
 and sun,
 I have lived, I praise and adore thee."
 A sword swept.
 Over the pass the voices one by one
 Faded, and the hill slept.

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thou-
 sand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre
 Dios Bay
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
 Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie
 the ships,
 Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', and the
 night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et
 long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man an' rüled
 the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi'
 heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
 Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by
 the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin'
 low;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port
 o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the channel as we
 drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great
 Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin'
 for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
 Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the
 Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old
 flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin',
 as they found him long ago!

VITAI LAMPADA

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close
 tonight —

Ten to make and the match to win —
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned
 coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder
 smote —

"Play up! play up! and play the
 game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red, —
 Red with the wreck of a square that
 broke; —

The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel
 dead,

And the regiment blind with dust and
 smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honour a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the
 ranks:

"Play up! play up! and play the
 game!"

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind —

"Play up! play up! and play the
 game!"

CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,
 Your father thought the thoughts of
 youth,

And heard the words that one by one
 The touch of Life has turned to truth.

Here in a day that is not far,
 You too may speak with noble ghosts

Of manhood and the vows of war

You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,

To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes;

To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,

And dearer yet the brotherhood

That binds the brave of all the earth —

My son, the oath is yours: the end
 Is His, Who built the world of strife,

Who gave His children Pain for friend,
 And Death for surest hope of life.

To-day and here the fight's begun,
 Of the great fellowship you're free;

Henceforth the School and you are one,
 And what You are the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
 Among the lights that gleam and
 pass,

You'll live to follow none more pure
 Than that which glows on yonder
 brass.

"*Qui procul hinc,*" the legend's writ. —
 The frontier-grave is far away —

"*Qui ante diem perii:*
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

ALFRED NOYES

THE MOON IS UP

THE moon is up: the stars are bright:
 The wind is fresh and free!

We're out to seek for gold to-night
 Across the silver sea!

The world was growing grey and old:
 Break out the sails again!

We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
 Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,
 The courtly smiles and lies!
 God, let thy singing Channel breeze
 Lighten our hearts and eyes!

Let love no more be bought and sold
 For earthly loss or gain;

We're out to seek an Age of Gold
 Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
 Beyond all mortal dreams,
 Beyond the reach of night and day
 Our El Dorado gleams,
 Revealing — as the skies unfold —
 A star without a stain,
 The Glory of the Gates of Gold
 Beyond the Spanish Main.

A SONG OF ENGLAND

THERE is a song of England that none
 shall ever sing;

So sweet it is and fleet it is
 That none whose words are not as fleet
 as birds upon the wing,
 And regal as her mountains,
 And radiant as the fountains

Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every
 wave can fling
 Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy
 cliffs of England,
 Could more than seem to dream of it,
 Or catch one flying gleam of it,
 Above the seas of England that never
 cease to sing.

There is a song of England that only
 lovers know ;
 So rare it is and fair it is,
 Oh, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of
 snow,
 So cold and sweet and sunny,
 So full of hidden honey,
 So like a flight of butterflies where rose
 and lily blow
 Along the lanes of England, the leafy
 lanes of England ;
 When flowers are at their vespers
 And full of little whispers,
 The boys and girls of England shall sing
 it as they go.

There is a song of England that only love
 may sing,
 So sure it is and pure it is ;
 And seaward with the seamew it spreads
 a whiter wing,
 And with the skylark hovers
 Above the tryst of lovers,
 Above the kiss and whisper that led the
 lovely Spring
 Through all the glades of England, the
 ferny glades of England,
 Until the way enwound her
 With sprays of May, and crowned
 her
 With stars of frosty blossom in a merry
 morris-ring.

There is a song of England that haunts
 her hours of rest ;
 The calm of it and balm of it
 Are breathed from every hedgerow that
 blushes to the West :
 From cottage doors that nightly
 Cast their welcome out so brightly
 On the lanes where laughing children are
 lifted and caressed

By the tenderest hands in England, hard
 and blistered hands of England ;
 And from the restful sighing
 Of the sleepers that are lying
 With the arms of God around them on
 the night's contented breast.

There is a song of England that wanders
 in the wind ;
 So sad it is and glad it is
 That men who hear it madden and their
 eyes are wet and blind,
 For the lowlands and the highlands
 Of the unforgotten islands,
 For the Islands of the Blessed, and the
 rest they cannot find
 As they grope in dreams to England and
 the love they left in England ;
 Little feet that danced to meet them,
 And the lips that used to greet them,
 And the watcher at the window in the
 home they left behind.

There is a song of England that thrills
 the beating blood
 With burning cries and yearning
 Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known
 or understood ;
 Aspirations of the creature
 Tow'rds the unity of Nature ;
 Sudden chivalries revealing whence the
 longing is renewed
 In the men that live for England, live
 and love and die for England :
 By the light of their desire
 They shall blindly blunder higher
 To a wider, grander Kingdom and a
 deeper, nobler Good.

There is a song of England that only God
 can hear ;
 So gloriously victorious,
 It soars above the choral stars that sing
 the Golden Year ;
 Till even the cloudy shadows
 That wander o'er her meadows
 In silent purple harmonies declare His
 glory there,
 Along the hills of England, the billowy
 hills of England,
 While heaven rolls and ranges
 Through all the myriad changes
 That mirror God in music to the mortal
 eye and ear.

*There is a song of England that none shall
ever sing:*

*So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as
birds upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as the fountains
Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every
wave can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy
cliffs of England,
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease
to sing.*

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

"In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of
dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black,
and white. And in our land be also uni-
cornes and these Unicornes slee many
Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man
make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he
sholde incontynent be sleyn." — *Mediaeval
Epistle of Pope Prester John.*

I

ACROSS the seas of Wonderland to Moga-
dore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black
barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a
Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red
and yellow through the dark!
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time, since old Ulysses made
him bellow in the dark!
Cho. — Since Ulysses bunged his eye up
with a pine-torch in the dark!

II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or
the giant's ugly shoulders
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its
bleared and vinous glow,
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines
among the boulders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the
sullen slopes below,

*Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders?*

We were only simple seamen, so of
course we didn't know.

Cho. — We were simple singing seamen, so
of course we couldn't know.

III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we
came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray
of leaping fire;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, be-
neath a golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a
sailor to admire;

For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they
crowned us,

Then with grog wellnigh drowned us, to
the depth of our desire!

Cho. — And 'twas very friendly of them,
as a sailor can admire!

IV

There was music all about us, we were
growing quite forgetful

We were only singing seamen from the
dirt of London-town,

Though the nectar that we swallowed
seemed to vanish half regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such
vittles down,

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil — only bigger — draw-
ing near us with a frown!

Cho. — Like the devil — but much bigger
— and he wore a golden crown!

V

And "what's all this?" he growls at us!
With dignity we chaunted,

"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be
put upon!"

"What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well,
if ye don't mind being haunted,

Faith you're welcome to my palace;
I'm the famous Prester John!

Will ye walk into my palace?

I don't bear 'ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome in the
halls of Prester John!"

Cho. — So we walked into the palace and
the halls of Prester John!

VI

Now the door was one great diamond and
the hall a hollow ruby —

Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger
by half!

And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-
staring like a booby,

And the skipper close behind him, with
his tongue out like a calf!

Now the way to take it rightly

Was to walk along politely

Just as if you didn't notice — so I couldn't
help but laugh!

Cho. — For they both forgot their manners
and the crew was bound to laugh!

VII

But he took us through his palace and, my
lads, as I'm a sinner,

We walked into an opal like a sunset-
coloured cloud —

"My dining-room," he says, and, quick as
light we saw a dinner

Spread before us by the fingers of a
hidden fairy crowd;

And the skipper, swaying gently

After dinner, murmurs faintly,

"I looks to-wards you, Prester John,
you've done us very proud!"

Cho. — And we drank his health with
honours, for he *done* us *very* proud!

VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we
sees a feathered demon

Very splendid and important on a sort
of spicy tree!

"That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester,
"which all eddicated seamen

Knows the only one existent, and *he's*
waiting for to flee!

When his hundred years expire

Then he'll set hisself a-fire

And another from his ashes rise most
beautiful to see!"

Cho. — With wings of rose and emerald
most beautiful to see!

IX

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a
little silver river,

And whosoever drinks of it, his youth
shall never die!

The centuries go by, but Prester John
endures for ever

With his music in the mountains and his
magic on the sky!

While *your* hearts are growing colder,

While your world is growing older,

There's a magic in the distance, where
the sea-line meets the sky."

Cho. — It shall call to singing seamen till
the fount o' song is dry!

X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that
forest fair defied us, —

First a crimson leopard laughs at us most
horrible to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and
licked his chops and eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn was
dancing round a tree!

We was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat
o' high degree!

Cho. — Must ha' made us very tempting
to the whole menarjeree!

XI

So we scuttled from that forest and across
the poppy meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror brooded
o'er us in the dark!

And we pushes out from shore again a-
jumping at our shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the old
black barque!

And home again we plodded

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking red
and yellow through the dark.

Cho. — Oh, the moon above the moun-
tains, red and yellow through the
dark!

XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-
town we blundered,
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for
to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by —
here again we pondered —
A tippie in a vision forty thousand years
ago.
Could 'the grog we *dreamt* we swal-
lowed
Make us *dream* of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of
course we didn't know!
Cho. — We were simple singing seamen, so
of course we could not know!

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

I

In the cool of the evening, when the low
sweet whispers waken,
When the labourers turn them home-
ward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the
forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the
far green hill?

II

For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that
wander through the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend
the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the
reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along
the shadowy burn.

III

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden
that He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with
the darkness of a name!
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden it is
but the wind that moveth,
No more; but O, the miracle, the
miracle is the same!

IV

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is
an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and
loved with passion still,
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment, in
the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far
green hill.

GEORGE RUSSELL ("Æ")

FROLIC

THE children were shouting together,
And racing along the sands,
A glimmer of dancing shadows,
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon:
The game was the same as the children's,
They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,
One joy from the vale to the height,
Where the blue woods of twilight en-
circled
The lovely lawns of the light.

J. C. SQUIRE

TO A BULL-DOG

W.H.S., CAPT. (ACTING MAJOR) R.F.A.;
KILLED APRIL 12, 1917

WE shan't see Willy any more, Mamie,
He won't be coming any more:
He came back once and again and again,
But he won't get leave any more.

We looked from the window and there
was his cab,
And we ran downstairs like a streak,
And he said "Hullo, you bad dog," and
you crouched to the floor,
Paralysed to hear him speak,

And then let fly at his face and his chest
Till I had to hold you down,
While he took off his cap and his gloves
and his coat,
And his bag and his thonged Sam
Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,
 The three of us, just as of old,
 And you lay down and I sat and talked
 to him
 As round the room he strolled.

Here in this room where, years ago
 Before the old life stopped,
 He worked all day with his slippers and
 his pipe,
 He would pick up the threads he'd
 dropped.

Fondling all the drawings he had left
 behind,
 Glad to find them all still the same,
 And opening the cupboards to look at
 his belongings
 . . . Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,
 Though you'll thrust your head on my
 knee,
 And try to draw me from the absent-
 mindedness
 That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know
 What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,
 That the last time we waved him away
 Willy went for good.

But sometimes as you lie on the hearth-
 rug
 Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,
 Even through your muddled old canine
 brain
 Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,
 How we brought home a silly little pup,
 With a big square head and little crooked
 legs
 That could scarcely bear him up;

But your tail will tap at the memory
 Of a man whose friend you were,
 Who was always kind, though he called
 you a naughty dog
 When he found you on his chair;

Who'd make you face a reproving finger
 And solemnly lecture you
 Till your head hung downwards and you
 looked very sheepish!
 And you'll dream of your triumphs too,

Of summer evening chases in the garden
 When you dodged us all about with a
 bone:
 We were three boys, and you were the
 cleverest,
 But now we're two alone.

When summer comes again,
 And the long sunsets fade,
 We shall have to go on playing the feeble
 game for two
 That since the war we've played.

And though you run expectant as 'you
 always do
 To the uniforms we meet,
 You'll never find Willy among all the
 soldiers
 In even the longest street,

Nor in any crowd; yet, strange and bitter
 thought,
 Even now were the old words said,
 If I tried the old trick and said "Where's
 Willy?"
 You would quiver and lift your head,

And your brown eyes would look to ask
 if I were serious,
 And wait for the word to spring.
 Sleep undisturbed: I shan't say *that*
 again.
 You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
 While you lie asleep on the floor;
 For he's suffered a thing that dogs could-
 n't dream of,
 And he won't be coming here any more.

JAMES STEPHENS

THE SNARE

I HEAR a sudden cry of pain!
 There is a rabbit in a snare:
 Now I hear the cry again,
 But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid;
Crying on the frightened air,
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare:
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down
the days;

I fled Him, down the arches of the
years;

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laugh-
ter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms or chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed,
followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat — and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —
“All things betray thee, who betrayest
Me.”

I pleaded outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who fol-
lowèd,

Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught
beside);

But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of his approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to
pursue.

Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of
the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd
bars;

Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the
moon.

I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be
soon;

With thy young skiey blossoms heap
me over

From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all his servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness and their loyal
deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every
wind.

But whether they swept, smoothly
fleet,

The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clangèd his chariot 'thwart a
heaven

Plashy with flying lightnings round the
spurn o' their feet: —

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to
pursue.

Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat —
“Naught shelters thee, who wilt not
shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I
strayed

In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that
replies:

They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden
fair

With dawning answers there,

Their angel plucked them from me by
the hair.

"Come then, ye other children, Nature's
— share

With me" (said I) "your delicate fellow-
ship;

Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,

Wantoning

With our Lady-Mother's vagrant
tresses,

Banqueting

With her in her wind-walled palace,

Underneath her azured dais,

Quaffing as your taintless way is,

From a chalice

Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."

So it was done:

I in their delicate fellowship was one —

Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.

I knew all the swift importings

On the wilful face of skies;

I knew how the clouds arise

Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;

All that's born or dies

Rose and drooped with — made them
shapers

Of mine own moods, or wailful or di-
vine —

With them joyed and was bereaven.

I was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.

I laughed in the morning's eyes.

I triumphed and *I* saddened with all
weather,

Heaven and *I* wept together,

And its sweet tears were salt with mortal
mine;

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart

I laid my own to beat,

And share commingling heat;

But not by that, by that, was eased my
human smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's
grey cheek.

For ah! we know not what each other
says

These things and *I*; in sound *I*
speak —

Their sound is but their stir, they speak
by silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my
drouth;

Let her, if she would owe me,

Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and
show me

The breasts o' her tenderness:

Never did any milk of hers once bless

My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase

With unperturbèd pace

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;

And past those noisèd Feet

A voice comes yet more fleet —

"Lo! naught contents thee, who con-
tent'st not Me."

Naked *I* wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!

My harness piece by piece Thou hast
hewn from me,

And smitten me to my knee;

I am defenceless utterly.

I slept, methinks, and woke,

And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in
sleep.

In the rash lustihead of my young powers,

I shook the pillaring hours

And pulled my life upon me; grimed with
smears,

I stand amid the dust o' the mounded
years —

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the
heap.

My days have crackled and gone up in
smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on
a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream

The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;

From the linked fantasies, in whose blos-
somy twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,

Are yielding; cords of all too weak ac-
count

For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed

A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to
mount?

Ah! must —

Designer infinite! —

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou
canst limn with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower
i' the dust;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, split
down ever.

From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the
rind?

I dimly guess what Time in mists con-
founds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
'Those shaken mists a space unsettle,
then

Round the half glimpsèd turrets slowly
wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-
crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet
saith.

Whether man's heart or life it be which
yields

Thy harvest, must Thy harvest
fields

Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit

Comes on at hand the bruit;

That Voice is round me like a bursting
sea:

"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest
Me!

Strange, piteous, futile thing,
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught"
(He said),

"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest
clot?

Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
Save Me, save only Me?

All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in
My arms.

All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at
home:

Rise, clasp my hand, and come!"

'Halts by me that footfall:

Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched ca-
ressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest
Me."

TO A SNOWFLAKE

WHAT heart could have thought you? —

Past our devisal

(O filigree petal!)

Fashioned so purely,

Fragilely, surely,

From what Paradisal

Imagineless metal,

Too costly for cost?

Who hammered you, wrought you,

From argentine vapour? —

"God was my shaper.

Passing surmisal,

He hammered, He wrought me,

From curled silver vapour,

To lust of His mind: —

Thou couldst not have thought me!

So purely, so palely,

Tinily, surely,

Mightily, frailly,

Insculped and embossed,

With His hammer of wind,

And His graver of frost."

W. B. YEATS

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Down by the salley gardens my love and
I did meet;

She passed the salley gardens with little
snow-white feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves
grow on the tree;

But I, being young and foolish, with her
would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
 And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
 She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
 But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE SORROW OF LOVE

THE quarrel of the sparrows in the eves,
 The full round moon and the star-laden sky,
 And the loud song of the ever-singing leaves,
 Had hid away earth's old and weary cry.
 And then you came with those red mournful lips,
 And with you came the whole of the world's tears,
 And all the sorrows of her labouring ships,
 And all the burden of her myriad years.

And now the sparrows warring in the eaves,
 The curd-pale moon, the white stars in the sky,
 And the loud chaunting of the unquiet leaves
 Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled,
 And paced upon the mountains overhead,
 And hid his face amid a crown of stars.

AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

HAD I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
 Enwrought with golden and silver light,
 The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
 Of night and light and the half light,

I would spread the cloths under your feet:
 But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
 I have spread my dreams under your feet:
 Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering
out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

WHO dreamed that beauty passes like a
dream?
For these red lips, with all their mourn-
ful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may
betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral
gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing
by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give
place,
Like the pale waters in their wintry
race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His
seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

THE WHITE BIRDS

I WOULD that we were, my beloved, white
birds on the foam of the sea!
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before
it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight,
hung low on the rim of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved,
a sadness that may not die.

A weariness comes from those dreamers,
dew-dabbled, the lily and rose;
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the
flame of the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers
hung low in the fall of the dew:
For I would we were changed to white
birds on the wandering foam: I
and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and
many a Danaan shore,
Where Time would surely forget us, and
Sorrow come near us no more;
Soon far from the rose and the lily, and
fret of the flames would we be,
Were we only white birds, my beloved,
buoyed out on the foam of the
sea!

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

FEBRUARY

THE robin on my lawn
He was the first to tell
How, in the frozen dawn,
This miracle befell,
Waking the meadows white
With hoar, the iron road
Agleam with splintered light,
And ice where water flowed:

Till, when the low sun drank
Those milky mists that cloak
Hanger and hollied bank,
The winter world awoke
To hear the feeble bleat
Of lambs on the downland farms :
A blackbird whistled sweet ;
Old beeches moved their arms
Into a mellow haze
Aërial, newly-born :

And I, alone, agaze,
Stood waiting for the thorn
To break in blossoms white,
Or burst in a green flame. . . .
So, in a single night,
Fair February came,
Bidding my lips to sing
Or whisper their surprise,
With all the joy of spring
And morning in her eyes.

MODERN PROSE

THE recent English writers have produced essays so interesting and so varied that selection is more or less arbitrary. The frank reëxamination of society, its traditions, its institutions, its *mores*, has encouraged the essay as well as the novel, and the noisy highway of our modern life is thus brought into review, along with pleasant excursions here and there into the cool gardens and the quiet by-ways of traditional experience.

Arthur Christopher Benson (1862-) was the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and one of three brothers to distinguish themselves in literature. Eton and Cambridge bred, from twenty-three to forty-one he was a master at Eton. The *Upton Letters* are the product of those years, and voice in the gentlest spirit the author's "profound misgivings as to the nature of the intellectual process known by the name of secondary education." He was then made a don at Magdalen College, Cambridge, a position which he still holds. The quiet, friendly, simple life of a small English college, with its gentleness and serenity, and its reverence for the past is nicely accommodated to the genius of Benson. "I found myself," he says in the opening pages of *From a College Window*, "at once at home in my small and beautiful college, rich with all kinds of ancient and venerable traditions, in buildings of humble and subtle grace. The little dark-roofed chapel, where I have a stall of my own; the galleried hall, with its armorial glass; the low, book-lined library; the panelled, combination-room, with its dim portraits of old worthies: how sweet a setting for a quiet life. Then, too, I have my own spacious rooms, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees, bounded by a slow river."

As a biographer and literary historian, John, first Viscount Morley of Blackburn (1838-1923), displayed the same honest sense of reality and the same clear, frank, independent judgment which actuated him as a statesman to support the Irish Nationalists, to uphold the Boers, and, as a pacifist, to resign from the cabinet upon the opening of the World War. Morley is a singularly reliable biographer because he rigorously studies the contemporary life and then motivates the conduct of his subject. His style is flowing, but firm.

James, first Viscount Bryce of Dechmont (1838-1922), author of *The American Commonwealth* and British Ambassador to the United States from 1907 to 1913, is one of the few Englishmen who have really understood America and Americans, and he showed that he knew us almost better than we know ourselves. Certainly he interpreted our political institutions with more accuracy and insight than has any American. Fortunately his style, lucid, condensed, and brilliant, is equally as distinguished as his scholarship, and guarantees the permanency of his writings. His tribute to Lincoln's style leaves nothing further to be said for it.

"We have not had in our time," says Christopher Morley, "a more natural-born essayist, of the scampering sort, than Hilaire Belloc. He is an infectious fellow: if you read him much you will find yourself trying to imitate him; there is no harm in doing

so; he himself caught the trick from Rabelais." Born in France of French and English parentage, Belloc (1870-) was brought up in Sussex, educated at Balliol College, Oxford, served for a time in the French field artillery, and was in Parliament from 1906-1910. His historical works are permeated with Roman Catholic sympathies. His books of the open road and of homely things are sensitively observant, and have the pleasant leisureliness and the gentle grace of our own David Grayson.

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur Thomas (1863-), King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, Cambridge University, is best known to Americans through his fine anthology, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. Every college student, however, should know his delightful books, *The Art of Reading* and *The Art of Writing*, in which he discusses the study of literature and of composition in a most friendly and informal way, absolutely relieved from the pedantry which throttles most American books on these subjects. The essay on *Style* is taken from *The Art of Writing*.

Bernard Shaw has pronounced Samuel Butler (1825-1902) to be "in his own department the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century." (Of course we need not be told whom Mr. Shaw regards as the greatest writer in another department.) Shaw's voice is only one in the mighty chorus of noisy praise from the throats of the Butlerites. Ironical, iconoclastic, egotistical, and aggressive, Butler created a veritable furor among the would-be-emancipated upon the posthumous publication of his complete works a few years back. His vogue for a time was very great and is yet considerable.

Conservative parents are much troubled about the modern novels that their sons and daughters read in college. "What are we coming to," they say, "and why do instructors assign such books?" H. G. Wells (1866-) gives the answer in *The Novel of Today*. This generation is determined to look life in the face, and Wells's own novels are worked overtime in helping it to do so. Whether any of the novels of Wells possess the vital spark, his influence upon the fiction of the time has been second to none in our time.

Augustine Birrell (1850-) has been one of the distinguished literary essayists of the period. He has had a great sympathy for the intimate writers of English literature, particularly Hazlitt and Lamb. As continuing the tradition of the miscellaneous essayist, his series, *Obiter Dicta*, has been a source of joy to those who have liked to read about books and the authors of books.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-) is one of the outstanding writers of prose and verse, delighting in paradox and racy English. He has won distinction in the field of journalism as well as in more formal literature. No other of our generation has produced more stimulating prose to the delight of thoughtful readers, for example his *Heretics*, *Paradoxes*, and his sympathetic studies of Browning and Dickens.

As a writer of sentiment, James M. Barrie (1860-) stands without a peer among the writers of to-day. At first a journalist, then novelist, then dramatist, Barrie has drawn to himself a host of admiring readers by his whimsical humor and his simple portrayal of Scottish scenes and Scottish characters. In *Margaret Ogilvy* he painted a sympathetic picture of his mother, never to be forgotten among the autobiographical books of our literature. In *Peter and Wendy* Barrie has added characters to our already notable list of children in fiction that are distinguished for their truthfulness and charm.

John Galsworthy (1867-) has produced plays and novels. He writes with distinction on subjects which go to the bottom of present-day society. Notable among his novels is his *Forsythe Saga*, a series portraying the ups and downs of an interesting group of related characters. It is fitting that this book of English literature should close with a selection from so distinguished a writer of good English, which conveys so clearly the fact that the fullest life is the life where beauty and truth are transcendent.

JAMES BRYCE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS ORATOR
AND LETTER-WRITER

No man since Washington has become to Americans so familiar or so beloved a figure as Abraham Lincoln. He is to them the representative and typical American, the man who best embodies the political ideals of the nation. He is typical in the fact that he sprang from the masses of the people, that he remained through his whole career a man of the people, that his chief desire was to be in accord with the beliefs and wishes of the people, that he never failed to trust in the people and to rely on their support. Every native American knows his life and his speeches. His anecdotes and witticisms have passed into the thought and the conversation of the whole nation as those of no other statesman have done.

He belongs, however, not only to the United States, but to the whole of civilised mankind. It is no exaggeration to say that he has, within the last thirty years, grown to be a conspicuous figure in the history of the modern world. Without him, the course of events, not only in the Western hemisphere but in Europe also, would have been different, for he was called to guide at the greatest crisis of its fate a State already mighty, and now far more mighty than in his days, and the guidance he gave has affected the march of events ever since. A life and a character such as his ought to be known to and comprehended by Europeans as well as by Americans. Among Europeans, it is especially Englishmen who ought to appreciate him and understand the significance of his life, for he came of an English stock, he spoke the English tongue, his action told upon the progress of events and the shaping of opinion in all British communities everywhere more than it has done upon any other nation outside America itself.

Lincoln's speeches make him known by his words as readers of history know him by his deeds. In popularly-governed

countries the great statesman is almost of necessity an orator, though his eminence as a speaker may be no true measure either of his momentary power or of his permanent fame, for wisdom, courage and tact bear little direct relation to the gift for speech. But whether that gift be present in greater or in lesser degree, the character and ideas of a statesman are best studied through his own words. This is particularly true of Lincoln, because he was not what may be called a professional orator. There have been famous orators whose speeches we may read for the beauty of their language or for the wealth of ideas they contain, with comparatively little regard to the circumstances of time and place that led to their being delivered. Lincoln is not one of these. His speeches need to be studied in close relation to the occasions which called them forth. They are not philosophical lucubrations or brilliant displays of rhetoric. They are a part of his life. They are the expression of his convictions, and derive no small part of their weight and dignity from the fact that they deal with grave and urgent questions, and express the spirit in which he approached those questions. Few great characters stand out so clearly revealed by their words, whether spoken or written, as he does.

Accordingly Lincoln's discourses are not like those of nearly all the men whose eloquence has won them fame. When we think of such men as Pericles, Demosthenes, Æschines, Cicero, Hortensius, Burke, Sheridan, Erskine, Canning, Webster, Gladstone, Bright, Massillon, Vergniaud, Castelar, we think of exuberance of ideas or of phrases, of a command of appropriate similes or metaphors, of the gifts of invention and of exposition, of imaginative flights, or outbursts of passion fit to stir and rouse an audience to like passion. We think of the orator as gifted with a powerful or finely-modulated voice, an imposing presence, a graceful delivery. Or if — remembering that Lincoln was by profession a lawyer and practised until he became President of the United States — we think of the special gifts which mark

the forensic orator, we should expect to find a man full of ingenuity and subtlety, one dexterous in handling his case in such wise as to please and capture the judge or the jury whom he addresses, one skilled in those rhetorical devices and strokes of art which can be used, when need be, to engage the listener's feelings and distract his mind from the real merits of the issue.

Of all this kind of talent there was in Lincoln but little. He was not an artful pleader; indeed, it was said of him that he could argue well only those cases in the justice of which he personally believed, and was unable to make the worse appear the better reason. For most of the qualities which the world admires in Cicero or in Burke we should look in vain in Lincoln's speeches. They are not fine pieces of exquisite diction, fit to be declaimed as school exercises or set before students as models of composition.

What, then, are their merits? and why do they deserve to be valued and remembered? How comes it that a man of first-rate powers was deficient in qualities appertaining to his own profession which men less remarkable have possessed?

To answer this question, let us first ask what were the preparation and training Abraham Lincoln had for oratory, whether political or forensic.

Born in rude and abject poverty, he had never any education, except what he gave himself, till he was approaching manhood. Not even books wherewith to inform and train his mind were within his reach. No school, no university, no legal faculty, had any part in training his powers. When he became a lawyer and a politician, the years most favourable to continuous study had already passed, and the opportunities he found for reading were very scanty. He knew but few authors in general literature, though he knew those few thoroughly. He taught himself a little mathematics, but he could read no language save his own, and can have had only the faintest acquaintance with European history or with any branch of philosophy.

The want of regular education was not made up for by the persons among whom

his lot was cast. Till he was a grown man, he never moved in any society from which he could learn those things with which the mind of an orator or a statesman ought to be stored. Even after he had gained some legal practice, there was for many years no one for him to mix with except the petty practitioners of a petty town, men nearly all of whom knew little more than he did himself.

Schools gave him nothing, and society gave him nothing. But he had a powerful intellect and a resolute will. Isolation fostered not only self-reliance but the habit of reflection, and, indeed, of prolonged and intense reflection. He made all that he knew a part of himself. He thought everything out for himself. His convictions were his own — clear and coherent. He was not positive or opinionated, and he did not deny that at certain moments he pondered and hesitated long before he decided on his course. But though he could keep a policy in suspense, waiting for events to guide him, he did not waver. He paused and reconsidered, but it was never his way either to go back upon a decision once made, or to waste time in vain regrets that all he expected had not been attained. He took advice readily, and left many things to his ministers; but he did not lean upon his advisers. Without vanity or ostentation, he was always independent, self-contained, prepared to take full responsibility for his acts.

That he was keenly observant of all that passed under his eyes, that his mind played freely round everything it touched, we know from the accounts of his talk, which first made him famous in the town and neighbourhood where he lived. His humour, and his memory for anecdotes which he could bring out to good purpose, at the right moment, are qualities which Europe deems distinctively American, but no great man of action in the nineteenth century, even in America, possessed them in the same measure. Seldom has so acute a power of observation been found united to so abundant a power of sympathy.

These remarks may seem to belong to a

study of his character rather than of his speeches, yet they are not irrelevant, because the interest of his speeches lies in their revelation of his character. Let us, however, return to his speeches and his letters, some of which are scarcely less noteworthy than are the speeches.

What are the distinctive merits of these speeches and letters? There is less humour in them than his reputation as a humorist would have led us to expect. They are serious, grave, practical. We feel that the man does not care to play over the surface of the subject, or to use it as a way of displaying his cleverness. He is trying to get right down to the very foundation of the matter and tell us what his real thoughts about it are. In this respect he sometimes reminds us of Bismarck's speeches, which, in their rude, broken, forthdarting way, always go straight to their destined aim; always hit the nail on the head. So too, in their effort to grapple with fundamental facts, Lincoln's bear a sort of likeliness to Cromwell's speeches, though Cromwell has far less power of utterance, and always seems to be wrestling with the difficulty of finding language to convey to others what is plain, true, and weighty to himself. This difficulty makes the great Protector, though we can usually see what he is driving at, frequently confused and obscure. Lincoln, however, is always clear. Simplicity, directness, and breadth are the notes of his thought. Aptness, clearness, and again simplicity are the notes of his diction. The American speakers of his generation, like most of those of the preceding generation, but unlike those of that earlier generation to which Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, Marshall, and Madison belonged, were generally infected by a floridity which made them a by-word in Europe. Even men of brilliant talent, such as Edward Everett, were by no means free from this straining after effect by highly-coloured phrases and theatrical effects. Such faults have to-day virtually vanished from the United States, largely from a change in public taste, to which perhaps the example set by Lincoln himself may have

contributed. In the forties and fifties florid rhetoric was rampant, especially in the West and South, where taste was less polished than in the older States. That Lincoln escaped it is a striking mark of his independence as well as of his greatness. There is no superfluous ornament in his orations, nothing tawdry, nothing otiose. For the most part, he addresses the reason of his hearers, and credits them with desiring to have none but solid arguments laid before them. When he does appeal to emotion, he does it quietly, perhaps even solemnly. The note struck is always a high note. The impressiveness of the appeal comes not from fervid vehemence of language, but from the sincerity of his own convictions. Sometimes one can see that through its whole course the argument is suffused by the speaker's feeling, and when the time comes for the feeling to be directly expressed, it glows not with fitful flashes, but with the steady heat of an intense and strenuous soul.

The impression which most of the speeches leave on the reader is that their matter has been carefully thought over even when the words have not been learnt by heart. But there is an anecdote that on one occasion, early in his career, Lincoln went to a public meeting not in the least intending to speak, but presently being called for by the audience, rose in obedience to the call, and delivered a long address so ardent and thrilling that the reporters dropped their pencils and, absorbed in watching him, forgot to take down what he said. It has also been stated, on good authority, that on his way in the railroad cars to the dedication of the monument on the field of Gettysburg, he turned to a Pennsylvanian gentleman who was sitting beside him and remarked, "I suppose I shall be expected to say something this afternoon; lend me a pencil and a bit of paper," and that he thereupon jotted down the notes of a speech which has become the best known and best remembered of all his utterances, so that some of its words and sentences have passed into the minds of all educated men everywhere.

That famous Gettysburg speech is the best example one could desire of the characteristic quality of Lincoln's eloquence. It is a short speech. It is wonderfully terse in expression. It is quiet, so quiet that at the moment it did not make upon the audience, an audience wrought up by a long and highly-decorated harangue from one of the prominent orators of the day, an impression at all commensurate to that which it began to make as soon as it was read over America and Europe. There is in it not a touch of what we call rhetoric, or of any striving after effect. Alike in thought and in language it is simple, plain, direct. But it states certain truths and principles in phrases so aptly chosen and so forcible, that one feels as if those truths could have been conveyed in no other words, and as if this deliverance of them were made for all time. Words so simple and so strong could have come only from one who had meditated so long upon the primal facts of American history and popular government that the truths those facts taught him had become like the truths of mathematics in their clearness, their breadth, and their precision.

The speeches on Slavery read strange to us now, when slavery as a living system has been dead for forty years, dead and buried hell deep under the detestation of mankind. It is hard for those whose memory does not go back to 1865 to realise that down till then it was not only a terrible fact, but was defended — defended by many otherwise good men, defended not only by pseudo-scientific anthropologists as being in the order of nature, but by ministers of the Gospel, out of the sacred Scriptures, as part of the ordinances of God. Lincoln's position, the position of one who had to induce slave-owning fellow-citizens to listen to him and admit persuasion into their heated and prejudiced minds, did not allow him to denounce it with horror, as we can all so easily do to-day. But though his language is calm and restrained, he never condescends to palter with slavery. He shows its innate evils and dangers with unanswerable force. The speech on the

Dred Scott decision is a lucid, close, and cogent piece of reasoning which, in its wide view of Constitutional issues, sometimes reminds one of Webster, sometimes even of Burke, though it does not equal the former in weight nor the latter in splendour of diction.

Among the letters, perhaps the most impressive is that written to Mrs. Bixby, the mother of five sons who had died fighting for the Union in the armies of the North. It is short, and it deals with a theme on which hundreds of letters are written daily. But I do not know where the nobility of self-sacrifice for a great cause, and of the consolation which the thought of a sacrifice so made should bring, is set forth with such simple and pathetic beauty. Deep must be the fountains from which there issues so pure a stream.

The career of Lincoln is often held up to ambitious young Americans as an example to show what a man may achieve by his native strength, with no advantages of birth or environment or education. In this there is nothing improper, nothing fanciful. The moral is one which may well be drawn, and in which those on whose early life Fortune has not smiled may find encouragement. But the example is, after all, no great encouragement to ordinary men, for Lincoln was an extraordinary man.

He triumphed over the adverse conditions of his early years because Nature had bestowed on him high and rare powers. Superficial observers who saw his homely aspect and plain manners, and noted that his fellow-townsmen, when asked why they so trusted him, answered that it was for his common-sense, failed to see that his common-sense was a part of his genius. What is common-sense but the power of seeing the fundamentals of any practical question, and of disengaging them from the accidental and transient features that may overlie these fundamentals — the power, to use a familiar expression, of getting down to bed rock? One part of this power is the faculty for perceiving what the average man will think and can be induced

to do. This is what keeps the superior mind in touch with the ordinary mind, and this is perhaps why the name of "common-sense" is used, because the superior mind seems in its power of comprehending others to be itself a part of the general sense of the community. All men of high practical capacity have this power. It is the first condition of success. But in men who have received a philosophical or literary education there is a tendency to embellish, for purposes of persuasion, or perhaps for their own gratification, the language in which they recommend their conclusions, or to state those conclusions in the light of large general principles, a tendency which may, unless carefully watched, carry them too high above the heads of the crowd. Lincoln, never having had such an education, spoke to the people as one of themselves. He seemed to be saying not only what each felt, but expressing the feeling just as each would have expressed it. In reality, he was quite as much above his neighbours in insight as was the polished orator or writer, but the plain directness of his language seemed to keep him on their level. His strength lay less in the form and vesture of the thought than in the thought itself, in the large, simple, practical view which he took of the position. And thus, to repeat what has been said already, the sterling merit of these speeches of his, that which made them effective when they were delivered and makes them worth reading to-day, is to be found in the justness of his conclusions and their fitness to the circumstances of the time. When he rose into higher air, when his words were clothed with stateliness and solemnity, it was the force of his conviction and the emotion that thrilled through his utterance, that printed the words deep upon the minds and drove them home to the hearts of the people.

What is a great man? Common speech, which after all must be our guide to the sense of the terms which the world uses, gives this name to many sorts of men. How far greatness lies in the power and range of the intellect, how far in the strength of the will, how far in elevation of

view and aim and purpose — this is a question too large to be debated here. But of Abraham Lincoln it may be truly said that in his greatness all three elements were present. He had not the brilliance, either in thought or word or act, that dazzles, nor the restless activity that occasionally pushes to the front even persons with gifts not of the first order. He was a patient, thoughtful, melancholy man, whose intelligence, working sometimes slowly but always steadily and surely, was capacious enough to embrace, and vigorous enough to master, the incomparably difficult facts and problems he was called to deal with. His executive talent showed itself not in sudden and startling strokes, but in the calm serenity with which he formed his judgments and laid his plans, in the undismayed firmness with which he adhered to them in the face of popular clamour, of conflicting counsels from his advisers, sometimes, even, of what others deemed all but hopeless failure. These were the qualities needed in one who had to pilot the Republic through the heaviest storm that had ever broken upon it. But the mainspring of his power, and the truest evidence of his greatness, lay in the nobility of his aims, in the fervour of his conviction, in the stainless rectitude which guided his action and won for him the confidence of the people. Without these things neither the vigour of his intellect nor the firmness of his will would have availed.

There is a vulgar saying that all great men are unscrupulous. Of him it may rather be said that the note of greatness we feel in his thinking and his speech and his conduct had its source in the loftiness and purity of his character. Lincoln's is one of the careers that refute this imputation on human nature.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

ON STYLE

STYLE, for example, is not — can never be — extraneous Ornament. You remember, maybe, the Persian lover, how

to convey his passion he sought a professional letter-writer and purchased a vocabulary charged with ornament, wherewith to attract the fair one as with a basket of jewels. Well, in this extraneous, professional, purchased ornamentation, you have something which Style is *not*: and if you here require a practical rule of me, I will present you with this: "Whenever you feel an impulse to perpetrate a piece of exceptionally fine writing, obey it—whole-heartedly—and delete it before sending your manuscript to press. *Murder your darlings.*"

But let me plead further that you have not been left altogether without clue to the secret of what Style is. That you must master the secret for yourselves lay implicit in our bargain, and you were never promised that a writer's training would be easy. Yet a clue was certainly put in your hands when, having insisted that Literature is a living art, I added that therefore it must be personal and of its essence personal.

This goes very deep: it conditions all our criticism of art. Yet it conceals no mystery. You may see its meaning most easily and clearly, perhaps, by contrasting Science and Art at their two extremes—say Pure Mathematics with Acting. Science as a rule deals with things, Art with man's thought and emotion about things. In Pure Mathematics things are rarefied into ideas, numbers, concepts, but still farther and farther away from the individual man. Two and two make four, and fourpence is not ninepence (or at any rate four is not nine) whether Alcibiades or Cleon keep the tally. In Acting on the other hand almost everything depends on personal interpretation—on the gesture, the walk, the gaze, the tone of a Siddons, the *rusé* smile of a Coquelin, the exquisite, vibrant intonation of a Bernhardt. "English Art?" exclaimed Whistler, "there is no such thing! Art is art and mathematics is mathematics." Whistler erred. Precisely because Art is Art, and Mathematics is Mathematics and a Science, Art being Art can be English or French; and, more than this, must be the personal ex-

pression of an Englishman or a Frenchman, as a "Constable" differs from a "Corot" and a "Whistler" from both. Surely I need not labour this. But what is true of the extremes of Art and Science is true also, though sometimes less recognisably true, of the mean: and where they meet and seem to conflict (as in History) the impact is that of the personal or individual mind upon universal truth, and the question becomes whether what happened in the Sicilian Expedition, or at the trial of Charles I, can be set forth naked as an algebraical sum, serene in its certainty, indifferent to opinion, uncoloured in the telling as in the hearing by sympathy or dislike, by passion or by character. I doubt, while we should strive in history as in all things to be fair, if history can be written in that colourless way, to interest men in human doings. I am sure that nothing which lies further towards imaginative, creative Art can be written in that way.

It follows then that Literature, being by its nature personal, must be by its nature almost infinitely various. "Two persons cannot be the authors of the sounds which strike our ear; and as they cannot be speaking one and the same speech, neither can they be writing one and the same lecture or discourse." *Quot homines tot sententiae.* You may translate that, if you will, "Every man of us constructs his sentences differently"; and if there be indeed any quarrel between Literature and Science (as I never can see why there should be), I for one will readily grant Science all her cold superiority, her ease in Sion with universal facts, so it be mine to serve among the multifarious race who have to adjust, as best they may, Science's cold conclusions (and much else) to the brotherly give-and-take of human life.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas . . . Is it possible, Gentlemen, that you can have read one, two, three, or more of the acknowledged masterpieces of literature without having it borne in on you that they are great because they are alive, and traffic not with cold celestial certainties, but with men's

hopes, aspirations, doubts, loves, hates, breakings of the heart; the glory and vanity of human endeavour, the transience of beauty, the capricious uncertain lease on which you and I hold life, the dark coast to which we inevitably steer; all that amuses or vexes, all that gladdens, saddens, maddens us men and women on this brief and mutable traject which yet must be home for a while, the anchorage of our hearts? For an instance:—

Here lies a most beautiful lady,

Light of step and heart was she:

I think she was the most beautiful lady

That ever was in the West Country.

But beauty vanishes, beauty passes,

However rare, rare it be;

And when I crumble who shall remember

That lady of the West Country?¹

Or take a critic — a literary critic — such as Samuel Johnson, of whom we are used to think as of a man artificial in phrase and pedantic in judgment. He lives, and why? Because, if you test his criticism, he never saw literature but as a part of life, nor would allow in literature what was false to life, as he saw it. He could be wrong-headed, perverse; could damn Milton because he hated Milton's politics; on any question of passion or prejudice could make injustice his daily food. But he could not, even in a friend's epitaph, let pass a phrase (however well turned) which struck him as empty of life or false to it. All Boswell testifies to this: and this is why Samuel Johnson survives.

Now let me carry this contention — that all Literature is personal and therefore various — into a field much exploited by the pedant, and fenced about with many notice-boards and public warnings. "*Neologisms not allowed here.*" "*All persons using slang, or trespassing in pursuit of originality. . . .*"

Well, I answer these notice-boards by saying that, literature being personal, and men various — and even the *Oxford Eng-*

lish Dictionary being no Canonical book — man's use or defiance of the dictionary depends for its justification on nothing but his success: adding that, since it takes all kinds to make a world, or a literature, his success will probably depend on the occasion. A few months ago I found myself seated at a bump-supper next to a cheerful youth who, towards the close, suggested thoughtfully, as I arose to make a speech, that, the bonfire (which of course he called the "bonner") being due at nine-thirty o'clock, there was little more than bare time left for "langers and godders." It cost me, who think slowly, some seconds to interpret that by "langers" he meant *Auld Lang Syne* and by "godders" *God Save the King*. I thought at the time, and still think, and will maintain against any schoolmaster, that the neologisms of my young neighbour, though not to be recommended for essays or sermons, did admirably suit the time, place, and occasion.

Seeing that in human discourse, infinitely varied as it is, so much must ever depend on *who* speaks, and to *whom*, in what mood and upon what occasion; and seeing that Literature must needs take account of all manner of writers, audiences, moods, occasions; I hold it a sin against the light to put up a warning against any word that comes to us in the fair way of use and wont (as "wire," for instance, for a telegram), even as surely as we should warn off hybrids or deliberately pedantic impostors, such as "antibody" and "picture-drome"; and that, generally, it is better to err on the side of liberty than on the side of the censor: since by the admitting of new words we infuse new blood into a tongue of which (or we have learnt nothing from Shakespeare's audacity) our first pride should be that it is flexible, alive, capable of responding to new demands of man's untiring quest after knowledge and experience. Not because it was an ugly thing did I denounce Jargon to you, the other day: but because it was a dead thing, leading nowhither, meaning naught. There is *wickedness* in human speech, sometimes. You will detect it all the

¹ Walter de la Mare.

better for having ruled out what is *naughty*.

Let us err, then, if we err, on the side of liberty. I came, the other day, upon this passage in Mr. Frank Harris's study of *The Man Shakespeare*: —

In the last hundred years the language of Molière has grown fourfold; the slang of the studios and the gutter and the laboratory, of the engineering school and the dissecting table, has been ransacked for special terms to enrich and strengthen the language in order that it may deal easily with the new thoughts. French is now a superb instrument, while English is positively poorer than it was in the time of Shakespeare, thanks to the prudery of our illiterate middle class.¹

Well, let us not lose our heads over this, any more than over other prophecies of our national decadence. The *Oxford English Dictionary* has not yet unfolded the last of its coils, which yet are ample enough to enfold us in seven words for every three an active man can grapple with. Yet the warning has point, and a particular point, for those who aspire to write poetry: as Francis Thompson has noted in his *Essay on Shelley*: —

Theoretically, of course, one ought always to try for the best word. But practically, the habit of excessive care in word-selection frequently results in loss of spontaneity; and, still worse, the habit of always taking the best word too easily becomes the habit of always taking the most ornate word, the word most removed from ordinary speech. In consequence of this, poetic diction has become latterly a kaleidoscope, and one's chief curiosity is as to the precise combinations into which the pieces will be shifted. There is, in fact, a certain band of words, the Præ-

torian cohorts of Poetry, whose prescriptive aid is invoked by every aspirant to the poetic purple. . . . Against these it is time some banner should be raised. . . . It is at any rate curious to note that the literary revolution against the despotic diction of Pope seems issuing, like political revolutions, in a despotism of his own making;

and he adds a note that this is the more surprising to him because so many Victorian poets were prose-writers as well.

Now, according to our theory, the practice of prose should maintain fresh and comprehensive a poet's diction, should save him from falling into the hands of an exclusive coterie of poetic words. It should react upon his metrical vocabulary to its beneficial expansion, by taking him outside his aristocratic circle of language, and keeping him in touch with the great commonalty, the proletariat of speech. For it is with words as with men: constant intermarriage within the limits of a patrician clan begets effete refinement; and to reinvigorate the stock, its veins must be replenished from hardy plebeian blood.

In diction, then, let us acquire all the store we can, rejecting no coin for its minting but only if its metal be base. So shall we bring out of our treasuries new things and old.

Diction, however, is but a part of Style, and perhaps not the most important part. So I revert to the larger question, "What is Style? What its *τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι*, its essence, the law of its being?"

Now, as I sat down to write this lecture, memory evoked a scene and with the scene a chance word of boyish slang, both of which may seem to you irrelevant until, or unless, I can make you feel how they hold for me the heart of the matter.

I once happened to be standing in a corner of a ball-room when there entered the most beautiful girl these eyes have ever seen or now — since they grow dull — ever will see. It was, I believe, her first ball, and by some freak or in some pre-

¹ "An oration," says Quintilian, "may find room for almost any word saving a few indecent ones (*quæ sunt parum verecunda*)."¹ He adds that writers of the Old Comedy were often commended even for these: "but it is enough for us to mind our present business — *sed nobis nostrum opus intueri sat est*."

monition she wore black: and not pearls — which, I am told, maidens are wont to wear on these occasions — but one crescent of diamonds in her black hair. *Et vera incessu patuit dea*. Here, I say, was absolute beauty. It startled.

I think she was the most beautiful lady

That ever was in the West Country.

But beauty vanishes, beauty passes . . .

She died a year or two later. She may have been too beautiful to live long. I have a thought that she may also have been too good.

For I saw her with the crowd about her: I saw led up and presented among others the man who was to be, for a few months, her husband: and then, as the men bowed, pencilling on their programmes, over their shoulders I saw her eyes travel to an awkward young naval cadet (Do you remember Crossjay in Meredith's *The Egoist*? It was just such a boy) who sat abashed and glowering sulkily beside me on the far bench. Promptly with a laugh, she advanced, claimed him, and swept him off into the first waltz.

When it was over he came back, a trifle flushed, and I felicitated him; my remark (which I forget) being no doubt "just the sort of banality, you know, one does come out with" — as maybe that the British Navy kept its old knack of cutting out. But he looked at me almost in tears and blurted, "It isn't her beauty, sir. You saw? It's — it's — my God, it's the style!"

Now you may think that a somewhat cheap, or at any rate inadequate, cry of the heart in my young seaman; as you may think it inadequate in me, and moreover a trifle capricious, to assure you (as I do) that the first and last secret of a good Style consists in thinking with the heart as well as with the head.

But let us philosophise a little. You have been told, I daresay often enough, that the business of writing demands *two* — the author and the reader. Add to this what is equally obvious, that the obligation of courtesy rests first with the author, who

invites the séance, and commonly charges for it. What follows, but that in speaking or writing we have an obligation to put ourselves into the hearer's or reader's place? It is *his* comfort, *his* convenience, we have to consult. To *express* ourselves is a very small part of the business: very small and almost unimportant as compared with *impressing* ourselves: the aim of the whole process being to persuade.

All reading demands an effort. The energy, the good-will which a reader brings to the book is, and must be, partly expended in the labour of reading, marking, learning, inwardly digesting what the author means. The more difficulties, then, we authors obtrude on him by obscure or careless writing, the more we blunt the edge of his attention: so that if only in our own interest — though I had rather keep it on the ground of courtesy — we should study to anticipate his comfort.

But let me go a little deeper. You all know that a great part of Lessing's argument in his *Laokoön*, on the essentials of Literature as opposed to Pictorial Art or Sculpture, depends on this — that in Pictorial Art or in Sculpture the eye sees, the mind apprehends, the whole in a moment of time, with the correspondent disadvantage that this moment of time is fixed and stationary; whereas in writing, whether in prose or in verse, we can only produce our effect by a series of successive small impressions, dripping our meaning (so to speak) into the reader's mind — with the correspondent advantage, in point of vivacity, that our picture keeps moving all the while. Now obviously this throws a greater strain on his patience whom we address. Man at the best is a narrow-mouthed bottle. Through the conduit of speech he can utter — as you, my hearers, can receive — only one word at a time. In writing (as my old friend Professor Minto used to say) you are as a commander filing out his battalion through a narrow gate that allows only one man at a time to pass; and your reader, as he receives the troops, has to reform and reconstruct them. No matter how large or how involved the subject, it can be communicated only in

that way. You see, then, what an obligation we owe to him of order and arrangement; and why, apart from felicities and curiosities of diction, the old rhetoricians laid such stress upon order and arrangement as duties we owe to those who honour us with their attention. "*La clarté*," says a French writer, "*est la politesse*." *Χάρις καὶ σαφηνεία* *θύε*, recommends Lucian. Pay your sacrifice to the Graces, and to *σαφηνεία* — Clarity — first among the Graces.

What am I urging? "That Style in writing is much the same thing as good manners in other human intercourse?" Well, and why not? At all events we have reached a point where Buffon's often-quoted saying that "Style is the man himself" touches and coincides with William of Wykeham's old motto that "Manners makyth Man"; and before you condemn my doctrine as inadequate listen to this from Coventry Patmore, still bearing in mind that a writer's main object is to *impress* his thought or vision upon his hearer.

"There is nothing comparable for moral force to the charm of truly noble manners. . . ."

I grant you, to be sure, that the claim to possess a Style must be conceded to many writers — Carlyle is one — who take no care to put listeners at their ease, but rely rather on native force of genius to shock and astound. Nor will I grudge them your admiration. But I do say that, as more and more you grow to value truth and the modest grace of truth, it is less and less to such writers that you will turn: and I say even more confidently that the qualities of Style we allow them are not the qualities we should seek as a norm, for they one and all offend against Art's true maxim of avoiding excess.

And this brings me to the two great *paradoxes* of Style. For the first (1), — although Style is so curiously personal and individual, and although men are so variously built that no two in the world carry away the same impressions from a show, there is always a norm somewhere; in literature and art, as in morality. Yes,

even in man's most terrific, most potent inventions — when, for example, in *Hamlet* or *Lear* Shakespeare seems to be breaking up the solid earth under our feet — there is always some point and standard of sanity — a Kent or an Horatio — to which all enormities and passionate errors may be referred; to which the agitated mind of the spectator settles back as upon its centre of gravity, its pivot of repose.

(2) The second paradox, though it is equally true, you may find a little subtler. Yet it but applies to Art the simple truth of the Gospel, that he who would save his soul must first lose it. Though personality pervades Style and cannot be escaped, the first sin against Style as against good Manners is to obtrude or exploit personality. The very greatest work in Literature — the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Purgatorio*, *The Tempest*, *Paradise Lost*, the *Republic*, *Don Quixote* — is all

Seraphically free
From taint of personality.

And Flaubert, that gladiator among artists, held that, at its highest, literary art could be carried into pure science. "I believe," said he, "that great art is scientific and impersonal. You should by an intellectual effort transport yourself into characters, not draw *them* into *yourself*. That at least is the method." On the other hand, says Goethe, "We should endeavour to use words that correspond as closely as possible with what *we* feel, see, think, imagine, experience, and reason. It is an endeavour we cannot evade and must daily renew." I call Flaubert's the better counsel, even though I have spent a part of this lecture in attempting to prove it impossible. It at least is noble, encouraging us to what is difficult. The shrewder Goethe encourages us to exploit ourselves to the top of our bent. I think Flaubert would have hit the mark if for "impersonal" he had substituted "disinterested."

For so far as Handel stands above Chopin, as Velasquez above Greuze, even so far stand the great masculine objective

writers above all who appeal to you by parade of personality or private sentiment.

Mention of these great-masculine "objective" writers brings me to my last word: which is, "Steep yourselves in *them*: habitually bring all to the test of *them*: for while you cannot escape the fate of all style, which is to be personal, the more of catholic manhood you inherit from those great loins the more you will assuredly beget."

This then is Style. As technically manifested in Literature it is the power to touch with ease, grace, precision, any note in the gamut of human thought or emotion.

But essentially it resembles good manners. It comes of endeavouring to understand others, of thinking for them rather than for yourself — of thinking, that is, with the heart as well as the head. It gives rather than receives; it is nobly careless of thanks or applause, not being fed by these but rather sustained and continually refreshed by an inward loyalty to the best. Yet, like "character" it has its altar within; to that retires for counsel, from that fetches its illumination, to ray outwards. Cultivate that habit of withdrawing to be advised by the best. So, says Fénelon, "you will find yourself infinitely quieter, your words will be fewer and more effectual; and while you make less ado, what you do will be more profitable."

H. G. WELLS

THE NOVEL OF TODAY

From SOCIAL FORCES IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

It is no new discovery that the novel, like the drama, is a powerful instrument of moral suggestion. This has been understood in England ever since there has been such a thing as a novel in England. This has been recognized equally by novelists, novel-readers, and the people who wouldn't read novels under any condition whatever. Richardson wrote delib-

erately for edification, and *Tom Jones* is a powerful and effective appeal for a charitable, and even indulgent, attitude towards loose-living men. But excepting Fielding and one or two other of those partial exceptions that always occur in the case of critical generalizations, there is a definable difference between the novel of the past and what I may call the modern novel. It is a difference that is reflected upon the novel from a difference in the general way of thinking. It lies in the fact that formerly there was a feeling of certitude about moral values and standards of conduct that is altogether absent to-day. It wasn't so much that men were agreed upon these things — about these things there have always been enormous divergences of opinion — as that men were emphatic, cock-sure, and unteachable about whatever they did happen to believe to a degree that no longer obtains. This is the Balfourian age, and even religion seeks to establish itself on doubt. There were, perhaps, just as many differences in the past as there are now, but the outlines were harder — they were, indeed, so hard as to be almost, to our sense, savage. You might be a Roman Catholic, and in that case you did not want to hear about Protestants, Turks, Infidels, except in tones of horror and hatred. You knew exactly what was good and what was evil. Your priest informed you upon these points, and all you needed in any novel you read was a confirmation, implicit or explicit, of these vivid, rather than charming, prejudices. If you were a Protestant you were equally clear and unshakable. Your sect, whichever sect you belonged to, knew the whole of truth and included all the nice people. It had nothing to learn in the world, and it wanted to learn nothing outside its sectarian convictions. The unbelievers, you know, were just as bad, and said their creeds with an equal fury — merely interpolating *nots*. People of every sort — Catholic, Protestant, Infidel, or what not — were equally clear that good was good and bad was bad, that the world was made up of good characters whom you

had to love, help, and admire, and of bad characters to whom one might, in the interests of goodness, even lie, and whom one had to foil, defeat, and triumph over shamelessly at every opportunity. That was the quality of the times. The novel reflected this quality of assurance, and its utmost charity was to unmask an apparent villain and show that he or she was really profoundly and correctly good, or to unmask an apparent saint and show the hypocrite. There was no such penetrating and pervading element of doubt and curiosity — and charity, about the rightfulness and beauty of conduct, such as one meets on every hand to-day.

The novel-reader of the past, therefore, like the novel-reader of the more provincial parts of England to-day, judged a novel by the convictions that had been built up in him by his training and his priest or his pastor. If it agreed with these convictions he approved; if it did not agree he disapproved — often with great energy. The novel, where it was not unconditionally banned altogether as a thing disturbing and unnecessary, was regarded as a thing subordinated to the teaching of the priest or pastor, or whatever director and dogma was followed. Its modest moral confirmations began when authority had completed its direction. The novel was good — if it seemed to harmonize with the graver exercises conducted by Mr. Chadband — and it was bad and outcast if Mr. Chadband said so. And it is over the bodies of discredited and disgruntled Chadbands that the novel escapes from its servitude and inferiority.

Now the conflict of authority against criticism is one of the eternal conflicts of humanity. It is the conflict of organization against initiative, of discipline against freedom. It was the conflict of the priest against the prophet in ancient Judæa, of the Pharisee against the Nazarene, of the Realist against the Nominalist, of the Church against the Franciscan and the Lollard, of the Respectable Person against the Artist, of the hedgeclippers of mankind against the shooting buds. And to-day, while we live in a period of tighten-

ing and extending social organizations, we live also in a period of adventurous and insurgent thought, in an intellectual spring unprecedented in the world's history. There is an enormous criticism going on of the faiths upon which men's lives and associations are based, and of every standard and rule of conduct. And it is inevitable that the novel, just in the measure of its sincerity and ability, should reflect and coöperate in the atmosphere and uncertainties and changing variety of this seething and creative time.

And I do not mean merely that the novel is unavoidably charged with the representation of this wide and wonderful conflict. It is a necessary part of the conflict. The essential characteristic of this great intellectual revolution amidst which we are living to-day, that revolution of which the revival and restatement of nominalism under the name of pragmatism is the philosophical aspect, consists in the reassertion of the importance of the individual instance as against the generalization. All our social, political, moral problems are being approached in a new spirit, in an inquiring and experimental spirit, which has small respect for abstract principles and deductive rules. We perceive more and more clearly, for example, that the study of social organization is an empty and unprofitable study until we approach it as a study of the association and inter-reaction of individualized human beings inspired by diversified motives, ruled by traditions, and swayed by the suggestions of a complex intellectual atmosphere. And all our conceptions of the relationships between man and man, and of justice and rightfulness and social desirableness, remain something misfitting and inappropriate, something uncomfortable and potentially injurious, as if we were trying to wear sharp-edged clothes made for a giant out of tin, until we bring them to the test and measure of realized individualities.

And this is where the value and opportunity of the modern novel comes in. So far as I can see, it is the only medium through which we can discuss the great

majority of the problems which are being raised in such bristling multitude by our contemporary social development. Nearly every one of those problems has at its core a psychological problem, and not merely a psychological problem, but one in which the idea of individuality is an essential factor. Dealing with most of these questions by a rule or generalization is like putting a cordon round a jungle full of the most diversified sort of game. The hunting only begins when you leave the cordon behind you and push into the thickets.

Take, for example, the immense cluster of difficulties that arise out of the increasing complexity of our state. On every hand we are creating officials, and compared with only a few years ago the private in a dozen fresh directions comes into contact with officialdom. But we still do practically nothing to work out the interesting changes that occur in this sort of man and that, when you withdraw him as it were from the common crowd of humanity, put his mind if not his body into uniform and endow him with powers and functions and rules. It is manifestly a study of the profoundest public and personal importance. The process of social and political organization that has been going on for the last quarter of a century is pretty clearly going on now if anything with increasing vigour — and for the most part the entire dependence of the consequences of the whole problem upon the reaction between the office on the one hand and the weak, uncertain, various human beings who take office on the other doesn't seem even to be suspected by the energetic, virtuous and more or less amiable people whose activities in politics and upon the back stairs of politics bring about these developments. They assume that the sort of official they need, a combination of godlike virtue and intelligence with unflinching mechanical obedience, can be made out of just any young nephew. And I know of no means of persuading people that this is a rather unjustifiable assumption, and of creating an intelligent controlling criticism of officials and of as-

sisting conscientious officials to an effective self-examination, and generally of keeping the atmosphere of official life sweet and healthy, except the novel. Yet so far the novel has scarcely begun its attack upon this particular field of human life, and all the attractive varied play of motive it contains.

Of course we have one supreme and devastating study of the illiterate minor official in *Bumble*. That one figure lit up and still lights the whole problem of Poor Law administration for the English reading community. It was a translation of well-meant regulations and pseudo-scientific conceptions of social order into blundering, arrogant, ill-bred flesh and blood. It was worth a hundred Royal Commissions. You may make your regulations as you please, said Dickens in effect; this is one sample of the stuff that will carry them out. But *Bumble* stands almost alone. Instead of realizing that he is only one aspect of officialdom, we are all too apt to make him the type of all officials, and not an urban district council can get into a dispute about its electric light without being denounced as a *Bumbledom* by some whirling enemy or other. The burden upon *Bumble's* shoulders is too heavy to be borne, and we want the contemporary novel to give us a score of other figures to put beside him, other aspects and reflections upon this great problem of officialism made flesh. *Bumble* is a magnificent figure of the follies and cruelties of ignorance in office — I would have every candidate for the post of workhouse master pass a severe examination upon *Oliver Twist* — but it is not only caricature and satire I demand. We must have not only the fullest treatment of the temptations, vanities, abuses, and absurdities of office, but all its dreams, its sense of constructive order, its consolations, its sense of service, and its nobler satisfactions. You may say that is demanding more insight and power in our novels and novelists than we can possibly hope to find in them. So much the worse for us. I stick to my thesis that the complicated social organization of to-day cannot get

along without the amount of mutual understanding and mutual explanation such a range of characteristics in our novels implies. The success of civilization amounts ultimately to a success of sympathy and understanding. If people cannot be brought to an interest in one another greater than they feel to-day, to curiosities and criticisms far keener, and coöperations far subtler, than we have now; if class cannot be brought to measure itself against, and interchange experience and sympathy with class, and temperament with temperament, then we shall never struggle very far beyond the confused discomforts and uneasiness of to-day, and the changes and complications of human life will remain as they are now, very like the crumplings and separations and complications of an immense avalanche that is sliding down a hill. And in this tremendous work of human reconciliation and elucidation, it seems to me it is the novel that must attempt most and achieve most.

You may feel disposed to say to all this: We grant the major premises, but why look to the work of prose fiction as the main instrument in this necessary process of, so to speak, sympathizing humanity together? Cannot this be done far more effectively through biography and autobiography, for example? Isn't there the lyric; and, above all, isn't there the play? Well, so far as the stage goes, I think it is a very charming and exciting form of human activity, a display of actions and surprises of the most moving and impressive sort; but beyond the opportunity it affords for saying startling and thought-provoking things — opportunities like Mr. Shaw, for example, has worked to the utmost limit — I do not see that the drama does much to enlarge our sympathies and add to our stock of motive ideas. And regarded as a medium for startling and thought-producing things, the stage seems to me an extremely clumsy and costly affair. One might just as well go about with a pencil writing up the thought-provoking phrase, whatever it is, on walls. The drama excites our sympathies in-

tensely, but it seems to me it is far too objective a medium to widen them appreciably, and it is that widening, that increase in the range of understanding, at which I think civilization is aiming. The case for biography, and more particularly autobiography, as against the novel, is, I admit, at the first blush stronger. You may say: Why give us these creatures of a novelist's imagination, these phantom and fantastic thinkings and doings, when we may have the histories of real lives, really lived — the intimate record of actual men and women? To which one answers: "Ah, if one could!" But it is just because biography does deal with actual lives, actual facts, because it radiates out to touch continuing interests and sensitive survivors, that it is so unsatisfactory, so untruthful. Its inseparable falsehood is the worst of all kinds of falsehood — the falsehood of omission. Think what an abounding, astonishing, perplexing person Gladstone must have been in life, and consider Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, cold, dignified — not a life at all, indeed, so much as embalmed remains; the fire gone, the passions gone, the bowels carefully removed. All biography has something of that post-mortem coldness and respect, and as for autobiography — a man may show his soul in a thousand half-unconscious ways, but to turn upon oneself and explain oneself is given to no one. It is the natural liars and braggarts, your Cellinis and Casanovas, men with a habit of regarding themselves with a kind of objective admiration, who do best in autobiography. And, on the other hand, the novel has neither the intense self-consciousness of autobiography nor the paralyzing responsibilities of the biographer. It is by comparison irresponsible and free. Because its characters are figments and phantoms, they can be made entirely transparent. Because they are fictions, and you know they are fictions, so that they cannot hold you for an instant as soon as they cease to be true, they have a power of veracity beyond that of actual records. Every novel carries its own justification and its own condemna-

tion in its success or failure to convince you that *the thing was so*. Now history, biography, blue-book, and so forth, can hardly ever get beyond the statement that the superficial fact was so.

You see now the scope of the claim I am making for the novel; it is to be the social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and the exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and institutions and of social dogmas and ideas. It is to be the home confessional, the initiator of knowledge, the seed of fruitful self-questioning. Let me be very clear here. I do not mean for a moment that the novelist is to set up as a teacher, as a sort of priest with a pen, who will make men and women believe and do this and that. The novel is not a new sort of pulpit; humanity is passing out of the phase when men *sit under* preachers and dogmatic influences. But the novelist is going to be the most potent of artists, because he is going to present conduct, devise beautiful conduct, discuss conduct, analyze conduct, suggest conduct, illuminate it through and through. He will not teach, but discuss, point out, plead, and display. And this being my view you will be prepared for the demand I am now about to make for an absolutely free hand for the novelist in his choice of topic and incident and in his method of treatment; or, rather, if I may presume to speak for other novelists, I would say it is not so much a demand we make as an intention we proclaim. We are going to write, subject only to our limitations, about the whole of human life. We are going to deal with political questions and religious questions and social questions. We cannot present people unless we have this free hand, this unrestricted field. What is the good of telling stories about people's lives if one may not deal freely with the religious beliefs and organizations that have controlled or failed to control them? What is the good of pretending to write about love, and the loyalties and treacheries and quarrels of men and women, if one must

not glance at those varieties of physical temperament and organic quality, those deeply passionate needs and distresses from which half the storms of human life are brewed? We mean to deal with all these things and it will need very much more than the disapproval of provincial librarians, the hostility of a few influential people in London, the scurrility of one paper, and the deep and obstinate silences of another, to stop the incoming tide of aggressive novel-writing. We are going to write about it all. We are going to write about business and finance and politics and precedence and pretentiousness and decorum and indecorum, until a thousand pretenses and ten thousand impositions shrivel in the cold, clear air of our elucidations. We are going to write of wasted opportunities and latent beauties until a thousand new ways of living open to men and women. We are going to appeal to the young and the hopeful and the curious, against the established, the dignified, and defensive. Before we have done, we will have all life within the scope of the novel.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

ON THE ESSAYS OF ELIA

No apology is needed, and certainly no preface is required, for or to *The Essays of Elia*. They have, to use their author's own words, joined the class of "perpetually self-reproductive volumes, *Great Nature's Stereotypes*." All that an editor of them has to do is to see that work so delicate, so conscientious, so elaborate, is neither insulted with bad type or ill-tempered paper, nor injured by careless printing. Having done this, he has done his duty. There is no need to praise what all the world praises. Sometimes (it is just possible) an author may slip his hold on men's fancies and fall into a state of neglect, and, so far as human memories are concerned, of ruinous decay, which yet may be removed, and the author's fame judiciously restored by the kindly enthusiasm of some critic, at whose bidding we turn to the

forgotten volumes, and try to make up for past neglect by present rapture. But this (it must be owned) is rare. There are, indeed, more discoverers than discoveries; more bold travellers than new continents; more critics dinning the air with their joyful shouts over forgotten poets and disused dramatists than there prove to be poets and dramatists whom it is good to remember, or possible to use. These recovered creatures lead but a blinking kind of existence for a very short time, and then, even though their works may have been reprinted on Whatman paper, sink back into oblivion, and rest for ever on the shelves of that great library, the pride of Limbo, which is made up of the books that no man can read, even though he were to be paid for doing so. This repose is not unkindly. An author who is entirely forgotten is, at all events, never mispraised. Nothing, we may feel well assured, could cause the Author of *The Essays of Elia* more genuine annoyance than to be clumsily praised, or raised with shouting to a higher pedestal than the one in the possession of which his own ripe judgment could confirm him. And yet, if we are not to praise *The Essays of Elia*, what is there for us to do? And who can insure us against doing so clumsily? Happily it is not necessary to praise them at all.

The lives of authors, if only written with a decent measure of truthfulness and insight, are, generally speaking, better reading than their works. It would be hard to explain why the lives of men so querulous, so affected, so centred in self, so averse to the probing of criticism, so blind to the smallness of their fame as most authors stand revealed in their biographies and letters to have been, should yet be so incessantly interesting. They succeed one another quickly enough — these biographies; doing each one of them its bit of iconoclastic work: yet the reader never tires of them, nor, unless he is very young, does he wreak an empty wrath upon the fragments of another broken idol. Far otherwise: he picks up the pieces reverently, and remembering how hard and self-engrossing is the labour of carrying out

any high plan of literary excellence, how furious the fever occasioned by the thought of perfection, how hot the hell of failure, — puts them carefully away, and thanks God his mother bore him as destitute of genius as of clothing.

But none the less we pine after the ideal. We want our favourite authors to be our best-loved men. Smashing idols is an irreverent occupation endurable only in our wilder hours. A time comes in most men's lives when the bell rings for prayer, and unhappy are they who, when it does, have nowhere to carry their heart's supplications.

It is, therefore, a pleasant thing when we find ourselves saying of Charles Lamb, that it is impossible to know whether we most admire the author, or love the man. The imaginary Elia, sitting by the side of his Cousin Bridget, playing sick whist, whilst the pipkin which was to prepare a gentle lenitive for his foot is bubbling in the fire, "and as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble — Bridget and I should be for ever playing," makes a picture which will never need retouching; but when we read in the *Life and Letters* how reality outdoes imagination, and learn that the pen of Elia, so wisely human, so sweetly melancholy, told only but a few of the secrets of a brave heart and an unselfish life, we feel we have saved something out of the wreck.

Lamb, like his own child-angel, was "to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility." He went with a lame gait. He used to get drunk somewhat too frequently. Let the fact be stated in all its deformity — he was too fond of gin-and-water. He once gave a lady the welcome assurance that he never got drunk twice in the same house. Failing all evidence to the contrary, we are bound to believe this to be true. It is a mitigating circumstance. Wordsworth's boundless self-conceit, Coleridge's maddening infirmity of purpose, Hazlitt's petulance, De Quincey's spitefulness, knew no such self-denying ordinance. Lamb was also a too inveterate punster, and sometimes, it may be, pushed a jest, or

baited a bore, beyond the limits of becoming mirth. When we have said these things against Lamb we have said all. Pale Malice, speckled Jealousy, may now be invited to search the records of his life, to probe his motives, to read his private letters, to pry into his desk, to dissect his character. Baffled, beaten, and disappointed, they fall back. An occasional intoxication which hurt no one but himself, which blinded him to no duty, which led him into no extravagance, which in noway interfered with the soundness of his judgment, the charity of his heart, or the independence of his life, and a shower of bad puns — behold the faults of Elia! His virtues — noble, manly, gentle — are strewn over every page of his life, and may be read in every letter he ever wrote.

Charles Lamb was born in Crown Office Row, in the Temple, on the 18th of February, 1775. His father, John Lamb, was a barrister's clerk. The lots of barristers' clerks vary as widely as the habits of their employers. Some make fortunes for themselves; others only tea for their masters. Their success in life is not wholly dependent upon their own exertions. Rewarded as they are by a kind of parasitical fee growing out of those paid to the barrister, they serve, they wax or wane — grow fat or lean along with their chief. Theirs is thus a double dependence. From a herd of the newly-called, how is the fledgling clerk to single out a Scott, a Palmer, or a Cairns? John Lamb was clerk to Mr. Samuel Salt, who, albeit a Bencher of his Inn, does not seem ever to have enjoyed, if that be the right word, a practice in the Courts. You may search the Law Reports of his period in vain for his name. The duties of John Lamb were rather those of a private secretary, or confidential upper servant, than of a barrister's clerk, properly so called. He collected his master's dividends — a more gentleman-like occupation than dunning attorneys for fees, marked but not paid. Salt was a man of ample fortune and of kind heart. He is immortalised in the Essay on *Some of the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*. It was he who procured for Charles a

nomination to Christ's Hospital, whither the boy proceeded on the 9th of October, 1782, and where he remained until November, 1789, when he left school for good, being then only in his fifteenth year. At Christ's Lamb received a purely classical education of the old-fashioned type. "In everything that relates to *science*," so he writes with obvious truthfulness, "I am a whole encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should scarcely have cut a figure amongst the franklins or country gentlemen in King John's days. I know less geography than a schoolboy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabouts Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lies in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land." A civil servant of to-day could hardly afford to make such pleasant confessions. No boy ever profited more, or lost less, by an old-fashioned education than Lamb. His head, so he tells us, had not many mansions, nor spacious, but he had imagination, taste, and spirit and he imbibed the old humanities at every pore. He never could have written *The Essays of Elia*, or anything like them, had he been robbed of the birthright of every man of letters. He is not a cheap and easy author. Leaving school as he did before he was fifteen, he never proceeded beyond the vestibules of the ancient learning; and this, perhaps, was also well. His stutter saved him from the Universities, and he was thus enabled through life to preserve a romantic attachment for these seminaries of sound learning and true religion. Literature has no reason to deplore that Lamb never, save in his imagination, proceeded a Master of Arts. Some portion — it would be impossible to say what — of his charm proceeds from the fact of his having been a lettered clerk in the mercantile rather than the ecclesiastical sense of the term. He has thus become the patron saint, the inspiring example, of those whom fate, perhaps not so unkind as she seems, has condemned to know "the

irksome confinement of an office," and who have left to them but the shreds and patches of the day for the pursuits in which their souls rejoice.

After leaving Christ's Lamb spent a little more than two years in the South Sea House, where his elder and only brother John had a clerkship; but in April 1792, through the influence probably of Mr. Salt, he obtained a place in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company, at whose desks he sat until 1825, when, to use his own celebrated phrase, he went home—for ever. His salary went on slowly increasing from something under £100 to £600 a year. Apart from the old and probably fictitious story about his coming late and going home proportionately early, there is no reason to suppose that Lamb was otherwise than an efficient public servant, as that class of person goes. He did no more than was expected of him, and had no scruples about conducting his private correspondence on office paper. He wrote a very clear hand, and was in all business matters a precise and punctual person. His code of honour was the highest, and through life he maintained a curious and passionate hatred of bankrupts.

He had been three years in the service of the Company when the great tragedy—Elizabethan in its horror—of his life befell him. Old John Lamb and his wife, their daughter Mary, an aunt, and Charles, were living huddled together in an obscure lodging in Little Queen Street, Holborn. An exceedingly ugly church now stands upon the site of the houses. Mary Lamb, who was ten years her younger brother's senior, was a dressmaker on a small scale. She always had what her mother, who does not seem greatly to have cared for her, called "moithered" brains, and on this fateful day, the 23rd of September, 1796, just before dinner, she seized a case-knife which was lying on the table, and pursued a little girl, her apprentice, round the room, hurled about the dinner-forks and finally stabbed her mother to the heart. When Charles came into the room, and snatched the knife out of her hand, it was to find his

aunt lying apparently dying, his father with a wound on his forehead, and his mother a murdered corpse. He was then twenty-one years of age, and had spent some weeks of this very year in the Hoxton Lunatic Asylum. His elder brother John, who had a comfortable place in the South Sea House, did nothing but look after his own leg, which one is thankful to believe gave him a good deal of pain. The whole weight of the family fell upon Charles. His love for his sister manifested itself in his determination that as soon as possible she should be released from confinement and live at home, he undertaking ever to be on the watch for the fits of frenzy he was assured only too truthfully would necessarily be recurrent. For his father and his aunt, so long as they lived, he maintained a home. Poor Mary in her asylum was often heard to say that she had one brother who wished her to remain all her days in a madhouse, but another who would not have it so. Charles succeeded in obtaining her discharge upon entering into a solemn undertaking to take care of her for ever thereafter. At first he provided lodgings for her at Hackney, and spent all his Sundays and holidays with her, but soon after he took her to live with him altogether. Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), from whose account the above facts are taken in their entirety, says: "Whenever the approach of one of her fits of insanity was announced by some irritability or change of manner, he would take her under his arm to Hoxton Asylum. It was very affecting to encounter the young brother and sister walking together (weeping) on this painful errand, Mary herself, although sad, very conscious of the necessity of a temporary separation from her only friend. They used to carry a strait waistcoat with them."

These terrible events for a time greatly quickened the religious side of Lamb's character. His letters to Coleridge are severe, ascetical. He forswore poetry and amusements, even such as were in the reach of a poor boy of twenty-one maintaining a household on an income of £180. This wore off, and Lamb became in men's

hasty judgments 'one of the profane — a trifler, a jester. Carlyle, we know only too well, met him once, and dismissed him with a sulphurous snort. My belief is that Lamb, feeling his own mental infirmity, and aware of the fearful life-long strain to which he was to be subjected, took refuge in trifles seriously, and played the fool in order to remain sane.

For many long years Charles and Mary Lamb lived together on narrow means and humble surroundings. Friends indeed they had — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Manning, Rickman, Barton, Burney, Carey — of whom anyone might be proud. Their poverty was of the noble order. In manly independence he towers above his contemporaries. He hated a close bargain almost as much as he did a bankrupt. Prudent and saving, he could be generous and (as it is called) princely when occasion arose. He was ever a helper, seldom one of the helped. Both he and his sister eked out their slender means by literary work, humble in design, but honest in accomplishment. Save for the newspapers, to which Charles contributed doleful jests, they wrote nothing save their best.

In 1818, when Lamb's poetry and prose was collected and dignified, much to his amusement, with the title *Works*, he became more widely known, and was recognised, by at all events a few, as a man with a gift. In 1820 *The London Magazine* was established, and in its columns first appeared the *Essays of Elia*. In 1823 the first series appeared in a separate volume, and ten years later the last *Essays*.

The joint lives of Charles and Mary Lamb are best read in the former's letters, though Canon Ainger's *Life* should be kept by their side.

It was the wish of both that Charles should be the survivor; he would thus have seen his task complete. But it was not to be. He died at Edmonton on the 27th of December, 1834; Mary lived on till the 20th of May, 1847, — weary years, spent for the most part under the care of a nurse, and with but a "twilight of consciousness." Lamb had saved £2000,

which, after his sister's life-interest ceased, was vested in trustees for the benefit of Mrs. Moxon, whom Mary and he had in a kind of way adopted.

A. C. BENSON

From THE UPTON LETTERS

ABOUT noon I left the little town, and struck out up a winding lane to the hills. The copses were full of anemones and primroses; birds sang sharply in the bushes which were gemmed with fresh green; now and then I heard the woodpecker laugh as if at some secret jest among the thickets. Presently the little town was at my feet, looking small and tranquil in the golden noon; and soon I came to the top. It was grassy, open down-land up here, and in an instant the wide view of a rich wooded and watered plain spread before me, with shadowy hills on the horizon. In the middle distance, I saw the red roofs of a great town, the smoke going peacefully up; here was a shining river-reach, like a crescent of silver. It was England indeed — tranquil, healthy, prosperous England.

The rest of the day was full of delicate impressions — an old, gabled, mullioned house among its pastures; a hamlet by a stream, admirably grouped; a dingle set with primroses; and over all, the long, pure lines of upland, with here and there, through a gap, the purple, wealthy plain.

I write this in the evening, at a little wayside inn, in a hamlet under the hill. The name alone, Wenge Grandmain, is worth a shilling. It is very simple, but clean, and the people are kind; not with the professional manner of those who bow, smiling, to a paying guest, but of those who welcome a wanderer and try to make him a home. And so, in a dark-panelled little parlour, with a sedate-ticking clock, I sit while the sounds of life grow fainter and rarer in the little street.

I have now been ten days on my travels, but for the last week I have pitched my moving tent at Bourton.

Imagine this: a great, rich, wooded,

watered plain; on the far horizon the shadowy forms of hills; behind you, gently rising heights, with dingles and folds full of copsewood, rising to soft green downs. There, on the skirts of the upland, above the plain, below the hill, sits the little village, with a stately Perpendicular church tower. The village itself of stone houses, no two alike, all with character; gabled, mullioned, weathered to a delicate ochre — some standing back, some on the street. Intermingled with these are fine Georgian houses, with great pilasters, all of stone too; in the centre of the street a wall, with two tall gate-posts, crowned with stone balls; a short lime avenue leads to a stately, gabled manor-house, which you can see through great iron gates. The whole scene incredibly romantic, exquisitely beautiful.

My favourite walk is this. I leave the little town by a road which winds along the base of the hill. I pass round a shoulder, wooded and covered to the base with tangled thickets, where the birds sing shrilly. I turn up to the left into a kind of "combe." At the very farthest end of the little valley, at the base of the steeper slopes but now high above the plain, stands an ancient church among yews. On one side of it is a long, low-fronted, irregular manor-house, with a formal garden in front, approached by a little arched gate-house which stands on the road; on the other side of the church, and below it, a no less ancient rectory, with a large Perpendicular window, anciently a chapel, in the gable. In the warm, sheltered air, the laurels grow luxuriantly; a bickering stream, running in a deep channel, makes a delicate music of its own; a little farther on stands a farm, with barn and byre; in the midst of the buildings is a high, stone-tiled dove-cote. The roo-hooing of the pigeons fills the whole place with a slumberous sound. I wind up the hill by a little path, now among thickets, now crossing a tilted pasture. I emerge on the top of a down; in front of me lie the long slopes of the wold, with that purity and tranquillity of outline which only down-land possesses. Here

on a spur stands a grass-grown camp, with ancient thorn-trees growing in it. Turning round, the great plain runs for miles, with here and there a glint of water, where the slow-moving Avon wanders. Hamlets, roads, towers, lie out like a map at my feet — all wearing that secluded, peaceful air which tempts me to think that life would be easy and happy if it could only be lived among those quiet fields, with a golden light and lengthening shadows.

I find myself wondering in these quiet hours — I walk alone as a rule — what this haunting, incommunicable sense of beauty is. Is it a mere matter of temperament, of inner happiness, of physical well-being; or has it an absolute existence? It comes and goes like the wind. Some days one is acutely, almost painfully, alive to it — painfully, because it makes such constant and insistent demands upon one's attention. Some days, again, it is almost unheeded, and one passes through it blind and indifferent. It is an expression, I cannot help feeling, of the very mind of God; and yet the ancient earthwork in which I stand, bears witness to the fact that in far-off days men lived in danger and anxiety, fighting and striving for bare existence. We have established by law and custom a certain personal security nowadays; is our sense of beauty born of that security? I cannot help wondering whether the old warriors who built this place cared at all for the beauty of the earth; and yet over it all hangs the gentle sadness of all sweet things that have an end. All those warriors are dust; the boys and girls who wandered a century ago where I wander to-day, they are at rest too in the little churchyard that lies at my feet; and my heart goes out to all who have loved and suffered, and to those who shall hereafter love and suffer here. An idle sympathy, perhaps, but none the less strong and real.

But now for a little human experience that befell me here. I found the other day, not far from the church, an old artist sketching. A refined, sad-looking old fellow, sunburned and active, with white hair and pointed beard, and a certain

pathetic attempt, of a faded kind, to dress for his part — low collar, a red tie, rough shooting-jacket, and so forth. He seemed in a sociable mood, and I sat down beside him. How it came about I hardly know, but he was soon telling me the story of his life. He was the tenant, I found, of the old manor-house, which he held at a ridiculous rent, and he had lived here nearly forty years. He had found the place as a young man, wandering about in search of the picturesque. I gathered that he had bright dreams and wide ambitions. He had a small independence, and he had meant to paint great pictures and make a name for himself. He had married; his wife was long dead, his children out in the world, and he was living on alone, painting the same pictures, bought, so far as I could make out, mostly by American visitors. His drawing was old-fashioned and deeply mannerised. He was painting not what was there, but some old and faded conception of his own as to what it was like — missing, I think, half the beauty of the place. He seemed horribly desolate. I tried, for his consolation and my own, to draw out a picture of the beautiful refined life he led; and the old fellow began to wear a certain jaunty air of dignity and distinction, which would have amused me if it had not made me feel inclined to cry. But he soon fell back into what is, I suppose, a habitual melancholy. "Ah, if you had known what my dreams were!" he said once. He went on to say that he now wished that he had taken up some simple and straightforward profession, had made money, and had his grandchildren about him. "I am more ghost than man," he said, shaking his dejected head.

I despair of expressing to you the profound pathos that seemed to me to surround this old despondent creature, with his broken dreams and his regretful memories. Where was the mistake he made? I suppose that he over-estimated his powers; but it was a generous mistake after all; and he has had to bear the slow

sad disillusionment, the crushing burden of futility. He set out to win glory, and he is a forgotten, shabby, irresolute figure, subsisting on the charity of wealthy visitors! And yet he seems to have missed happiness by so little. To live as he does might be a serene and beautiful thing. If such a man had large reserves of hope and tenderness and patience; if he could but be content with the tranquil beauty of the wholesome earth, spread so richly before his eyes, it would be a life to be envied.

It has been a gentle lesson to me, that one must resolutely practise one's heart and spirit for the closing hours. In the case of successful men, as they grow older, it often strikes me with a sense of pain how passionately they cling to their ambitions and activities. How many people there are who work too long, and try to prolong the energies of morning into the afternoon, and the toil of afternoon into the peace of evening. I earnestly desire to grow old gracefully; to know when to stop, when to slip into a wise and kindly passivity, with sympathy for those who are in the forefront of the race. And yet if one does not practise wonder and receptivity and hope, one cannot expect them to come suddenly and swiftly to one's call. There comes a day when a man ought to be able to see that his best work is behind him, that his active influence is on the wane, that he is losing his hold on the machine. There ought to come a patient, beautiful, and kindly dignity, a love of young things and fresh flowers; not an envious and regretful unhappiness at the loss of the eager life and its brisk sensations, which betrays itself too often in a trickle of exaggerated reminiscences, a "weary, day-long chirping."

This is a harder task, I suppose, for an old bachelor than for a father of children. I have sometimes felt that adoption, with all its risks, of some young creature that you can call your own, would be a solution for many loveless lives, because it would stir them out of the comfortable selfishness that is the bane of the barren heart.

HILAIRE BELLOC

ON AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY

TEN years ago, I think, or perhaps a little less or perhaps a little more, I came in the Euston Road — that thoroughfare of Empire — upon a young man a little younger than myself whom I knew, though I did not know him very well. It was drizzling and the second-hand booksellers (who are rare in this thoroughfare) were beginning to put out the waterproof covers over their wares. This disturbed my acquaintance, because he was engaged upon buying a cheap book that should really satisfy him.

Now this was difficult, for he had no hobby, and the book which should satisfy him must be one that should describe or summon up, or, it is better to say, hint at — or, the theologians would say, reveal, or, the Platonists would say, *recall* — the Unknown Country, which he thought was his very home.

I had known his habit of seeking such books for two years, and had half wondered at it and half sympathised. It was an appetite partly satisfied by almost any work that brought to him the vision of a place in the mind which he had always intensely desired, but to which, as he had then long guessed, and as he is now quite certain, no human paths directly lead. He would buy with avidity travels to the moon and to the planets, from the most worthless to the best. He loved Utopias and did not disregard even so prosaic a category as books of real travel, so long as by exaggeration or by a glamour in the style they gave him a full draught of that drug which he desired. Whether this satisfaction the young man sought was a satisfaction in illusion (I have used the word "drug" with hesitation), or whether it was, as he persistently maintained, the satisfaction of a memory, or whether it was, as I am often tempted to think, the satisfaction of a thirst which will ultimately be quenched in every human soul I cannot tell. Whatever it was, he sought it with more than the appetite with which

a hungry man seeks food. He sought it with something that was not hunger but passion.

That evening he found a book.

It is well known that men purchase with difficulty second-hand books upon the stalls, and that in some mysterious way the sellers of these books are content to provide a kind of library for the poorer and more eager of the public, and a library admirable in this, that it is accessible upon every shelf and exposes a man to no control, except that he must not steal, and even in this it is nothing but the force of public law that interferes. My friend therefore would in the natural course of things have dipped into the book and left it there; but a better luck persuaded him. Whether it was the beginning of the rain or a sudden loneliness in such terrible weather and in such a terrible town, compelling him to seek a more permanent companionship with another mind, or whether it was my sudden arrival and shame lest his poverty should appear in his refusing to buy the book — whatever it was, he bought that same. And since he bought the Book I also have known it and have found in it, as he did, the most complete expression that I know of the Unknown Country, of which he was a citizen — oddly a citizen, as I then thought, wisely as I now conceive.

All that can best be expressed in words should be expressed in verse, but verse is a slow thing to create; nay, it is not really created: it is a secretion of the mind, it is a pearl that gathers round some irritant and slowly expresses the very essence of beauty and of desire that has lain long, potential and unexpressed, in the mind of the man who secretes it. God knows that this Unknown Country has been hit off in verse a hundred times. If I were perfectly sure of my accents I would quote two lines from the *Odyssey* in which the Unknown Country stands out as clear as does a sudden vision from a mountain ridge when the mist lifts after a long climb and one sees beneath one an unexpected and glorious land; such a vision as greets a man when he comes over the Saldeu into

the simple and secluded Republic of the Andorrans. Then, again, the Germans in their idioms have flashed it out, I am assured, for I remember a woman telling me that there was a song by Schiller which exactly gave the revelation of which I speak. In English, thank Heaven, emotion of this kind, emotion necessary to the life of the soul, is very abundantly furnished. 'As, who does not know the lines :

Blessed with that which is not in the word
Of man nor his conception : Blessed Land !

Then there is also the whole group of glimpses which Shakespeare amused himself by scattering as might a man who had a great oak chest full of jewels and who now and then, out of kindly fun, poured out a handful and gave them to his guests. I quote from memory, but I think certain of the lines run more or less like this :

Look how the dawn in russet mantle clad
Stands on the steep of yon high eastern hill.

And again :

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

Which moves me to digress. . . . How on earth did any living man pull it off as well as that? I remember arguing with a man who very genuinely thought the talent of Shakespeare was exaggerated in public opinion, and discovering at the end of a long wrangle that he was not considering Shakespeare as a poet. But as a poet, then, how on earth did he manage it?

Keats did it continually, especially in the *Hyperion*. Milton does it so well in the Fourth Book of *Paradise Lost* that I defy any man of a sane understanding to read the whole of that book before going to bed and not to wake up next morning as though he had been on a journey. William Morris does it, especially in the verses about a prayer over the corn; and as for Virgil, the poet Virgil, he does it continually like a man whose very trade it is.

Who does not remember the swimmer who saw Italy from the top of the wave?

Here also let me digress. How do the poets do it? (I do not mean where do they get their power, as I was asking just now of Shakespeare, but how do the words, simple or complex, produce that effect?) Very often there is not any adjective, sometimes not any qualification at all: often only one subject with its predicate and its statement and its object. There is never any detail of description, but the scene rises, more vivid in colour, more exact in outline, more wonderful in influence, than anything we can see with our eyes, except perhaps those things we see in the few moments of intense emotion which come to us, we know not whence, and expand out into completion and into manhood.

Catullus does it. He does it so powerfully in the opening lines of

Vesper adest . . .

that a man reads the first couplet of that Hymeneal, and immediately perceives the Apennines.

The nameless translator of the Highland song does it, especially when he advances that battering line :

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

They all do it, bless their hearts, the poets, which leads me back again to the mournful reflection that it cannot be done in prose. . . .

Little friends, my readers, I wish it could be done in prose, for if it could, and if I knew how to do it, I would here present to you that Unknown Country in such a fashion that every landscape which you should see henceforth could be transformed, by the appearing through it, the shining and uplifting through it, of the Unknown Country upon which reposes this tedious and repetitive world.

Now you may say to me that prose can do it, and you may quote to me the end of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a very remarkable piece of writing. Or, better still, as we shall be more agreed upon it, the general impression left upon the mind by the book

which set me writing — Mr. Hudson's *Crystal Age*. I do not deny that prose can do it, but when it does do it, it is hardly to be called prose, for it is inspired. Note carefully the passages in which the trick is worked in prose (for instance, in the story of Ruth in the Bible, where it is done with complete success), you will perceive an incantation and a spell. Indeed this same episode of Ruth in exile has inspired two splendid passages of European verse, of which it is difficult to say which is the more national, and therefore the greatest, Victor Hugo's in the *Légende des Siècles* or Keats's astounding four lines.

* * * * *

There was a shepherd the other day up at Findon Fair who had come from the east by Lewes with sheep, and who had in his eyes that reminiscence of horizons which makes the eyes of shepherds and of mountaineers different from the eyes of other men. He was occupied when I came upon him in pulling Mr. Fulton's sheep by one hind leg so that they should go the way they were desired to go. It happened that day that Mr. Fulton's sheep were not sold, and the shepherd went driving them back through Findon Village, and up on to the high Downs. I went with him to hear what he had to say, for shepherds talk quite differently from other men. And when we came on to the shoulder of Chanctonbury and looked down upon the Weald, which stretched out like the Plains of Heaven, he said to me: "I never come here but it seems like a different place down below, and as though it were not the place where I have gone afoot with sheep under the hills. It seems different when you are looking down at it." He added that he had never known why. Then I knew that he, like myself, was perpetually in perception of the Unknown Country, and I was very pleased. But we did not say anything more to each other about it until we got down into Steyning. There we drank together and we still said nothing more about it, so that to this day all we know of the matter is what we knew when we started, and what you knew when I

began to write this, and what you are now no further informed upon, namely, that there is an Unknown Country lying beneath the places that we know, and appearing only in moments of revelation.

Whether we shall reach this country at last or whether we shall not, it is impossible to determine.

SAMUEL BUTLER

RAMBLINGS IN CHEAPSIDE

I DO not like books. I believe I have the smallest library of any literary man in London, and I have no wish to increase it. I keep my books at the British Museum and at Mudie's, and it makes me very angry if any one gives me one for my private library. I once heard two ladies disputing in a railway carriage as to whether one of them had or had not been wasting money. "I spent it in books," said the accused, "and it's not wasting money to buy books." "Indeed, my dear, I think it is," was the rejoinder, and in practice I agree with it. Webster's *Dictionary*, Whitaker's *Almanack*, and Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* should be sufficient for any ordinary library; it will be time enough to go beyond these when the mass of useful and entertaining matter which they provide has been mastered. Nevertheless, I admit that sometimes, if not particularly busy, I stop at a second-hand bookstall and turn over a book or two from mere force of habit.

I know not what made me pick up a copy of Æschylus — of course in an English version — or rather I know not what made Æschylus take up with me, for he took me rather than I him; but no sooner had he got me than he began puzzling me, as he has done any time this forty years, to know wherein his transcendent merit can be supposed to lie. To me he is, like the greater number of classics in all ages and countries, a literary Struldbrug, rather than a true ambrosia-fed immortal. There are true immortals, but they are few and far between; most classics are as great impostors dead as

they were when living, and while posing as gods are, five-sevenths of them, only Struldbrugs. It comforts me to remember that Aristophanes liked Æschylus no better than I do. True, he praises him by comparison with Sophocles and Euripides, but he only does so that he may run down these last more effectively. Aristophanes is a safe man to follow, nor do I see why it should not be as correct to laugh with him as to pull a long face with the Greek Professors; but this is neither here nor there, for no one really cares about Æschylus; the more interesting question is how he contrived to make so many people for so many years pretend to care about him.

Perhaps he married somebody's daughter. If a man would get hold of the public ear, he must pay, marry, or fight. I have never understood that Æschylus was a man of means, and the fighters do not write poetry, so I suppose he must have married a theatrical manager's daughter, and got his plays brought out that way. The ear of any age or country is like its land, air, and water; it seems limitless but is really limited, and is already in the keeping of those who naturally enough will have no squatting on such valuable property. It is written and talked up to as closely as the means of subsistence are bred up to by a teeming population. There is not a square inch of it but is in private hands, and he who would freehold any part of it must do so by purchase, marriage, or fighting, in the usual way — and fighting gives the longest, safest tenure. The public itself has hardly more voice in the question who shall have its ear, than the land has in choosing its owners. It is farmed as those who own it think most profitable to themselves, and small blame to them; nevertheless, it has a residuum of mulishness which the land has not, and does sometimes dispossess its tenants. It is in this residuum that those who fight place their hope and trust.

Or perhaps Æschylus squared the leading critics of his time. When one comes to think of it, he must have done so, for how is it conceivable that such plays

should have had such runs if he had not? I met a lady one year in Switzerland who had some parrots that always travelled with her and were the idols of her life. These parrots would not let any one read aloud in their presence, unless they heard their own names introduced from time to time. If these were freely interpolated into the text they would remain as still as stones, for they thought the reading was about themselves. If it was not about them it could not be allowed. The leaders of literature are like these parrots; they do not look at what a man writes, nor if they did would they understand it much better than the parrots do; but they like the sound of their own names, and if these are freely interpolated in a tone they take as friendly, they may even give ear to an outsider. Otherwise they will scream him off if they can.

I should not advise any one with ordinary independence of mind to attempt the public ear unless he is confident that he can out-lung and out-last his own generation; for if he has any force, people will and ought to be on their guard against him, inasmuch as there is no knowing where he may not take them. Besides, they have staked their money on the wrong men so often without suspecting it, that when there comes one whom they do suspect it would be madness not to bet against him. True, he may die before he has out-screamed his opponents, but that has nothing to do with it. If his scream was well pitched it will sound clearer when he is dead. We do not know what death is. If we know so little about life which we have experienced, how shall we know about death which we have not — and in the nature of things never can? Every one, as I said years ago in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, is an immortal to himself, for he cannot know that he is dead until he is dead, and when dead how can he know anything about anything? All we know is, that even the humblest dead may live long after all trace of the body has disappeared; we see them doing it in the bodies and memories of those that come after them; and not a few live so much longer and more

effectually than is desirable, that it has been necessary to get rid of them by Act of Parliament. It is love that alone gives life, and the truest life is that which we live not in ourselves but vicariously in others, and with which we have no concern. Our concern is so to order ourselves that we may be of the number of them that enter into life — although we know it not.

Æschylus did so order himself; but his life is not of that inspiriting kind that can be won through fighting the good fight only — or being believed to have fought it. His voice is the echo of a drone, drone-begotten and drone-sustained. It is not a tone that a man must utter or die — nay, even though he die; and likely enough half the allusions and hard passages in Æschylus of which we can make neither head nor tail are in reality only puffs of some of the literary leaders of his time.

The lady above referred to told me more about her parrots. She was like a Nasmyth's hammer going slow — very gentle, but irresistible. She always read the newspaper to them. What was the use of having a newspaper if one did not read it to one's parrots?

"And have you divined," I asked, "to which side they incline in politics?"

"They do not like Mr. Gladstone," was the somewhat freezing answer; "this is the only point on which we disagree, for I adore him. Don't ask more about this, it is a great grief to me. I tell them everything," she continued, "and hide no secret from them."

"But can any parrot be trusted to keep a secret?"

"Mine can."

"And on Sundays do you give them the same course of reading as on a week-day, or do you make a difference?"

"On Sundays I always read them a genealogical chapter from the Old or New Testament, for I can thus introduce their names without profanity. I always keep tea by me in case they should ask for it in the night, and I have an Etna to warm it for them; they take milk and sugar. The old white-headed clergyman

came to see them last night; it was very painful, for Jocko reminded him so strongly of his late . . ."

I thought she was going to say "wife," but it proved to have been only of a parrot that he had once known and loved.

One evening she was in difficulties about the quarantine, which was enforced that year on the Italian frontier. The local doctor had gone down that morning to see the Italian doctor and arrange some details. "Then, perhaps, my dear," she said to her husband, "he is the quarantine." "No, my love," replied her husband. "The quarantine is not a person, it is a place where they put people"; but she would not be comforted, and suspected the quarantine as an enemy that might at any moment pounce out upon her and her parrots. So a lady told me once that she had been in like trouble about the anthem. She read in her prayer-book that in choirs and places where they sing "here followeth the anthem," yet the person with this most mysteriously sounding name never did follow. They had a choir, and no one could say the church was not a place where they sang, for they did sing — both chants and hymns. Why, then, this persistent slackness on the part of the anthem, who at this juncture should follow her papa, the rector, into the reading-desk? No doubt he would come some day, and then what would he be like? Fair or dark? Tall or short? Would he be bald and wear spectacles like papa, or would he be young and good-looking? Anyhow, there was something wrong, for it was announced that he would follow, and he never did follow; therefore there was no knowing what he might not do next.

I heard of the parrots a year or two later as giving lessons in Italian to an English maid. I do not know what their terms were. Alas! since then both they and their mistress have joined the majority. When the poor lady felt her end was near she desired (and the responsibility for this must rest with her, not me) that the birds might be destroyed, as fearing that they

might come to be neglected, and knowing that they could never be loved again as she had loved them. On being told that all was over, she said, "Thank you," and immediately expired.

Reflecting in such random fashion, and strolling with no greater method, I worked my way back through Cheapside and found myself once more in front of Sweeting's window. Again the turtles attracted me. They were alive, and so far at any rate they agreed with me. Nay, they had eyes, mouths, legs, if not arms, and feet, so there was much in which we were both of a mind, but surely they must be mistaken in arming themselves so very heavily. Any creature on getting what the turtle aimed at would overreach itself and be landed not in safety but annihilation. It should have no communion with the outside world at all, for death could creep in wherever the creature could creep out; and it must creep out somewhere if it was to hook on to outside things. What death can be more absolute than such absolute isolation? Perfect death, indeed, if it were attainable (which it is not), is as near perfect security as we can reach, but it is not the kind of security aimed at by any animal that is at the pains of defending itself. For such want to have things both ways, desiring the livingness of life without its perils, and the safety of death without its deadness, and some of us do actually get this for a considerable time, but we do not get it by plating ourselves with armour as the turtle does. We tried this in the Middle Ages, and no longer mock ourselves with the weight of armour that our forefathers carried in battle. Indeed the more deadly the weapons of attack become the more we go into the fight slug-wise.

Slugs have ridden their contempt for defensive armour as much to death as the turtles their pursuit of it. They have hardly more than skin enough to hold themselves together; they court death every time they cross the road. Yet death comes not to them more than to the turtle, whose defences are so great that there is little left inside to be defended.

Moreover, the slugs fare best in the long run, for turtles are dying out, while slugs are not, and there must be millions of slugs all the world over for every single turtle. Of the two vanities, therefore, that of the slug seems most substantial.

In either case the creature thinks itself safe, but is sure to be found out sooner or later; nor is it easy to explain this mockery save by reflecting that everything must have its meat in due season, and that meat can only be found for such a multitude of mouths by giving everything as meat in due season to something else. This is like the Kilkenny cats, or robbing Peter to pay Paul; but it is the way of the world, and as every animal must contribute in kind to the picnic of the universe, one does not see what better arrangement could be made than the providing each race with a hereditary fallacy, which shall in the end get it into a scrape, but which shall generally stand the wear and tear of life for some time. "Do ut des" is the writing on all flesh to him that eats it; and no creature is dearer to itself than it is to some other that would devour it.

Nor is there any statement or proposition more invulnerable than living forms are. Propositions prey upon and are grounded upon one another just like living forms. They support one another as plants and animals do; they are based ultimately on credit, or faith, rather than the cash of irrefragable conviction. The whole universe is carried on on the credit system, and if the mutual confidence on which it is based were to collapse, it must itself collapse immediately. Just or unjust, it lives by faith; it is based on vague and impalpable opinion that by some inscrutable process passes into will and action, and is made manifest in matter and in flesh: it is meteoric—suspended in mid-air; it is the baseless fabric of a vision so vast, so vivid, and so gorgeous that no base can seem more broad than such stupendous baselessness, and yet any man can bring it about his ears by being over-curious; when faith fails a system based on faith fails also.

Whether the universe is really a paying

concern, or whether it is an inflated bubble that must burst sooner or later, this is another matter. If people were to demand cash payment in irrefragable certainty for everything that they have taken hitherto as paper money on the credit of the bank of public opinion, is there money enough behind it all to stand so great a drain even on so great a reserve? Probably there is not, but happily there can be no such panic, for even though the cultured classes may do so, the uncultured are too dull to have brains enough to commit such stupendous folly. It takes a long course of academic training to educate a man up to the standard which he must reach before he can entertain such questions seriously, and by a merciful dispensation of Providence, university training is almost as costly as it is unprofitable. The majority will thus be always unable to afford it, and will base their opinions on mother-wit and current opinion rather than on demonstration.

JOHN MORLEY

THE CHARACTER OF BURKE

In every man there is a certain inevitable connection of opinion. We hold our views by sets and series. If we espouse one, we have unconsciously let in along with this a little, or it may be a long, train of others. A man comes to a certain conclusion upon some greatly controverted point of science. His eye has possibly never turned aside from the straitened bounds of scientific matter, and yet his single conclusion here leads him insensibly to a whole parcel of conclusions in religious matter or in ethical matter. We ought to remember this in the case of Burke. Few men's opinions hang together so closely and compactly as his did. The fiery glow of his nature fused all his ideas into a tenacious and homogeneous mass. What in more commonplace minds is effected by a process of bad logic, or by what seems to be hazard and caprice, in him was wrought by an inborn ardor of character. His passionate enthusiasm for Order — and this is not a jot more strong

in the "Reflections," 1790, than it was in the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" twenty years before — subjugated him as profoundly in one field as in another, in theology as in philosophy, in speculation as in practical politics. In that restlessness to which the world is so deeply indebted in some respects, by which it has been so much injured in others, Burke could recognize but scanty merit, wherever it was exhibited. Himself the most industrious, the most active-minded of men, he was ever sober in fixing the limits, in cutting the channels of his activity, and he would fain have had others equally moderate. Abstract illimitable speculation had no attraction for him in any of its departments. Perceiving that plain and righteous conduct is the end of life in this world, he prayed men not to be overcurious in searching for, and handling, and again handling, the theoretic base on which the prerogatives of virtue repose. Perceiving that the happiness of a people is the end of its government he abhorred equally the royal clique who took the end of government to be the gratification of the royal will, the old Whig clique who took it to be the enrichment of old Whigs, and the revolutionists, who, as Burke thought, supposed that the happiness of a people could never be secure save where there is no government, but only anarchy. Perceiving that the belief in a future life with changed conditions adds dignity to mortals in their hours of happiness, and brings comfort in their hours of anguish, and that the belief in a divine mediator may be in the same way a source of elevation and solace, he burned with a holy rage against men who seemed to him as thieves wantonly robbing humanity of its most precious treasures. Provided that there was peace, that is to say, general happiness and content, Burke felt that a too great inquisitiveness as to its foundations was not only idle, but mischievous and cruel.

We have already seen how he considered the comparative strength of the claims upon us of truth and peace to be an open question. "As we have scarcely ever the same certainty in the one as we have in

the other, I would, unless the truth were evident indeed, hold fast to peace." In another place, he exclaims in precisely the same spirit, "The bulk of mankind, on their part, are not exceedingly curious concerning any theories, whilst they are really happy; and one sure symptom of an ill-conducted state is the propensity of the people to resort to them." And Burke thought the bulk of mankind in the right. Even in a state of things which the most eager of optimists would have hesitated to look on as a state of peace, Burke was always careful to approach the ailing organ, whether ecclesiastical or political, with that awe and reverence, as he expressed it, with which a young physician approaches to the cure of the disorders of his aged parent. Every institution or idea under which any mass of men found shelter or comfort, he regarded with this filial awe and affectionate reverence. I feel an insuperable reluctance, he said in one place, in giving my hand to destroy any established institution of Government upon a theory, however plausible it may be. Rightly conceiving that a stable equilibrium in society, or peace, as he always called it, is the aim and standard of all things, he was willing to believe in some mysterious finality of Nature, whom he supposed to have established once for all in 1688 the entire conditions of our national health. He habitually confounded existing usage and traditions, to be gently modified and tenderly repaired, if unfortunate occasion should require, with a moral and just equilibrium. The philosophic partisan of Order, who entreats men to be sure they get the best out of the systems under which the time constrains them to live, before casting recklessly about for new things, commonly receives something less than justice from the anxious and ardent partisans of Progress. And this has perhaps been Burke's lot. Men constitutionally, or by habit, unable to realize the pleasures conferred by a reverent love of political, social, and moral order, have dealt little sympathy to one who threw himself so consistently and vehemently as Burke did athwart the revolutionary or

critical movement of his time. But those of us who are not estopped by vain shibboleths from protesting that living, after all, must be the end of life, and that stable peace must be the end of society, may see that Burke's horror of the critical spirit in all its various manifestations, was the intelligible pain of one in the ghastly presence of dissolution, not knowing that the angel of a new life is already at his side. . . .

He was always a lover of order in its most enlarged and liberal moods. He was never more than a lover of order when his deference to the wishes of the people was at its lowest. The institutions to which he was attached during the eight-and-twenty years of his life in the House of Commons, passed through two phases of peril. First, they were oppressed and undermined by the acts of the court, and the resurrection of prerogative in the guise of privilege. Then they were menaced by the democratic flood which overtook England after the furious rising of the popular tide in France. We at this distance of time may see that in neither case was the danger so serious and so real as it appeared in the eyes of contemporaries. But in both cases Burke was filled with an alarm that may serve as a measure of the depth and sincerity of his reverence for the fabric whose overthrow, as he thought, was gravely threatened. In both cases he set his face resolutely against innovation; in both cases he defied the enemies who came up from two different quarters to assail the English constitution, and to destroy a system under which three generations of Englishmen had been happy and prosperous. He changed his front, but he never changed his ground. "I flatter myself," he said, with justice, "that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty." And again: "The liberty, the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order." The court tried to regulate liberty too severely. It found in him an inflexible opponent. Demagogues tried to remove the regulations of liberty. They encountered in him the bitterest and most unceasing of all remonstrants. The arbitrary majority in the House of Commons forgot

for whose benefit they held power, from whom they derived their authority, and in what description of government it was that they had a place. Burke was the most valiant and strenuous champion in the ranks of the independent minority. He withstood to the face the King and the King's friends. He withstood to the face Charles Fox and the friends of the people. He may have been wrong in both, or in either, but let us not be told that he turned back in his course; that he was a revolutionist in 1770 and a reactionist in 1790; that he was in his sane mind when he opposed the supremacy of the Court, but that his reason was tottering before he opposed the supremacy of the rabble.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

DICKENS AND CHRISTMAS

IN the July of 1844 Dickens went on an Italian tour, which he afterwards summarized in the book called *Pictures from Italy*. They are, of course, very vivacious, but there is no great need to insist on them, considered as Italian sketches; there is no need whatever to worry about them as a phase of the mind of Dickens when he travelled out of England. He never travelled out of England. There is no trace in all these amusing pages that he really felt the great foreign things which lie in wait for us in the south of Europe, the Latin civilization, the Catholic Church, the art of the centre, the endless end of Rome. His travels are not travels in Italy, but travels in Dickensland. He sees amusing things; he describes them amusingly. But he would have seen things just as good in a street in Pimlico, and described them just as well. Few things were racier even in his raciest novel, than his description of the Marionette play of the death of Napoleon. Nothing could be more perfect than the figure of the doctor which had something wrong with its wires, and hence "hovered about the couch and delivered medical opinions in the air." Nothing could be better as a catching of the spirit

of all popular drama than the colossal depravity of the wooden image of "Sir Udson Low." But there is nothing Italian about it. Dickens would have made just as good fun, indeed just the same fun, of a Punch and Judy show performing in Long Acre or Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Dickens uttered just and sincere satire on Plornish and Podsnap; but Dickens was as English as any Podsnap or any Plornish. He had a hearty humanitarianism, and a hearty sense of justice to all nations, so far as he understood it. But that very kind of humanitarianism, that very kind of justice, were English. He was the Englishman of the type that made Free Trade, the most English of all things, since it was at once calculating and optimistic. He respected catacombs and gondolas, but that very respect was English. He wondered at brigands and volcanoes, but that very wonder was English. The very conception that Italy consists of these things was an English conception. The root things he never understood, the Roman legend, the ancient life of the Mediterranean, the world-old civilization of the vine and olive, the mystery of the immutable Church. He never understood these things, and I am glad he never understood them: he could only have understood them by ceasing to be the inspired cockney that he was, the rousing English Radical of the great Radical age in England. That spirit of his was one of the things that we have had which were truly national. All other forces we have borrowed, especially those which flatter us most. Imperialism is foreign, socialism is foreign, militarism is foreign, education is foreign, strictly even Liberalism is foreign. But Radicalism was our own; as English as the hedges and rows.

Dickens abroad, then, was for all serious purposes simply the Englishman abroad; the Englishman abroad is for all serious purposes simply the Englishman at home. Of this generalization one modification must be made. Dickens did feel a direct pleasure in the bright and busy exterior of the French life, the clean caps,

the coloured uniforms, the skies like blue enamel, the little green trees, the little white houses, the scene picked out in primary colours, like a child's picture-book. This he felt, and this he put (by a stroke of genius) into the mouth of Mrs. Lirriper, a London landlady on a holiday: for Dickens always knew that it is the simple and not the subtle who feel differences; and he saw all his colours through the clear eyes of the poor. And in thus taking to his heart the streets as it were, rather than the spires of the Continent, he showed beyond question that combination of which we have spoken — of common sense with uncommon sensibility. For it is for the sake of the streets and shops and the coats and hats, that we should go abroad; they are far better worth going to see than the castles and cathedrals and Roman camps. For the wonders of the world are the same all over the world, at least all over the European world. Castles that throw valleys in shadow, minsters that strike the sky, roads so old that they seem to have been made by the gods, these are in all Christian countries. The marvels of man are at all our doors. A labourer hoeing turnips in Sussex has no need to be ignorant that the bones of Europe are the Roman roads. A clerk living in Lambeth has no need not to know that there was a Christian art exuberant in the thirteenth century; for only across the river he can see the live stones of the Middle Ages surging together towards the stars. But exactly the things that do strike the traveller as extraordinary are the ordinary things, the food, the clothes, the vehicles; the strange things are cosmopolitan, the common things are national and peculiar. Cologne spire is lifted on the same arches as Canterbury; but the thing you cannot see out of Germany is a German beer-garden. There is no need for a Frenchman to go to look at Westminster Abbey as a piece of English architecture; it is not, in the special sense, a piece of English architecture. But a hansom cab is a piece of English architecture; a thing produced by the peculiar poetry of our cities, a symbol of a certain reck-

less comfort which is really English; a thing to draw a pilgrimage of the nations. The imaginative Englishman will be found all day in a café; the imaginative Frenchman in a hansom cab.

This sort of pleasure Dickens took in the Latin life; but no deeper kind. And the strongest of all possible indications of his fundamental detachment from it can be found in one fact. A great part of the time that he was in Italy he was engaged in writing *The Chimes*, and such Christmas tales, tales of Christmas in the English towns, tales full of fog and snow and hail and happiness.

Dickens could find in any street divergences between man and man deeper than the divisions of nations. His fault was to exaggerate differences. He could find types almost as distinct as separate tribes of animals in his own brain and his own city, those two homes of a magnificent chaos. The only two southerners introduced prominently into his novels, the two in *Little Dorrit*, are popular English foreigners, I had almost said stage foreigners. Villainy is, in English eyes, a southern trait, therefore one of the foreigners is villainous. Vivacity is, in English eyes, another southern trait, therefore the other foreigner is vivacious. But we can see from the outlines of both that Dickens did not have to go to Italy to get them. While poor panting millionaires, poor tired earls and poor God-forsaken American men of culture are plodding about Italy for literary inspiration, Charles Dickens made up the whole of that Italian romance (as I strongly suspect) from the faces of two London organ-grinders.

In the sunlight of the southern world, he was still dreaming of the firelight of the north. Among the palaces and the white campanile, he shut his eyes to see Marylebone and dreamed a lovely dream of chimney-pots. He was not happy, he said, without streets. The very foulness and smoke of London were lovable in his eyes and fill his Christmas tales with a vivid vapour. In the clear skies of the south he saw afar off the fog of London like a

sunset cloud and longed to be in the core of it.

This Christmas tone of Dickens, in connection with his travels is a matter that can only be expressed by a parallel with one of his other works. Much the same that has here been said of his *Pictures from Italy*, may be said about his *Child's History of England*; with the difference that while the *Pictures from Italy* do in a sense add to his fame, the *History of England* in almost every sense detracts from it. But the nature of the limitation is the same. What Dickens was travelling in distant lands, that he was travelling in distant ages; a sturdy, sentimental English Radical with a large heart and a narrow mind. He could not help falling into that besetting sin or weakness of the modern progressive, the habit of regarding the contemporary questions as the eternal questions and the latest word as the last. He could not get out of his head the instinctive conception that the real problem before St. Dunstan was whether he should support Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel. He could not help seeing the remotest peaks lit up by the raging bonfire of his own passionate political crisis. He lived for the instant and its urgency; that is, he did what St. Dunstan did. He lived an eternal present like all simple men. It is indeed "A Child's History of England"; but the child is the writer and not the reader.

But Dickens in his cheapest cockney utilitarianism, was not only English, but unconsciously historic. Upon him descended the real tradition of "Merry England," and not upon the pallid mediaevalists who thought they were reviving it. The Pre-Raphaelites, the Gothicists, the admirers of the Middle Ages, had in their subtlety and sadness the spirit of the present day. Dickens had in his buffoonery and bravery the spirit of the Middle Ages. He was much more mediaeval in his attacks on mediaevalism than they were in their defences of it. It was he who had the things of Chaucer, the love of large jokes and long stories and brown ale and all the

white roads of England. Like Chaucer he loved story within story, every man telling a tale. Like Chaucer he saw something openly comic in men's motley trades. Sam Weller would have been a great gain to the Canterbury Pilgrimage and told an admirable story. Rossetti's Damozel would have been a great bore, regarded as too fast by the Prioress and too priggish by the Wife of Bath. It is said that in the somewhat sickly Victorian revival of feudalism which was called "Young England," a nobleman hired a hermit to live in his grounds. It is also said that the hermit struck for more beer. Whether this anecdote be true or not, it is always told as showing a collapse from the ideal of the Middle Ages to the level of the present day. But in the mere act of striking for beer the holy man was very much more "mediaeval" than the fool who employed him.

It would be hard to find a better example of this than Dickens's great defence of Christmas. In fighting for Christmas he was fighting for the old European festival, Pagan and Christian, for that trinity of eating, drinking, and praying which to moderns appears irreverent, for the holy day which is really a holiday. He had himself the most babyish ideas about the past. He supposed the Middle Ages to have consisted of tournaments and torture-chambers, he supposed himself to be a brisk man of the manufacturing age, almost a Utilitarian. But for all that he defended the mediaeval feast which was going out against the Utilitarianism which was coming in. He could only see all that was bad in mediaevalism. But he fought for all that was good in it. And he was all the more really in sympathy with the old strength and simplicity because he only knew that it was good and did not know that it was old. He cared as little for mediaevalism as the mediaevals did. He cared as much as they did for lustiness and virile laughter and sad tales of good lovers and pleasant tales of good livers. He would have been very much bored by Ruskin and Walter Pater if they had explained to him the strange sunset tints of

Lippi and Botticelli. He had no pleasure in looking on the dying Middle Ages. But he looked on the living Middle Ages, on a piece of the old uproarious superstition still unbroken; and he hailed it like a new religion. The Dickens character ate pudding to an extent at which the modern mediaevalists turned pale. They would do every kind of honour to an old observance, except observing it. They would pay to a Church feast every sort of compliment except feasting.

And (as I have said) as were his unconscious relations to our European past, so were his unconscious relations to England. He imagined himself to be, if anything, a sort of cosmopolitan; at any rate to be a champion of the charms and merits of continental lands against the arrogance of our island. But he was in truth very much more a champion of the old and genuine England which we have all lived to see. And here again the supreme example is Christmas. Christmas is, as I have said, one of numberless old European feasts of which the essence is the combination of religion with merry-making. But among those feasts it is also especially and distinctively English in the style of its merry-making and even in the style of its religion. For the character of Christmas (as distinct, for instance, from the continental Easter) lies chiefly in two things: first on the terrestrial side the note of comfort rather than the note of brightness; and on the spiritual side, Christian charity rather than Christian ecstasy. And comfort is, like charity, a very English instinct. Nay, comfort is, like charity, an English merit; though our comfort may and does degenerate into materialism, just as our charity may (and does) degenerate into laxity and make-believe.

This ideal of comfort belongs peculiarly to England; it belongs peculiarly to Christmas; above all it belongs pre-eminently to Dickens. And it is astonishingly misunderstood. It is misunderstood by the continent of Europe, it is, if possible, still more misunderstood by the English of to-day. On the Continent the

restaurateurs provide us with raw beef, as if we were savages; yet old English cooking takes as much care as French. And in England has arisen a parvenu patriotism which represents the English as everything but English; as a blend of Chinese stoicism, Latin militarism, Prussian rigidity, and American bad taste. And so England, whose fault is gentility and whose virtue is geniality, England with her tradition of the great gay gentlemen of Elizabeth, is represented to the four quarters of the world (as in Mr. Kipling's religious poems) in the enormous image of a solemn cad. And because it is very difficult to be comfortable in the suburbs, the suburbs have voted that comfort is a gross and material thing. It is far more poetical, properly speaking, than the Garden of Epicurus. It is far more artistic than the Palace of Art. It is more artistic because it is based upon a contrast, a contrast between the fire and wine within the house and the winter and the roaring rains without. It is far more poetical, because there is in it a note of defence, almost of war; a note of being besieged by the snow and hail; of making merry in the belly of a fort. The man who said that an Englishman's house is his castle said much more than he meant. The Englishman thinks of his house as something fortified, and provisioned, and his very surliness is at root romantic. And this sense would naturally be strongest in wild winter nights, when the lowered portcullis and the lifted drawbridge do not merely bar people out, but bar people in. The Englishman's house is most sacred, not merely when the King cannot enter it, but when the Englishman cannot get out of it.

This comfort, then, is an abstract thing, a principle. The English poor shut all their doors and windows till their rooms reek like the Black Hole. They are suffering for an idea. Mere animal hedonism would not dream, as we English do, of winter feasts and little rooms, but of eating fruit in large and idle gardens. Mere sensuality would desire to please all its senses. But to our good

dreams this dark and dangerous background is essential; the highest pleasure we can imagine is a defiant pleasure, a happiness that stands at bay. The word "comfort" is not indeed the right word, it conveys too much of the slander of mere sense; the true word is "cosiness," a word not translatable. One, at least, of the essentials of it is smallness, smallness in preference to largeness, smallness for smallness's sake. The merry-maker wants a pleasant parlour, he would not give two-pence for a pleasant continent. In our difficult time, of course, a fight for mere space has become necessary. Instead of being greedy for ale and Christmas pudding we are greedy for mere air, an equally sensual appetite. In abnormal conditions this is wise; and the illimitable veldt is an excellent thing for nervous people. But our fathers were large and healthy enough to make a thing humane, and not worry about whether it was hygienic. They were big enough to get into small rooms.

Of this quite deliberate and artistic quality in the close Christmas chamber, the standing evidence is Dickens in Italy. He created these dim firelit tales like little dim red jewels, as an artistic necessity, in the centre of an endless summer. Amid the white cities of Tuscany he hungered for something romantic, and wrote about a rainy Christmas. Amid the pictures of the Uffizi he starved for something beautiful, and fed his memory on London fog. His feeling for the fog was especially poignant and typical. In the first of his Christmas tales, the popular *Christmas Carol*, he suggested the very soul of it in one simile, when he spoke of the dense air, suggesting that "Nature was brewing on a large scale." This sense of the thick atmosphere as something to eat or drink, something not only solid but satisfactory, may seem almost insane, but it is no exaggeration of Dickens's emotion. We speak of a fog "that you could cut with a knife." Dickens would have liked the phrase as suggesting that the fog was a colossal cake. He liked even more his own phrase of the Titanic brewery, and no dream would have given him a wilder pleasure

than to grope his way to some such tremendous vats and drink the ale of the giants.

There is a current prejudice against fogs, and Dickens, perhaps, is their only poet. Considered hygienically, no doubt this may be more or less excusable. But, considered poetically, fog is not undeserving, it has a real significance. We have in our great cities abolished the clean and sane darkness of the country. We have outlawed night and sent her wandering in wild meadows; we have lit eternal watch-fires against her return. We have made a new cosmos, and as a consequence our own sun and stars. And, as a consequence also, and most justly, we have made our own darkness. Just as every lamp is a warm human moon, so every fog is a rich human nightfall. If it were not for this mystic accident we should never see darkness, and he who has never seen darkness has never seen the sun. Fog for us is the chief form of that outward pressure which compresses mere luxury into real comfort. It makes the world small, in the same spirit as in that common and happy cry that the world is small, meaning that it is full of friends. The first man that emerges out of the mist with a light, is for us Prometheus, a saviour bringing fire to men. He is that greatest and best of all men, greater than the heroes, better than the saints, Man Friday. Every rumble of a cart, every cry in the distance, marks the heart of humanity beating undaunted in the darkness. It is wholly human; man toiling in his own cloud. If real darkness is like the embrace of God, this is the dark embrace of man.

In such a sacred cloud the tale called *The Christmas Carol* begins, the first and most typical of all his Christmas tales. It is not irrelevant to dilate upon the geniality of this darkness, because it is characteristic of Dickens that his atmospheres are more important than his stories. The Christmas atmosphere is more important than Scrooge, or the ghosts either; in a sense, the background is more important than the figures. The same

thing may be noticed in his dealings with that other atmosphere (besides that of good humour) which he excelled in creating, an atmosphere of mystery and wrong, such as that which gathers round Mrs. Clennam, rigid in her chair, or old Miss Havisham, ironically robed as a bride. Here again the atmosphere altogether eclipses the story, which often seems disappointing in comparison. The secrecy is sensational; the secret is tame. The surface of the thing seems more awful than the core of it. It seems almost as if these grisly figures, Mrs. Chadband and Mrs. Clennam, Miss Havisham and Miss Flite, Nemo and Sally Brass, were keeping something back from the author as well as from the reader. When the book closes we do not know their real secret. They soothed the optimistic Dickens with something less terrible than the truth. The dark house of Arthur Clennam's childhood really depresses us; it is a true glimpse into that quiet street in hell, where live the children of that unique dispensation which theologians call Calvinism and Christians devil-worship. But some stranger crime had really been done there, some more monstrous blasphemy or human sacrifice than the suppression of some silly document advantageous to the silly Dorrits. Something worse than a common tale of jilting lay behind the masquerade and madness of the awful Miss Havisham. Something worse was whispered by the misshapen Quilp to the sinister Sally in that wild, wet summer-house by the river, something worse than the clumsy plot against the clumsy Kit. These dark pictures seem almost as if they were literally visions; things, that is, that Dickens saw but did not understand.

And as with his backgrounds of gloom, so with his backgrounds of good-will, in such tales as *The Christmas Carol*. The tone of the tale is kept throughout in a happy monotony, though the tale is everywhere irregular and in some places weak. It has the same kind of artistic unity that belongs to a dream. A dream may begin with the end of the world and end with a tea-party; but either the end

of the world will seem as trivial as a tea-party or the tea-party will be as terrible as the day of doom. The incidents change wildly; the story scarcely changes at all. *The Christmas Carol* is a kind of philanthropic dream, an enjoyable nightmare, in which the scenes shift bewilderingly and seem as miscellaneous as the pictures in a scrap-book, but in which there is one constant state of the soul, a state of rowdy benediction and a hunger for human faces. The beginning is about a winter day and a miser; yet the beginning is in no way bleak. The author starts with a kind of happy howl; he bangs on our door like a drunken carol singer; his style is festive and popular; he compares the snow and hail to philanthropists who "come down handsomely"; he compares the fog to unlimited beer. Scrooge is not really inhuman at the beginning any more than he is at the end. There is a heartiness in his inhospitable sentiments that is akin to humour and therefore to humanity; he is only a crusty old bachelor, and had (I strongly suspect) given away turkeys secretly all his life. The beauty and the real blessing of the story do not lie in the mechanical plot of it, the repentance of Scrooge, probable or improbable; they lie in the great furnace of real happiness that glows through Scrooge and everything round him; that great furnace, the heart of Dickens. Whether the Christmas visions would or would not convert Scrooge, they convert us. Whether or not the visions were evoked by real Spirits of the Past, Present, and Future, they were evoked by that truly exalted order of angels who are correctly called High Spirits. They are impelled and sustained by a quality which our contemporary artists ignore or almost deny, but which in a life decently lived is as normal and attainable as sleep, positive, passionate, conscious joy. The story sings from end to end like a happy man going home; and, like a happy and good man, when it cannot sing it yells. It is lyric and exclamatory, from the first exclamatory words of it. It is strictly a Christmas Carol.

JAMES M. BARRIE

THE SON FROM LONDON

IN the spring of the year there used to come to Thrums a painter from nature, whom Hendry spoke of as the drawer. He lodged with Jess in my attic, and when the weavers met him they said, "Weel, drawer," and then passed on, grinning. Tammas Haggart was the first to say this.

The drawer was held a poor man because he straggled about the country looking for subjects for his draws; and Jess, as was her way, gave him many comforts for which she would not charge. That, I dare say, was why he painted for her a little portrait o' Jamie. When the drawer came back to Thrums he always found the painting in a frame in the room. Here I must make a confession about Jess. She did not in her secret mind think the portrait quite the thing, and as soon as the drawer departed it was removed from the frame to make way for a calendar. The deception was very innocent, Jess being anxious not to hurt the donor's feelings.

To those who have the artist's eye, the picture, which hangs in my school-house now, does not show a handsome lad, Jamie being short and dapper, with straw-colored hair, and a chin that ran away into his neck. That is how I once regarded him, but I have little heart for criticism of those I like, and despite his madness for a season, of which, alas! I shall have to tell, I am always Jamie's friend. Even to hear any one disparaging the appearance of Jess' son is to me a pain.

All Jess' acquaintances knew that in the beginning of every month a registered letter reached her from London. To her it was not a matter to keep secret. She was proud that the help she and Hendry needed in the gloaming of their lives should come from her beloved son, and the neighbours esteemed Jamie because he was good to his mother. Jess had more humour than any other woman I have known, while Leebie was but sparingly endowed; yet, as the month neared its close, it was

the daughter who put on the humorist, Jess thinking money too serious a thing to jest about. Then if Leebie had a moment for gossip, as when ironing a dicky for Hendry, and the iron was a trifle too hot, she would look archly at me before addressing her mother in these words:

"Will he send, think ye?"

Jess, who had a conviction that he would send, affected surprise at the question.

"Will Jamie send this month, do ye mean? Na, oh, loosh no! it's not to be expeckit. Na, he couldna do't this time."

"That's what ye aye say, but he aye sends. Yes, an' vara weel ye ken 'at he will send."

"Na, na, Leebie; dinna let me ever think o' sic a thing this month."

"As if ye wasna thinkin' o't day an' night!"

"He's terrible mindfu', Leebie, but he doesna hae't. Na, no this month; mebbe next month."

"Do you mean to tell me, mother, 'at ye'll no be up oot o' yer bed on Monunday an hour afore yer usual time, lookin' for the post?"

"Na, no this time. I may be up, an' tak' a look for 'im, but no expeckin' a registerdy; na, na, that wouldna be reasonable."

"Reasonable here, reasonable there, up you'll be, keekin' (peering) through the blind to see if the post's comin', ay, an' what's mair, the post will come, and a registerdy in his hand wi' fifteen shillings in't at the least."

"Dinna say fifteen, Leebie: I would never think o' sic a sum. Mebbe five —"

"Five! I wonder to hear ye. Vara weel you ken 'at since he had twenty-twa shillin's in the week he's never sent less than half a sovereign."

"No, but we canna expeck —"

"Expect! No, but it's no Expeck — it's get."

On the Monday morning when I came down stairs, Jess was in her chair by the window, beaming, a piece of paper in her hand. I did not require to be told about

it, but I was told. Jess had been up before Leeby could get the fire lit, with great difficulty reaching the window in her bare feet, and many a time had she said that the post must be by.

"Havers," said Leeby, "he winna be for an hour yet. Come awa' back to your bed."

"Na, he maun be by," Jess would say in a few minutes; "ou, we couldna expect this month."

So it went on until Jess' hand shook the blind.

"He's comin', Leeby; he's comin'. He'll no hae naething, na, I couldna expect — He's by!"

"I dinna believe it," cried Leeby, running to the window; "he's juist at his tricks again."

This was in reference to a way our sat-urnine post had of pretending that he brought no letters and passing the door. Then he turned back.

"Missess McQumpha," he cried, and whistled.

"Run, Leeby, run," said Jess excitedly.

Leeby hastened to the door, and came back with a registered letter.

"Registerdy," she cried in triumph, and Jess, with fond hands, opened the letter. By the time I came down the money was hid away in a box beneath the bed, where not even Leeby could find it, and Jess was on her chair hugging the letter. She preserved all her registered envelopes.

This was the first time I had been in Thrums when Jamie was expected for his ten days' holiday, and for a week we discussed little else. Though he had written saying when he would sail for Dundee, there was quite a possibility of his appearing on the brae at any moment, for he liked to take Jess and Leeby by surprise. Hendry there was no surprising, unless he was in the mood for it, and the coolness of him was one of Jess' grievances. Just two years earlier Jamie came north a week before his time, and his father saw him from the window. Instead of crying out in amazement or hacking his face, for he was

shaving at the time, Hendry calmly wiped his razor on the window-sill, and said:

"Ay, there's Jamie."

Jamie was a little disappointed at being seen in this way, for he had been looking forward for four and forty hours to repeating the sensation of the year before. On that occasion he had got to the door unnoticed, where he stopped to listen. I dare say he checked his breath, the better to catch his mother's voice, for Jess being an invalid Jamie thought of her first. He had Leeby sworn to write the truth about her, but many an anxious hour he had on hearing that she was "complaining fell (considerably) about her back the day," Leeby, as he knew, being frightened to alarm him. Jamie, too, had given his promise to tell exactly how he was keeping, but often he wrote that he was "fine" when Jess had her doubts. When Hendry wrote he spread himself over the table and said that Jess was "juist about it," or "aff and on," which does not tell much. So Jamie hearkened painfully at the door, and by and by heard his mother say to Leeby that she was sure the teapot was running out. Perhaps that voice was as sweet to him as the music of a maiden to her lover, but Jamie did not rush into his mother's arms. Jess has told me with a beaming face how craftily he behaved. The old man, of lungs that shook Thrums by night, who went from door to door selling firewood, had a way of shoving doors rudely open and crying:

"'Ony rozetty roots?" and him Jamie imitated.

"Juist think," Jess said as she recalled the incident, "what a startle we got. As we think, Pete kicks open the door and cries oot: 'Ony rozetty roots?' and Leeby says 'No,' and gangs to shut the door. Next minute she screeches. 'What, what, what!' and in walks Jamie!"

Jess was never able to decide whether it was more delightful to be taken aback in this way or to be prepared for Jamie. Sudden excitement was bad for her according to Hendry, who got his medical knowledge second-hand from persons un-

der treatment, but with Jamie's appearance on the threshold Jess' health began to improve. This time he kept to the appointed day, and the house was turned upside down in his honour. Such a polish did Leebby put on the flagons which hung on the kitchen wall that, passing between them and the window, I thought once I had been struck by lightning. On the morning of the day that was to bring him, Leebby was up at two o'clock, and eight hours before he could possibly arrive Jess had a night-shirt warming for him at the fire. I was no longer anybody, except as a person who could give Jamie advice. Jess told me what I was to say. The only thing he and his mother quarrelled about was the underclothing she would swaddle him in, and Jess asked me to back her up in her entreaties.

"There's no a doubt," she said, "but what it's a hantle caulder here than in London, an' it would be a terrible business if he was to tak' the cauld."

Jamie was to sail from London to Dundee, and come on to Thrums from Tilliedrum in the postcart. The road at that time, however, avoided the brae, and at a certain point Jamie's custom was to alight, and take the short cut home, along a farm road and up the commonty. Here, too, Hookey Crewe, the post, deposited his passenger's box, which Hendry wheeled home in a barrow. Long before the cart had lost sight of Tilliedrum, Jess was at her window.

"Tell her Hookey's often late on Mondays," Leebby whispered to me, "for she'll gang oot o' her mind if she thinks there's onything wrang."

Soon Jess was painfully excited, though she sat as still as salt.

"It maun be yer time," she said, looking at both Leebby and me, for in Thrums we went oot an' met our friends.

"Hoots," retorted Leebby, trying to be hardy; "Hookey canna be oot o' Tilliedrum yet."

"He maun hae startit lang syne."

"I wonder at ye, mother, puttin' yersel in sic a state. Ye'll be ill when he comes."

"Na, am no in nae state, Leebby, but there'll no be nae accident, will there?"

"It's most provokin' 'at ye will think 'at every time Jamie steps into a machine there'll be an accident. Am sure if ye would tak mair after my fater, it would be a blessin'. Look hoo cool he is."

"Whaur is he, Leebby?"

"Oh, I dinna ken. The hon'most time I saw him he was layin' doon the law about something to T'now head."

"It's an awfu' wy that he has o' gaen oot without a word. I wouldna wonder 'at he's no bein' in time to meet Jamie, an' that would be a pretty business."

"Od, ye're sure he'll be in braw time."

"But he hasna ta'en the barrow wi' him, an' hoo is Jamie's luggage to be brocht up withoot a barrow?"

"Barrow? He took the barrow to the saw-mill an hour syne to pick it up at Rob Angus' on the wy."

Several times Jess was sure she saw the cart in the distance, and implored us to be off.

"I'll tak' no settle till he're awa," she said, her face now flushed and her hands working nervously.

"We've time to gang and come twa or three times yet," remonstrated Leebby; but Jess gave me so beseeching a look that I put on my hat. Then Hendry dandered in to change his coat deliberately, and when the three of us set off we left Jess with her eye on the door by which Jamie must enter. He was her only son now, and she had not seen him for a year.

On the way down the commonty, Leebby had the honour of being twice addressed as Miss McQumpha, but her father was Hendry to all, which shows that we make our social position for ourselves. Hendry looked forward to Jamie's annual appearance only a little less hungrily than Jess, but his pulse still beat regularly. Leebby would have considered it almost wicked to talk of anything except Jamie now, but Hendry cried out comments on the tattles, yesterday's roup, the fall in jute, to everybody he encountered. When he

and a crony had their say and parted, it was their custom to continue the conversation in shouts until they were out of hearing.

Only to Jess at her window was the cart late that afternoon. Jamie jumped from it in the long great-coat that had been new to Thrums the year before, and Hendry said calmly:

"Ay, Jamie."

Leeby and Jamie made signs that they recognized each other as brother and sister, but I was the only one with whom he shook hands. He was smart in his movements and quite the gentleman, but the Thrums ways took hold of him again at once. He even inquired for his mother in a tone that was meant to deceive me into thinking he did not care how she was.

Hendry would have had a talk out of him on the spot, but was reminded of the luggage. We took the heavy farm road, and soon we were at the saw-mill. I am naturally leisurely, but we climbed the commony at a stride. Jamie pretended to be calm, but in a dark place I saw him take Leeby's hand, and after that he said not a word. His eyes were fixed on the elbow of the brae, where he would come into sight of his mother's window. Many, many a time, I know, that lad had prayed to God for still another sight of the window with his mother at it. So we came to the corner where the stile is that Sam'l Dickie jumped in the race for T'nowhead's Bell, and before Jamie was the house of his childhood and his mother's window, and the fond, anxious face of his mother herself. My eyes are dull, and I did not see her, but suddenly Jamie cried out, "My mother!" and Leeby and I were left behind. When I reached the kitchen Jess was crying, and her son's arms were round her neck. I went away to my attic.

There was only one other memorable event of that day. Jamie had finished his tea, and we all sat round him, listening to his adventures and opinions. He told us how the country should be governed, too, and perhaps put on airs a little. Hendry

asked the questions, and Jamie answered them as pat as if he and his father were going through the Shorter Catechism. When Jamie told anything marvellous, as how many towels were used at the shop in a day, or that twopence was the charge for a single shave, his father screwed his mouth together as if preparing to whistle, and then instead made a curious clucking noise with his tongue, which was reserved for the expression of absolute amazement. As for Jess, who was given to making much of me, she ignored my remarks and laughed hilariously at jokes of Jamie's which had been received in silence from me a few minutes before.

Slowly it came to me that Leeby had something on her mind, and that Jamie was talking to her with his eyes. I learned afterward that they were plotting how to get me out of the kitchen, but were too impatient to wait. Thus it was that the great event happened in my presence. Jamie rose and stood near Jess; I dare say he had planned the scene frequently. Then he produced from his pocket a purse, and coolly opened it. Silence fell upon us as we saw that purse. From it he took a neatly folded piece of paper, crumpled it into a ball, and flung it into Jess' lap.

I cannot say whether Jess knew what it was. Her hand shook, and for a moment she let the ball of paper lie there.

"Open't up," cried Leeby, who was in the secret.

"What is't?" asked Hendry, drawing nearer.

"It's juist a bit of paper Jamie flung at me," said Jess, and then she unfolded it.

"It's a five-pound note!" cried Hendry.

"Na, na; oh, keep us no," said Jess; but she knew it was.

For a time she could not speak.

"I canna tak it, Jamie," she faltered at last.

But Jamie waved his hand, meaning that it was nothing; and then, lest he should burst, hurried out into the garden, where he walked up and down whistling. May God bless the lad, thought I. I do

not know the history of that five-pound note, but well aware I am that it grew slowly out of pence and silver, and that Jamie denied his passions many things for this great hour. His sacrifices watered his young heart and kept it fresh and tender. Let us no longer cheat our consciences by talking of filthy lucre. Money may always be a beautiful thing. It is we who make it grimy.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

CASTLES IN SPAIN

OF what do we moderns dream? What are our castles in Spain? This question crossed my mind in Seville cathedral, that stone fabric of man's greatest dream in the Ages to which we have been accustomed to apply the word "dark." Travellers in Spain who consult their guide-books may read: "On the eighth day of July, in the year 1401, the Dean and Chapter of Seville assembled in the Court of the Elms and solemnly resolved: 'Let us build us a church so great that those who come after us may think us mad to have attempted it!' The church took one hundred and fifty years to build."

And in that stupendously beautiful building, raised by five succeeding generations to the glory of themselves and their God, one could not help wondering wherein lay the superiority of ourselves, Children of Light, over those Sons of Darkness.

We too dream, no doubt — not always with a Freudian complex; and our dreams have results, such as the Great Dam at Assouan, the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, the Woolworth Building, the Forth Bridge, the Power Works at Niagara, the Panama Canal (which took one-tenth of the time the Sons of Darkness lavished on Seville cathedral). But all these things were dreamed and fabricated out for immediate material benefit. Modern engineers are often lovers of beauty, and men of imagination, but that does not touch the argument developed here. The old builders of pyramids and mosques and

churches, built for no physical advantage in this life. They carved and wrought and slowly lifted stone on stone for remote and, as they thought, spiritual ends. We moderns mine and forge and mason up our monuments to the immediate profit of our bodies. Incidentally they may give pleasure to the spirit of John Ruskin, but we did not exactly build them for that purpose. Have we raised anything really great in stone or brick for a mere idea since Christopher Wren built St. Paul's Cathedral?

Sons of Darkness and Children of Light both have worshipped a half-truth. The ancients built for to-morrow in another world; they forgot that all of us have a to-day in this. They spent riches and labour to save the souls of their hierarchy, but they kept their labourers so poor that they had no souls to save. They left astounding testimony to human genius and tenacity, but it never seems to have ruffled their consciousness that they purchased much of that ideal beauty with slavery, misery, and blood.

In place of those ideals — Art, and the future life of princes and prelates — we moderns pursue what we call Progress. All our stupendous achievements have this progressive notion at their back. Brooklyn Bridge may look beautiful in any light, and Sheffield chimney-stacks may look beautiful in the dark; but they were not put up for that reason, nor even because we thought we were thereby handing our Presidents or Prime Ministers the keys of Heaven. We worship Science, Industry, and Trade. We think that if we make the wheels go round fast enough, mankind is bound to rise on the wings of wealth. Look after the body, we say, and the spirit will look after itself. Whether we save a greater proportion of our bodies than the ancients did of souls, is a question; but no such trifling doubts shake our belief in Progress. Our modern castle in Spain is, in one word, "Production."

Most men and women have an instinctive love of beauty, and some natural pride in the work of their brains and

hands; but Machinery has divided us from the ancients, and quietly, gradually, shifted the central point of man's Philosophy. Before the industrial era set in, men used to make things by hand; they were in some sort artists, with at least the craftsman's pride in their work. Now they press buttons, turn wheels; don't make completed articles; work with monotony at the section of an article — so many hours of machine-driving a day, the total result of which is never a man's individual achievement. "Intelligent specialism," says the writer on Labour Policy, Doctor Harry Roberts, "is one thing. It consists in one man learning how to do one thing specially well. But the sort of specialising which consists in setting thousands of human beings during their whole working lives to such soul-destroying jobs as fixing the bristles into a hair-brush, pasting labels on jam-pots, or nearly any one of the varieties of machine-tending, is quite another thing. It is the utter negation of human nature." The tendency of modern "Production" is to centre a man's interest not in his working day, but outside of it — at least, in the lower ranks of industry. The old artificers drew in their culture, such as it was, from their work. In these days culture, such as it is, is grafted on to the workman in his leisure, as an antidote to wheel-driving. Hewers, delvers, drawers of water, never, perhaps, took pride in their work; and there are still many among us to whom their work is of absorbing interest. But, on the whole, the change has put pride of quantity above pride of quality. In old days the good thing was often naturally supplied; nowadays it is more often artificially demanded.

No one objects to Production sanely and coherently directed to fine purposes. But this Progress of ours, which is supposed to take care of our bodies, and of which Machinery is the mistress — does it progress? We used to have the manor-house with half-a-dozen hovels in its support. Now we have twenty miles of handsome residences, with a hundred and twenty miles of ugly back streets, reek-

ing with smoke and redolent of dullness, dirt, and discontent. The proportions are still unchanged and the purple patches of our great towns are too often as rouge on the cheeks and salve on the lips of a corpse. Is that Progress?

Real progress means levelling up and gradually extinguishing the disproportion between manor and hovel, residence and back street.

Let us fantastically conceive the Civic authorities of London on the eighth day of July, in the year 1921, solemnly resolving: "We will remake of London a city so beautiful and sweet to dwell in, that those who come after us shall think us mad to have attempted it." It might well take five generations to remake of London a stainless city of Portland stone, full of baths and flowers and singing birds — not in cages. We should want a procession of Civic authorities who steadily loved castles in Spain. For a Civic body only lives about four years, and cannot bind its successor. Have we even begun to realise the difficulty of real progress, in a democratic age? He who furnishes an antidote to the wasteful, shifting tendency of short immediate policies under a system of government by bodies elected for short terms, will be the greatest benefactor of the age. We have to find that antidote, or — discover Democracy to be fraudulent.

Again are we not unfortunate in letting Civic life be run by those who were born seeing two inches before their noses, and whose education, instead of increasing, has reduced those inches to one? It seems ungrateful to criticise the practical business man, whose stamina and energy make the more imaginative gasp. One owes him, in fact, so much, that one would like to owe him more. But does his vision as a rule extend beyond keeping pace with the present? And without vision — the people perish! The Age is so practical, that the word "visionary" has come to have a slighting significance. And yet, unless we incorporate beauty in our scheme of life to-day, and teach the love of beauty to our children, the life of

to-morrow and the children thereof must needs be as far from beauty as we are now. Is it not strange to set men to direct the education, housing, and amusements of their fellow-citizens if they have not a love of Beauty and some considerable knowledge of Art? And have not the present generation of business men — with notable exceptions — an indulgent contempt for Art and Beauty? Years ago the Headmaster of a Public School made use of these words: "I'm glad to see so many boys going in for Art; it is an excellent hobby to pass the time *when you have nothing better to do!*" He had been teaching *Greek* for half-a-century; and it was Greek to him that Art has been the greatest factor in raising mankind from its old savage state. The contemplation of beautiful visions, emotions, thoughts, and dreams, expressed beautifully in words, stone, metal, paint, and music, has slowly, generation by generation, uplifted man and mollified his taste for "long pig" (as the South Sea Islander calls his edible enemy). The uplifting part of religion is but the beautiful expression of exalted feeling. The rest of religion (including the ceremony of eating "long pig") is only superstition. Think of the thousand wars fought in the name of Superstition; the human sacrifices, the tortures of the Inquisitions; the persecutions, intolerances, and narrow cruelties perpetrated even to this day! The teachings of Buddha, of Christ, of St. Francis d'Assisi, were the expression of exalted feeling; simple, and touching the hearts of men, as all true beauty does. They have done an ennobling work, but they belong emphatically to the cult of Beauty.

Trade has been a mollifying factor, an elevator in the human hotel, only in so far as it opens up communications, and is the coach in which Art and Beauty ride; of itself — it has no elevating influence.

Beauty, alone, in the largest sense of the word — the yearning for it, the contemplation of it — has civilised mankind. And no human being ever contributed to that process who thought he had "some-

thing better to do." We don't take Beauty seriously. Immediate profit rules the roost in this Age of ours, and I leave it to the conscience of the Age to decide whether that is good. For every Age has a conscience; though it never comes to life till the Age is on its deathbed.

The fault of all Ages has been this: The knowledge and the love of Beauty has been kept as a preserve for the few, the possession of a caste or clique. No great proportion of us are capable of creating or expressing Beauty; but an immensely greater proportion of us are capable of appreciating it than have ever been given the chance of so doing. It should be our Castle in Spain to clear our Age of that defect, and put Beauty within the reach of all.

Machinery has come to stay.

It may be true that engineers, authors, stonemasons, artists, and many others still love Beauty and take pride in their work. But what about the great majority — the label-pasters, the wheel-drivers, the stokers, the clerks, the shop-girls, the bristle-fixers, all the other slaves of modern machinery? For all such we must rely on grafted culture: in other words, on education, rousing and fostering in the young that instinct for Beauty which is in nearly all of us. We have exceptional facilities nowadays. Besides teaching cooking and the fine art of being clean, we can bring an inkling of the other fine Arts, architecture, literature, painting, music of past and present, to children even in the humblest schools; teach children to appreciate the beauty of Nature, and give them some idea of taste. Revolution or evolution, both are vain unless they mean demand for greater dignity of human life. What use in B. despoiling A., if B. is going to use his spoils no better, probably worse, than A.?

The word Beauty is not here used in any precious sense. Its precious definitions are without number, or — value to speak of. It is here used to mean everything which promotes the true dignity of human life. For instance: To be "a good sportsman" a man shuns that which

lowers his dignity, dims his idea of his own quality; and his conception of his own quality derives obscurely from his sense of Beauty. The dignity of human life demands, in fact, not only such desirable embroideries as pleasant sound, fine form, and lovely colour; but health, strength, cleanliness, balance, joy in living, just conduct and kind conduct. A man who truly loves Beauty hates to think that he enjoys it at the expense of starved and stunted human beings or suffering animals. Mere æstheticism can be cruel or pettifogging; but such is not the beauty which gleams on the heights in the sunrise — not our Castle in Spain.

Sentiment apart, the ideal of Beauty is the best investment modern man can make; for nothing else — certainly not Trade — will keep him from extirpating the human species. Science in the hands of engineers and chemists has developed destructive powers, which increase a hundredfold with each decade, while the reproductive powers and inclination of the human being do not vary. Nothing in the world but the love of Beauty in its broad sense stands between Man and the full and reckless exercise of his competitive appetites. The Great War was a little war compared with that which, through the development of scientific destruction, might be waged next time. There is sheer necessity for investments in the ideal of Beauty. No other security will give us interest on our money, and our money back. Unbalanced Trade, Science, Industry, give, indeed, a high monetary rate of interest, but only till the crash comes again and the world goes even more bankrupt than it is at present. The professor who has invented a rocket which will go to the moon and find out all about it (though whether it is to be boomerang enough to come back with the story, we are not told), that Professor would have done more real good if he had taught a school full of children to see the beauty of — Moonshine.

The next war will be fought from the air, and from under the sea, with explosives, gas, and the germs of disease, dis-

tributed by wireless. It may be over before it is declared. This is no exaggeration. The final war necessary for the complete extirpation of mankind, will be fought with radium or atomic energy; and we shall have no need to examine the moon, for the earth will be as lifeless. This possibly is an exaggeration.

But it is sentiment, which really makes the wheels go round; for not even "big business" rules our instincts and passions, and the question for modern man is: What shall he be sentimental about? Which is the fairer Castle in Spain — Quantity or Quality — blind production, or a definite new ideal, call it what you will, Beauty, Quality, or the Dignity of Human Life. What ideals have we at present? Happiness in a future life? If there be a future life for the individual, shall we find it repaying if we have not longed for and served Quality in this: not had that kind and free and generous philosophy which belongs to the cult of Beauty, and alone gives peace of mind? The pursuit of Beauty includes whatever may be true in the ideal of Happiness in a future life; and all that is good in the other current ideal — Wealth or comfort in this life, for it demands physical health and well-being, sane minds in sane bodies, which depend on a sufficiency of material comfort. The rest of the ideal of Wealth is mere Fat, sagging beyond the point of Balance. Modern civilisation offers us, in fact, a compound between "Happiness in a future life" and "Material comfort in this," lip-serving the first, and stomach serving the second. You get the keys of Heaven from your Bank, but not unless you have a good balance. Modern civilisation, on the whole, is camouflaged commercialism, wherein to do things well for the joy of doing them well, is eccentricity. We even commercialise salvation — for so much virtue, so much salvation! Quid pro quo!

To give the devil its due, ours is the best Age men ever lived in; we are all more comfortable and virtuous than we ever were; we have many new accomplishments, advertisements in green pas-

tures, telephones in bedrooms, more newspapers than we want to read, and extremely punctilious diagnosis of maladies. A doctor examined a young lady the other day, and among his notes were these: "Not afraid of small rooms, ghosts, or thunderstorms; not made drunk by hearing Wagner; brown hair, artistic hands; had a craving for chocolate in 1918." The Age is most thorough and accomplished, but with a kind of deadly practicality. All for to-day, nothing for tomorrow! The future will never think us mad for attempting what we do attempt; we build no Seville cathedrals. We never get ahead of time. We have just let slip a chance to revitalise country life. At demobilisation we might have put hundreds of thousands on land, which needs them so very badly. And we have put in all not so many as the war took off the land. Life on the land means hard work and few cinemas; but it also means hearty stock for the next generation, and the power of feeding ourselves on an island which the next war might completely isolate. A nation concerned only with its present is like the man who was fishing and, feeling sleepy, propped his rod up on the bank with the line in the water. A wag spied him sleeping, took the rod, waded across the river, propped up the rod on the opposite bank, and lay down behind a hedge to watch for the awakening. Such is the awakening in store for nations which enjoy their present, and forget their future.

The pursuit of Beauty as a national ideal, the building of that castle in Spain, required long and patient labour and steadfastness of ideal before we can begin to see rise a really fair edifice of human life upon this earth.

All literary men can tell people what they ought not to be; that is — literature. But to tell them what they ought to do is — politics, of which no literary man is guilty; for politics and literature afford the only instance known in virtuous countries — of divorce by mutual consent. It would be sheer impertinence for a literary man to suggest anything practical!

But let him, at least, make a few affirmations. He believes that modern man is a little further from being a mere animal than the men of the Dark Ages, however great the Castle in Spain those men left for us to look upon; but he is sure that we are in far greater danger than ever they were of a swift decline. From that decline he is convinced that only the love and cult of Beauty will save us!

By the love and cult of Beauty he means a great deal; *A higher and wider conception of the dignity of human life*; the teaching of what Beauty is, to all — not merely to the few; the cultivation of goodwill, so that we wish and work and dream that not only ourselves but everybody may be healthy and happy; and, above all, the fostering of the habit of doing things and making things well, for the joy of the work and the pleasure of achievement, rather than for the gain they will bring us. With these as the rules, instead of, as now, the riders, the wheels of an insensate scientific industrialism, whose one idea is to make money and get ahead of other people, careless of direction towards heaven or hell, might conceivably be spoked. Our Age lacks an Ideal, expressed with sufficient concreteness to be like a vision, beckoning. In these unsuperstitious days no other ideal seems worthy of us, or, indeed, possible to us, save Beauty — or call it if you will, the Dignity of Human Life.

Writers sometimes urge the need for more spiritual beauty in our lives; but it is unfortunate to talk of spiritual beauty. We must be able to smell, and see, hear, feel, and taste our Ideal as well; must know by plain evidence that it is lifting human life, the heritage of all, not merely of the refined and leisured among us. The body and soul are one for the purpose of all real evolution, and regrettable is any term which suggests a divorce between them. The Dignity of Human Life is an unmistakable and comprehensive phrase. Offence against that Ideal is the modern Satan. And the only way in which each one can say "Retro, Satan," is to leave his or her tiny corner

of the universe a little more dignified, lovely and lovable than he or she found it.

The world's general mood at the moment is disillusionment and spite—a world so cross-eyed that when it weeps out of one eye the tear runs down the other cheek. It is difficult, no doubt, to be in love with a lady like that, and hard in these days not to be a cynic. Latest opinion—unless there is a later—assigns eight or ten thousand years as the time during which what we know as civilisation has been at work. But ten thousand years is a considerable period of mollification, and one had rashly hoped that mankind was not to be so speedily stampeded; that traditions of gentleness, fair play, chivalry, had more strength among Western peoples than they have been proved to have since 1914; that mob feeling might have been less, instead of, as it seems, more potent. And yet, alongside of stupidity, savagery, greed and mob violence, run an amazing individual patience, good humour, endurance, and heroism, which save man from turning his back on himself and the world, with the words: "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all life is there!" Fear, after all, is at the back of nearly all savagery; and man must infallibly succumb to the infections of Fear if there be not present in him that potent antidote—the sense of Human Dignity, which is but a love of and a belief in Beauty. What applies to the individual applies to the civilisation of which he forms a part. Our civilisation, if it is to endure, must have an Ideal, a Star on which to fix its eyes—something distant and magnetic to draw it on, something to strive towards, beyond the trou-

bled and shifting needs and passions and prejudices of the moment. Those who wish to raise the Dignity of Human Life, should try to give civilisation that ideal, to equip the world with the only vision which can save it from spite and the crazy competitions which lead thereto. The past seven years have been the result of the past seven hundred years. The war was no spasmodic visitation, but the culmination of age-long competitions. The past seven years have devoured many millions of grown men, more millions of little children—prevented their birth, killed them, or withered them for life. If modern individuals and modern nations pursue again these crazy competitions, without regard for Beauty or the Dignity of Human Life, we shall live to see ten millions perish for every million perished in this war. We shall live to curse the day, when, at the end of so great a lesson, we were too practical and business-like to take it to heart.

We must look things in the face. Ideals should be grounded in reality; and it is no use blinking the general nature of man, or thinking that Rome can be built in a day. But with all our prejudices and passions, and all our "business instinct," we have also the instinct for Beauty, and a sense of what is dignified. On that we must build, if we wish to leave to those who come after us the foundations of a Castle in Spain such as the world has not yet seen; to leave our successors in mood and heart to continue our work, so that one hundred and fifty years, perhaps, from now, human life may really be dignified and beautiful, not just a breathless, grudging, visionless scramble from birth to death, of a night with no star out.

GLOSSARY AND NOTES

abeigh, shy.

Abimelech, see *Genesis* xx.

Abner, captain of Saul's army.

abone, aboon, above.

abrayde, started.

Abt Vogler, George Joseph Vogler (1749-1814).

German organist and composer.

abuseth, deceives.

achat, purchasing.

achalours, caterers.

admiral, the commander's ship.

admire, wonder.

adscititious, accidental.

advised, careful, prudent.

ae, one.

Æs Triplex, triple brass.

affyle, file smooth.

aft, often.

agayne, in return.

Agincourt, the great victory over the French gained by Henry V, October 25, 1415.

agley, amiss.

Agravaine, knight of the Round Table named L'Orgueilleux (the Proud).

airns, irons.

airts, ways.

Albertus Magnus (1193-1280), German Dominican friar, wrote on nature and philosophy.

Albyn's, Scotland's.

alderbest, best of all.

ale-stake, horizontal support for garland in front of ale house.

algate, always, in every way.

Algezir, Algeciras in Spain taken from the Moorish King of Granada, 1344.

Alisaundre, Alexandria, captured by King of Cyprus, 1365.

allegeance, alleviation.

aller, of all.

Alpheus, lover of Arethusa.

alquazils, officers of justice.

Altama, the Altamaha, river in Georgia.

Amaryllis, imaginary shepherdess.

amblere, an easy-gaited horse.

amerce, punish by an assessment, exaction, or deprivation.

a-moral, un-moral.

amor immunditiæ, love of filth.

Amor vincit omnia, love conquereth all things. Vergil, *Eclogues*, x, 69.

amorphous, formless.

an accidence, primer containing rudiments of grammar.

Angelico, Brother, Fra Angelico (1387-1455), an artist whose work is for the most part ascetic in spirit.

anlas, dagger.

anon, straightway.

Antæus-like, Antæus was a wrestler, invincible while in contact with earth. Hercules lifted him into the air and then crushed him.

Antinomians, those who held to the doctrine that Christians are freed from obligation to keep the law of God.

Anubis, guardian of tombs and conductor of the dead, represented as having the head of a dog.

apyked, cleaned, trimmed.

Arcadian and *Euphuized*, ladies who talk in the affected manner of the characters in Sidney's *Arcadia* and Lyly's *Euphues*.

arcana, mysteries.

architectonics, the underlying structural elements of material things or of a system of ideas.

Arethuse, invoked because the nymph of this fountain was the muse of pastoral poetry.

aryve, debarkation of troops. Better reading here is *armee*, military expedition.

Astartoth, chief female deity of the Phœnicians, goddess of love.

aspices, asps.

assoile, absolve.

astert, come suddenly upon.

astronomye, astrology. The physician watched for the appearance of planets favorable to the patient, at which times he administered remedies or made little images or tokens which were supposed to assist in the cure.

atheling, nobleman, prince.

Austin, St. Augustine, bishop of Hippo.

auto da fe, "act of faith," name given to execution during Spanish Inquisition.

aventure, chance.

Averil, April.

Baäl'm, sun-god of the Syrians and Phœnicians.

Babylonian woe. Protestants identified the Church of Rome with the mystical Babylon, described in *Revelation* xvii and xviii.

bachelor, aspirant to knighthood.

baith, both.

Baia's bay, *Baia*, a famous watering-place near Naples.

bairn, child.

Balaclava, in the Crimea, scene of Tennyson's, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

balys, misfortunes.

- Barnaby*, reference to June 11, St. Barnabas Day.
barne, warrior.
barrow, burial mound.
basniles, helmets.
Bassarid, a Thracian bacchanal.
bastone, bastinado, cudgeling.
battining, fattening.
bawdrik, transverse belt.
beads, prayers.
bear, barley.
beast, breath of the great, approved of the common people.
bee, by, to.
beer, bore.
beets, kindles.
beggestere, beggar-woman.
beld, bald.
bellibone, beauty.
Belmarye, Moorish kingdom in Africa.
Bellane, May-day.
belvedere, elevated summer-house.
belyve, soon.
bemes, trumpets.
ben, in, within.
Beneit, St., Benedict, sixth century, founder of Benedictine order of monks.
benison, blessing.
bent, field.
bet, better.
bete, relieve.
bickerin, harrying.
bide, endure.
big, build.
biknewe, acknowledge.
bilbos, swords from Bilboa.
billies, shopmen.
Bion, Sicilian pastoral poet of Alexandrian period.
bird, maiden, damsel.
birk, birch.
birkie, young chap.
bismotered, soiled.
bissone, seemingly some sort of military formation.
bit, biddeth, commands.
blane, hesitated.
blankmanger, creamed capon.
blate, shy.
bleer't, bleared.
bleeze, blaze.
blellum, prattler.
blent, blended.
bliss, foaming ale.
blue-peter, a signal flag of blue with a white center.
boddle, penny.
Boece, Boethius.
bogles, bogies.
bonnes gens, good people.
Booth, Mr. and Mrs., characters in Fielding's *Amelia*.
bord bigonne, had sat at the head of the table at a ceremonial banquet.
bore, opening.
borrow, ransom, pledge.
bote, remedy.
bouw, bower, particularly the women's quarters, as distinguished from the hall.
Bow, The, Bow Street, Edinburgh.
bos'y, bows.
bracer, leather protection for the arm.
Bradwardyne, a fourteenth century schoolman.
braes, hillsides.
Brahmins, member of the highest caste in the society of India.
braid, broad.
brand, sword.
brast, broke, burst.
brattle, chatter.
brave, notably.
braw, fine.
brawlie, well.
bream, bream, a fish.
brent, new, brand-new, smooth.
bret-ful, brim-ful.
brig, bridge.
brither, brother.
brouke, enjoy, make use of.
Brayham, Fred, a character in Thackeray's *The Newcomes*.
brytlynge, butchering.
bulic, bolt.
bunker, bench.
burdoun, bass.
burn, brook.
burned, burnished.
Burnell the Asse, hero of a Latin satirical poem by Nigel Wireker, twelfth century.
burnie, shirt or corselet of ringed mail.
bush, a bush was a conventional tavern sign.
bushes, masses of artificial hair.
but, without.
byckarte, bickered, attacked, hunted.
byke, hive.
byre, cow-shed.
ca, drive.
ca'd, shod.
cairn, rock-pile.
cake, loaf of bread.
Cama, Hindu god of love.
Cameldolese, monks of Cameldoli.
Cambyses, character proverbial for magnificence.
Camelot, legendary site of King Arthur's court.
Camilla, virgin warrior, queen of Volscians in Vergil's *Aeneid*.
Camus, tutelary genius of the Cam, the river which flows through Cambridge.
can, know.
cannie, guilt.
cantie, happy.
cantle, slice.
cantraip, magical.
cappe, set hir aller, pulled the wool over the eyes of all of them.
carcanets, necklaces.
carf, carved.
carke, care.
carl, fellow.
carlin, carline, old woman.
carman, carter or carrier.
carpe, discourse, prate about.

Castel franco, the painter, Giorgione of Castel-franco (1478-1510).
catel, property.
Caloun, Cato, reputed author of a volume of wise sayings.
caul-visarded, masked as in a net.
cauls, nets for the hair.
Caxon, slang term for wig.
ceint, belt.
celle, a subordinate branch of a great religious house.
certainties, assured investments.
ceruce, a cosmetic.
chair, sedan-chair.
channerin, complaining.
chapman, merchant.
chase, bow guns.
chaunterie, chantry, endowment for masses.
Chepe, Cheapside in London.
chere, fashion, manners.
chevisaunce, an old name of some flower, not identified; loans.
chirurgion, surgeon.
chivachye, cavalry raid.
Christophre, image of St. Christopher worn as an amulet.
chromatic, proceeding by semitones.
Claus of Innsbruck, an imaginary sculptor.
claw, scratch.
cleekit, clutched.
cleped, called.
clinqant, glittering.
cockatrice, strumpet.
coft, bought.
cog, bowl.
colera, cholera, bile.
col-fox, black fox.
colpons, small portions.
comings-in, advantages.
Commander's statue, allusion to the Don Juan legend, in which the hero invites the statue which has been erected over his murdered victim to dine with him. The stone guest appears and delivers the hero over to hell.
con amore, with delight.
conceit, fantastic expression.
Conecte, Carmelite friar, burned in 1434.
congee, a low bow.
conies, rabbits.
consistories, courts.
contek, strife.
coo, cow.
coost, tossed.
cop, top.
cope, short cape.
corage, heart.
core, company.
correi, a hollow recess in a mountain.
Corydon, M. Arnold's *Thyrsis*, Corydon stands for the poet himself.
Cosmus, Duke Cosimo de Medici of Tuscany (d. 1574), a noble of vast wealth and power, and a patron of the arts.
coud, knew.
counter, amongst the poultry, the counter was a

debtor's prison, one of which was located in the street called Poultry, after the poultry-market.
countour, auditor of accounts.
countrefete, imitate.
courtepy, short coat.
coulhe, could; knew, known.
couthie, familiar, kind, agreeable.
Coventry, sent to, ostracized, because during the Civil War Royalists were imprisoned in the town of Coventry.
coverchief, kerchief, head covering.
covyne, trick, deceit.
coy, quiet.
Crab, one of the signs of the zodiac.
cracknells, thin hard-baked biscuits.
cracks, talks.
creeshie, greasy.
croppes, topmost twigs.
cropt full fealeously, cut very carefully.
croud, violin.
crouse, cheerful.
crulle, curled.
cuckoo-buds, buttercups.
cullisse, strong broths.
cumber, trouble, perplexity.
cure, care.
cursen, excommunicate.
cuif, fool.
Cybele, daughter of Uranus.
Cytherea's zone, Venus's girdle.
daimen, occasional.
Damaetas, some fellow or tutor of a college.
daunger, control, jurisdiction.
daungerous, stand-offish, difficult of access.
dawcock, simpleton, i.e., male jackdaw.
dear, intimate.
deave, deafen.
decretals, decrees of the popes, determining ecclesiastical law.
dee, do.
deed, dead.
delivere, active.
demi-culverings, small long-barreled cannons.
Derby, the annual horse race, a holiday in England, named after the Earl of Derby.
despilous, scornful, without pity.
Deva, the Dee, ancient boundary between England and Wales.
deye, dairy-maid.
dight, dress.
digne, worthy, haughty.
dine, noon.
ding, strike.
dirt, shake.
dischevele, with hair loose.
disport, good humor.
domes, judgments, decrees.
done, down.
dossal, tapestry hangings.
douanier, custom-house officer.
douce, sedate, quiet.
Downing-Street, in London where government offices are located.

- Dragon*, Satan.
dre, or *dree*, hold out, endure.
drecched, oppressed, troubled.
dreynt, drowned.
droghie, drought.
droukil, wetted.
drooped, droop, fall short of the mark.
drouthy, thirsty.
drumlie, muddy.
Dryad, tree nymph.
Duck Lane, where old and second hand books were sold.
duddies, clothes.
dule, boundary.
dule tree, a tree used as a gallows.
Duniewassals, Highland gentlemen of somewhat inferior rank.
Duval, Madame, character in Frances Burney's *Evelina*.
Dyflen, Dublin, in the tenth century under the sway of Scandinavian kings.
dyke, dig ditches.

eek, also.
een, eyes.
Eight, the, the Florentine magistrates.
eldritch, unearthly.
elucescebat, pure Latin equivalent would be *elucebat*, he shone.
embrace, decorate.
embusk, raise by means of a busk or corset.
emphyteusis, lease of lands and tenements.
encania, a dedicatory festival.
endyte, compose verses, draw up documents.
engaged, secured.
en goguette, in good humor.
engyned, tortured.
entrayled, woven.
envyned, well stocked with wine.
epigrammed, write a satirical upon.
Esculapuis, this and the names that follow represent the chief medical authorities of Chaucer's day.
escutcheons, funeral tablets bearing names of deceased person.
esed, accommodated, entertained.
estallich, dignified.
esto perpetua, be eternal.
estrich, ostrich.
ettle, intent.
Eugène de Rastignac, a character in Balzac's *Père Goriot* and other tales.
even hand, of, giving deliberate study to expenditure.
evene lengthe, medium height.
externe accidente, public affairs.
ey, egg.
eydent, diligent.

fa, cannot claim that.
factors, agents.
fairin, reward.
falding, coarse cloth.
faren, gone.
farsed, stuffed.

fashes, troubles.
fayne, imagine.
fell, strong.
fellon, malevolent.
fen, shift.
ferne, distant.
ferre, farther.
ferthing, a fourth part; a bit.
fet, fetched.
fetis, neat.
fetisly, skilfully.
fey, doomed, distracted.
fidget, fidgeted.
fient, devil.
fiere, comrade.
fit, foot; canto, division of the narrative.
fithle, fiddle.
flamins, priests.
flannen, flannel.
flasket, basket.
fleeched, made.
Fleet Street, chief business street of old London.
flounder-catchers, boatmen.
Flowre Delice, fleur-de-lis.
floytinge, whistling.
flying, bickering, contending.
foggage, coarse grass.
folding-star, the star which marked the time of putting the sheep into the fold.
fond, provided for.
fontanges, kind of headdress.
forgalther, associate.
forneys, fire.
fors, do no, pay no attention to.
for-sleuthen, waste in sloth.
forster, forester.
forward, agreement.
fother, cart-load.
fou, full.
Fra Lippo Lippi (1412-1468). Florentine painter who broke away from the traditional painting and did realistic work.
frankeleyn, a well-to-do farmer.
Fra Pandolf, an imaginary painter.
free, generous.
freedom, liberality, generosity.
fret, sea passage, straits.
freyke, warrior.
fuliginous, sooty.
Fungoso, character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*.
fustian, coarse cloth.
fyke, fury.

gab, mouth.
gabbe, boast, talk idly.
gages, pledges, challenges.
galingale, a spice.
gallery-commoner, one who holds a gallery seat.
galley, service on a galley.
galliard, a spirited dance.
game, jest, merriment; *gamed*, gave pleasure.
gar, make; *garde*, made; *gart*, made.
gargat, throat.
Garraway's, famous coffee-house in Steele's day.

gars, makes.

gasconade, boasting, because the Gascons are proverbial boasters.

Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours (1489-1512), a nephew of Louis XII of France, known as "The Thunderbolt of Italy."

gate, go home.

gat-toothed, with teeth set wide apart.

gauded, the larger beads of the rosary were the gawdies.

Gaufred, Geoffrey de Vinsauf, author of a treatise on poetry, early thirteenth century.

generous, spirited, mettlesome.

Genilon, the betrayer of Roland at Roncevaux.

gentlemen-ushers, gentlemen acting as attendants to persons of superior rank.

Gernade, Granada.

gerner, garner, store house.

Gesner, Swiss naturalist (1516-1565), who wrote a book on animals, in which he aimed to describe every known fish, animal, and bird.

Gideon, see *Judges* VI to IX.

gins, mechanical contrivances.

Giotto (1266-1337), the first great painter of Italy.

gipoun, vest, doublet.

gipser, pouch.

girder, satirical critic.

girlies, young people of both sexes.

giudecca, a canal in Venice.

glede, coal of fire.

glee-wood, harp.

glent, darted.

glode, glided.

goliardeys, ribald jester.

Gootland, an island in the Baltic, an important trading center.

gorget, throat armor.

Goulbourn, Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer (1828-1830).

gowans, daisies.

gowd, gold.

grayne, dye.

gree, prize.

green-gown, dress stained with green of the grass.

greet, weep.

grevis, groves.

grope, test.

groundling, one who stands in the pit of the theatre.

Grub Street, where hack writers lived.

grys, gray fur.

gryte, great.

Guelf, coin bearing the Papal stamp.

guerdon, reward.

Guidi, the painter Massacio (1401-1429), nicknamed Hulking Tom.

gull, an ignorant boor who poses as a gallant.

gully, a large knife.

habergeoun, a short hauberk or coat of mail.

ha'-bible, hall-Bible.

haffets, locks.

haffins, partly.

hale, health.

hallan, partition.

halwes, saints, and by implication, their shrines.

halyde, drew.

Hammon, Ammon, the Sun-God of the Egyptians.

Hamor and Shechem. See *Genesis* xxxiv.

Hampden, John (?1594-1643), opponent of Charles I, who refused to pay ship money exacted by the King.

harlot, fellow.

harn, linen.

harneised, equipped.

harpsicon, harpsichord.

harre, hinge.

haste-thee-Luke, Luca-fa-presto, the nickname given the painter Luca Giordano (1632-1705) because his father was always driving him.

hauberk, long coat of mail.

haunt, skill, practice.

haulboys, oboes.

hawkie, cow.

he, high.

heal, hail.

heled, concealed.

heng, hung.

hent, get, take.

Herald of the Sea, Triton, the trumpeter of the sea.

herberwe, harbor, inn.

herbergage, lodging.

hight, *highte*, called; I hight, promise.

hinde, courteous.

Hippocrene, fountain of the Muses.

Hippotades, Aeolus, the god of the winds, son of Hippotes.

hodden-gray, homespun gray.

holpen, helped.

holt, wood.

holwe, hollow.

honest, becoming, suitable.

hooded, blinded.

hornbook, primer.

hortatives, exhortations.

hostiler, inn-keeper.

holched, squirmed.

houlets, owls.

houres, Horae, the goddesses of the seasons and of day and night.

humorous, subject to moods.

humour, one of the four constituent moistures of the body: blood, phlegm, bile, and black bile.

hurdies, hips.

Hymen, the god of marriage.

hyne, *hind*, servant.

icker, ear.

icumen, come.

ilk, *ilka*, *ilke*, each, every, same.

incunabula, cradle.

ineffable name, the name of the Deity.

infere, together, altogether.

ingle, fireside.

inn-o'-court, The Inns of Court are the buildings belonging to the legal societies which have the right of admitting persons to practice at the bar. They include the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

inspicere in patinas, look into your saucepans.
intenerating and dulcifying, making tender and sweet.

Ionian father, Homer.

Isis, the Egyptian goddess of fertility.

iterance, repetition.

ivy-tod, ivy bush.

Jack Straw, one of the leaders in the Peasant's Revolt, 1381.

Jacobite, a follower of James II, after his abdication in 1688; also a believer in the divine right of Kings, as opposed to constitutional government.

jad, jade.

Jael, see *Judges* IV and V.

jangler, a loud talker.

jangleth, chatters.

jank, daily.

jeet, jet.

jerboa, a small rodent.

jet, fashion.

jo, sweetheart.

joggings, notched edges.

John of Douay (1524-1608), a sculptor.

Julian, St., the patron of inn-keepers.

Jus divinum, divine right (of kings).

keep, care, heed.

kems, combs.

kibbuck, cheese.

kibed, chilblained.

keel, cool by stirring.

Kepler, Johannes (1571-1630), a German astronomer; formulated Kepler's laws, relative to the motions of planets.

kissing crust, part of the crust of a loaf when it has touched another.

knap, snap.

knarre, fellow.

knight of the shire, member of Parliament.

kye, cows.

kyn, kine, cows.

kynde, nature.

laas, lace, cord.

lady, lady's.

laith, loath.

laithful, bashful.

Lake Leman, Lake Geneva.

La Mancha, character in *Don Quixote*.

lane, alone.

lanthorn, lantern of a ship.

lapis-lazuli, a blue semi-precious stone.

Lars and Lemures, family gods and hobgoblins.

late, let.

Latmian shepherd, Endymion.

latoun, a composition metal.

lauch, laugh.

lauriol, this and the herbs mentioned in the following lines were widely used as remedies.

lave, rest.

lazar, leper.

leed, cauldron.

lemes, flames.

lemman, lover.

lene, lend.

lenger, longer.

lentisk, an evergreen tree, otherwise known as the mastic.

lese, lose.

lese-respectability, impaired respectability.

lest, desire, pleasure.

let, stop, hinder, prevent.

Lettow, Lithuania.

letuaries, medicine syrups.

le vainqueur, the conqueror of the world.

leve, tarry.

levere, liefer, rather.

lewed, lay, as opposed to clerical; uneducated; ignorant.

liberties, within the limits of the city itself.

Lido's graves, the Jewish graves in Venice were beside the Lido.

lief, love.

limitour, a begging friar assigned to a certain district.

lin, cease.

linden-wood, shield.

linket, rushed.

linn, waterfall.

lint, flax.

lipsed, lisped.

litorge, white lead.

Lizzie, hussy.

Lobbin, commonly thought to be the great Earl of Leicester.

lodemenage, pilotage.

logge, lodge, coop.

londe, the country.

longeth, belongs to, befits.

loot, let.

lord's room, choice box or gallery section near the stage.

lorn, lost.

lory, parrot.

losengeour, flatterer.

love-days, days set apart by the church for settling disputes out of court.

lowpin, leaping.

Loy, St., St. Eligius, the patron of goldsmiths.

luce, pike, a fish.

lust, pleasure, delight.

lyart, gray.

Lydian, effeminate, in reference to the culture of ancient Lydia in Asia Minor.

Lyeyes, a town in Armenia.

lyra, lyre.

lyte, little, small.

Macrobeus, author of a commentary on Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*.

Maenad, priestess of Bacchus.

Maevius, an inferior Roman poet, enemy of Vergil and Horace.

magger, maugre, in spite of.

maistrye, excellence, superiority.

male, boy.

male-sapphires, very precious sapphires.

- maltworm*, drunkard.
mancus, thirty pence.
Manes, the spirits of the dead.
Mantuan Muse, Vergil.
March-parti, borderlands.
marrow, mate; one of a pair.
Martinmas, November 11th.
mase, bewilderment.
mastic, gum.
maugre, *maugree*, in spite of.
maun, must.
maunciple, steward.
Maur, *St.*, a disciple of St. Benedict.
mavis, song-thrush.
may, flower of hawthorn.
Mayfair, a fashionable quarter of London.
meany, crowd, company.
medlee, of mixed color.
meikle, big.
melder, grinding.
Memnon, a colossal statue near Thebes, which was supposed to give forth a musical sound at daybreak.
Mercator, a distinguished Flemish mathematician and geographer (1512-1594).
mere, lake.
merye, pleasant.
meschief, misfortune.
mette, dreamed.
mewe, cage, coop.
mews, hootings.
meynee, company, following.
micning mallecho, monching (*i. e.*, skulking) mischief. See *Hamlet* III, sc. ii, 148.
Midas-eared. When Midas, a Phrygian king, decided a musical contest between Apollo and Pan in favor of Pan, Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.
Middleburgh, a Dutch port.
minnie, mother.
mirk, dark.
mister, trade, craft.
mo, more.
Moloch, a Phœnician god to whom human sacrifices were offered.
Mona, Anglesey, an island off the coast of Wales, a traditional abode of the Druids.
Montanus, *Regio*, *his fly*. John de Monte Regio made a wooden eagle that, when the emperor was entering Nuremberg, flew to meet him and hovered over his head. He also made an iron fly that, when at dinner, he was able to make start from under his hand and fly around the table.
Monument, Sir Christopher Wren's monument in St. Paul's bears the inscription: *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice* (If you seek his monument, look around you).
monumentum aere perennius, monument more lasting than brass.
moot, may.
moral, moral philosophy.
normal, a sore.
mort, notes sounded when the deer is slain.
mortreux, thick soups.
Moses' rod. See *Exodus* IV.
mottelee, motley or parti-colored dress.
mou, mouth.
Mulla, an island off the coast of Scotland.
mundus edibilis, world of edibles.
mutchatoes, mustaches.
myllan, Milan steel.
myneyeple, gauntlet.
naig, nag.
na-mo, no more.
nappy, ale.
narrette, not ascribe, not impute.
nas, *ne was*, was not.
Neaera, imaginary shepherdess.
neet, cattle.
nescience, the state of not knowing.
ness, headland, promontory.
never a dele, not a bit.
nice, fastidious.
nightertale, night time.
nigritude, blackness.
nocked, notched.
noness, *for the*, for the occasion.
noo, now.
noot, *ne wot*, does not know.
norice, nurse.
Northcote, James (1748-1831), an artist and writer.
northern morn, Aurora borealis.
nose thirles, nostrils.
not-heed, cropped head.
nouthe, now.
Novalis, pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772-1801), a German poet.
nyce, foolish.
oaten stop, anything played upon the shepherd's oat or pipe.
offering, presentation of alms at the altar.
olive-frail, wicker basket for gathering olives.
o, one.
oozy, miry.
Orewelle, the port of Harwich.
orlogge, clock.
Orpheus, the musician, son of Calliope.
Orus, *Horus*, the sun-god of Egypt, son of Isis and Osiris.
Osiris, Egyptian god of light, heat, and agriculture, and husband of Isis.
ounces, small portions.
outher, or.
ouzell, blackbird.
over-al, everywhere.
oware off none, hour of noon.
Owen's Labour bank. In 1832, Robert Owen, the reformer and socialist, established an Equitable Labour Exchange.
owher, anywhere.
owre, over; also *for*, *ere*, before.
pace, proceed, surpass.
packthread, strong twine used for doing up packages.
paddocks, toads.

Palatye, a Christian lordship in Asia Minor.

palmer, a professional pilgrim, originally one who had brought home a palm-branch from the Holy Land.

Pan, Christ, thus identified with the classical god of the shepherds.

Panope, a sea nymph.

Paradin, a French historian of England.

pardoner, a seller of indulgences.

parrich, porridge.

parvys, the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral.

pasticcio, patch-work.

patle, plough staff.

pavnce, pansy.

Peebles, county seat of Peeblesshire, seat of the ancient Scottish Kings.

peire, set.

Pelion upon Ossa, mountains in Thebes.

Peor, Baal Peor, the form of Baal worshipped at Mount Peor, a mountain of Moab.

pers, bluish black.

Persian-lock, tuft of hair.

person, parson.

pestered, crowded.

petáh, potato.

Petraja, a suburb of Florence.

peyned, exerted, made an effort.

piibroch, wild, martial music played on the bagpipe.

Pierian spring, sacred well of the Muses.

Pierre, principal character in Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

pilchards, a kind of fish.

pile which the mighty shadow makes, a ducal palace in the Via Larga, Florence, now known as the Riccardi palace, — not to be confused with the old Riccardi palace. This pile was the abode of the Medici, who had stolen away the liberties of Florence, the crime which the shadow of the palace symbolized.

piled, plucked, thin.

pill, pillage.

Pilot of the Galilean Lake, St. Peter, the chief shepherd of those to whom Christ had entrusted his flock.

pilwe-beer, pillow-case.

pinch, object to, find fault with.

pinched, pleated; *pinches*, pleatings.

pinning, fastening the hair with fancy pins.

pint stoup, pint-cup.

pitaunce, gift of alms.

plangent, resounding.

plauditus, applause.

play-wood, harp.

Plugson. Carlyle introduces the firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company as a typical commercial house.

Pluto, the god of the lower world, who had for consort, Proserpine. As Proserpine was the daughter of Demeter or Ceres, the goddess of the grain, she retains a reminiscence thereof in the flowers which sometimes decorate her head. Proserpine, moved with pity, gave Orpheus, the musician, an opportunity to lure back from Hades, his wife, Eurydice.

pococurantism, boredom, apathy; so called from

Pococurante, a character in Voltaire's *Candide*.

pocones, red dyes from blood-root (puccoon).

points, pupils.

pomely, dappled.

poortith, poverty.

poplexye, apoplexy.

poraille, poor people.

port, bearing, behavior.

potter's wheel, see *Isaiah* LXIV, 8.

poudre-marchant, a sharp (tart) flavoring.

Pouke, Puck.

poultry, see *counter*.

pouncing, powdering.

pow, head.

power, poor.

pratum, broad field or campus.

Preaching Friars, the Dominicans.

presse, a wardrobe or chest for clothes.

princeps obsoniorum, chief of tidbits.

pricasour, a hard rider.

prime, early morning.

procul, O *procul este profani*, retire hence, retire ye profane.

prow, benefit.

Pruce, Prussia.

prys, renown.

pulled, plucked.

punk, strumpet.

purchas, pilferings.

purchasour, conveyancer at law.

purfled, trimmed.

purls, embroidered edges.

pussie's, the hare's.

Pym, John (1584-1643), a prominent member of the Parliamentary party opposed to Charles I.

pyned, tortured.

queans, young girls.

questio quid juris, the question is, what is the law?

quicks, slips, especially hawthorn set to form a hedge.

quyrry, quarry, the slaughtered game.

Rabbi Ben Ezra, Jewish writer of the eleventh century.

rabidus furor, rabid rage.

ram, the usual prize at a wrestling match.

Ram, the sun during the first half of April is in the latter half of the zodiacal sign of Aries.

Randolph, Earl of Chester. There are more than one of this name, but no such ballads have reached us.

rape, rope.

rarowcin, racoon.

raughte, reached.

Rawdon Crawley, a character in *Vanity Fair*.

reamed, foamed.

reame, rain.

reccheless, careless.

red, plan.

rede, advise.

reed, counsel, advice.

reekit, steamed.

- remeve*, remove, change.
rente, legitimate income.
rescous, rescue.
reve, a tenant farmer.
reyseed, traveled.
Robbia, the Robbia family, makers of sculptures in glazed terra-cotta. Beautiful examples of their art are to be seen in Florentine buildings.
Robert's Children, vagabonds.
roghte, paid heed to.
romaging, bustling.
Rome's dome, the dome of St. Peter's.
Rood, cross of Christ.
Roscius'd, Roscius, the greatest comic actor of ancient Rome.
rote, fiddle.
Rouncivale, a religious house in London.
rouncy, horse.
rove, roof.
row, roll.
Royal Exchange, the place appointed by the crown for exchange of plate or bullion for the national coin.
Ruce, Russia.
ruddock, robin.
rules, twelve good, card containing maxims of conduct.
rune, a letter of the old Germanic alphabet, a muttered charm.
rushes, reeds used for floor-covering.

Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869), the eminent French critic.
Saint Laurence, the church of San Lorenzo.
sair-won, hard-earned.
sangwyn, ruddy.
sansculottic, lit. *without breeches*, a term applied by the French aristocrats to those who started the revolution; hence revolutionists, reds.
Sant' Ambrogio, St. Ambrose Church.
sapors, flavors.
sark, shirt.
sat, shot.
Satalye, a town in Asia Minor.
sautrye, psalter, a musical instrument.
sawcefleem, having a red pimply face.
saw, saw.
scarecrows in the yard, common herd in the open pit around the stage.
Scariot, Judas Iscariot.
scathe, harm, misfortune.
Schidone, Bartolommeo, a painter of Modena (1560-1616).
scoleye, to attend school.
scudi, Italian coins worth about a dollar.
sea-crabs, boatmen.
seche, seek.
seigh, saw.
seke, sick.
sely, kind, good, simple.
semblyde, assembled.
sendal, fine silk.
sentence, pithy and wise utterance.
sequacious, following.

sethe, boil.
sewed, followed.
seynd, singed, broiled.
shalot, kind of onion.
sharers, members of a company who shared in the investment.
shaw, wood.
shear, several.
sheeldes, French crowns, coins bearing the device of a shield.
shelp, up.
shend, shame.
shene, bright.
sheugh, furrow.
shirreve, sheriff.
sho shoe.
shoulder-clapping, arrest.
shoures, showers.
shovel-hat, a hat with broad brim turned up at the sides and projecting in front.
shrewe, curse.
sic, such.
significavit, first word of writ of excommunication.
sikerly, surely.
Simon, see *Acts VIII* and *IX*.
Simon, the Greek who tricked the Trojans into taking the wooden horse within the walls.
Sir Christopher, Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723), who rebuilt St. Paul's Cathedral after the great fire of 1666.
Sister Helen, the three speakers are, the wronged woman, her little brother, who does not understand what is going on, and a spectator.
sihen, since.
sizars, university students who received free board.
skeigh, sidewise.
skellum, rascal.
skel pit, hurried.
skills, matters.
skirl, scream.
slaps, gaps in the road.
slawe, slain.
sleekeit, soft, sleek.
sloughe, they slew.
small, narrow, slim.
smoored, smothered.
snapper, stumble.
snell, bitter.
snibben, rebuke.
solempne, festive; impressive, important.
somdel, somewhat.
Somers-heal, Somerset.
somnour, an officer who summoned delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts.
some, son.
soote, sweet.
soupe, milk.
souler, cobbler.
sowne, sound.
sowninge, tending toward.
sowthers, makes it all up.
spendyd, spanned, placed in rest.
spiers, inquires.

sprang their luff, sailed nearer to the wind.

spurn. If this word means "encounter," then the line ought to read as an exclamation, "Alas that e'er this fight was begun!"

Slagirile, Aristotle.

stand, hindrance.

staukin, stalking.

stave, stole.

stemed, gleamed.

sten, spring.

stepe, bright.

sterne, stern men.

sterteth, starts, springs.

stevens, voice.

stewe, fish-pond.

stencilidie, constant dropping of water.

stone and reins, bladder and kidneys.

stoor, estore, stock.

stope, advanced.

stot, horse.

stour, tumult, fight.

stoure, dust.

stoyle, stagger.

strath, river valley.

Stratford atte Bowe, a nunnery near London.

streit, narrow, strict.

streyneeth, constrains.

stryke of flex, hank or skein of flax.

St. Stephen's, The Houses of Parliament.

succedance, substitutes.

swapte, struck, smote.

swat, sweated.

swats, foaming ale.

sweven, dream.

swich, such.

swink, work (n.); *swinken*, labor (v.).

syke, trench.

syllabub, curd formed by mixing cream and wine.

syne, then.

Syrinx, stands for Anne Boleyn in *The Shepherd's Calendar*.

sythes, times.

tabah, tobacco.

tabard, coat.

table dormant, a fixed table as distinguished from the old fashioned removable board.

taille, tally, credit.

Tailfefer, the minstrel who rode in front of the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, chanting the old song of Roland.

tairn, mountain pool.

tapicer, upholsterer.

tappetere, bar-maid.

tapsalterie, topsy-turvy.

Taurus, zodiacal sign of the bull, roughly the second half of April and first half of May.

tead, torch.

techen, direct.

templar, lawyer or other person rooming in the so-called temple, once the headquarters of the Knights Templar.

Temple, an inn of court, an association of lawyers.

lentie, careful.

tester, *teston*, sixpence.

Thammuz, *Tammuz*, in Babylonian mythology the husband of Ishtar, who slew him and later restored him to life.

than, then.

the, they.

thee, so mote I, so may I prosper.

this, these.

tho, those.

thole, endure.

thraue, twenty-four sheaves.

throstle-cock, European thrush.

thryes, thrice.

thug, originally a member of a society of bandits in India.

thyrsus, a Bacchic wand.

a Tilbury, a two wheeled gig without a cover.

tint, lost.

tippenny, two penny ale.

Tishbite, *the*, Elijah, in the Old Testament.

tittie, sister.

to, two.

toft, hillock, eminence.

tollen, take toll.

ton, one.

tool, thing.

toon, toes.

townmond, twelve-month.

Townshend, *Tommy*, a member of Parliament.

towsie, shaggy.

Tramissene, Moorish, kingdom in Africa.

tread, copulate.

tretyis, well-shaped.

tripod, three-legged stand, emblem of the Delphic oracle.

trowl, pass in turn.

truffles, various tubers.

Tully, Marcus Tullius Cicero, the great Roman orator and author whose Latin is the model for purity.

tweye, two.

twice-battered god of Palestine, Dagon, whose image twice fell from its pedestal in the presence of the ark.

twinne, depart.

twins of Jove, Castor and Pollux.

tyke, dog.

Tyrant, *triple*, the Pope, who wears a triple tiara.

Ulpian (170-228 A.D.), a Roman jurist, who wrote after the period of pure Latin.

Ultima Supplicia, last punishments.

Ulutantes, the howlers.

unco, *uncoo*, wonderfully, unusual things.

uncruded, uncurdled.

undern, late morning, or early afternoon.

Ursa Major, the stars known as the Dipper.

usquebac, whiskey.

Uther, father of King Arthur.

vambrace, piece of armor on the forearm.

vauntie, proud.

vavasour, landholder.

venerye, hunting.

- verjuice*, the sour juice of unripe fruit.
vernicle, a cloth painted with the portrait of Christ; named from St. Veronica.
vertelh, usually said to mean "harbors in the green" (as if from French *vert*); but the actual meaning is much more homely.
Verulam, Sir Francis Bacon, created Baron Verulam in 1618.
veyne, vein.
viage, voyage.
vigilyës, festivals on the eve of saints' days.
vileinye, discourtesy, anything unbecoming a gentleman.
virginall, a keyed musical instrument.
Visor and Term, a mask, and a bust surmounting a square pillar, representing Term, the god of boundaries.
wales, selects.
wan, dark.
wane, quantity, multitude.
want, mole.
wantown, brisk, lively.
war, aware; beware.
wardmotes, courts or meetings held in the city wards.
war-hedge, interlocked shields.
work, work.
warlocks, wizards.
war'ly, worldly.
wastel breed, fine bread; French *gâteau*.
watch, the time during which a watch, or police, is on duty.
watchet weeds, blue uniform.
waught, draught.
waukin, watching.
wawlie, handsome.
weal, clench.
webbe, weaver.
weelhained, well-saved.
weir, a dam, or a fence of stakes to catch fish.
werre, war.
We three, allusion to the picture of two boobies, with the inscription 'We three Loggerheads be,' the spectator being the third.
whelkes, pimples.
whins, gorse.
whist, silent.
whyles, sometimes.
whylom, formerly.
wi, with.
Will's, famous coffee house in Addison's time.
wimpel, neck-cloth.
winnock, window.
wis, certainly.
wiste, knew.
wil, know.
withouten, besides.
withseye, gainsay.
whatsome, loathsome.
wone, custom; one.
woning, dwelling place.
wood, mad, crazy.
woodrow, woodruff, a sweet woodland herb.
wortes, herbs.
wouche, evil, harm.
wyld, deer.
y-chaped, capped.
y-cleped, *yclept*, called.
yeddinges, songs.
yede, went.
yë, eye.
yef, if.
yeman, yeoman.
yerde, stick.
yerly, early.
yeye, give.
yfere, together.
yont, beyond.
y-proved, proved.
yth, in the.
y-wimpled, with head-covering drawn close about the chin.
y-wis, certainly.
zany, fool.

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MEMORANDA

It is hoped that the student who has used this book may wish to keep it and include on these pages some of the more recent things which have pleased him.

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